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AURENG-ZEBE A TRAGEDY

AND

THE CHACE A POEM



*Mr John Dryden*





# AURENG-ZEBE A TRAGEDY

BY

JOHN DRYDEN

AND

## BOOK II OF THE CHACE

A POEM BY WILLIAM SOMERVILE

EDITED WITH BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS AND NOTES

BY

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## PREFATORY NOTE

As pointed out by Mr. Archibald Constable, Dryden's *Aureng-Zebe* is in the main a dramatised version of incidents recorded in *Bernier's Travels*; and from the same source Somervile largely derived the materials which in the Second Book of the *Chace* he worked up into a graphic picture of one of the more manly pastimes of imperial life while Moghul sway was yet at its full height of glory. It has been thought, therefore, that the two poems would form a fitting pendant to the French traveller's piquant narrative. The foot-notes are intended to clear up whatever in language or allusion might present a difficulty to an Indian reader, and the memoir of Dryden will, it is hoped, illustrate the poet's position as a dramatist and the peculiar difficulties with which in that capacity he had to contend. As regards the historical Aurangzib, Dryden's portraiture, so far as it goes, is faithful enough; but to those who care to follow out the workings of a mind so strange and complex, at once powerful and inefficient, bold and suspicious, conscientious yet unjust and intolerant, I would recommend the perusal of chapters ix. and x. of Keene's *Sketch of the History of Hindústán*.

K. D.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

JOHN DRYDEN



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

• DRYDEN'S life covers a period of nearly seventy years. His birth in 1631 almost coincides with Charles's rupture with Parliament. At the Restoration, he was twenty-nine years old. When he died, the reign of William the Third was coming to a close. The interval had witnessed the emigration of the Puritans to America, the quarrel regarding ship-money, the battles of the Civil War, the triumph of the Parliamentary party, Charles the First's execution, the establishment of the Commonwealth, Cromwell's subjugation of Ireland, two wars with the Dutch, the plague and the great fire of London, the rebellion of Monmouth, James the Second's arbitrary rule, the Revolution, the contest in Ireland between James and William, the rise of party government in England, the peace of Ryswick, the first and second Partition Treaties. At Dryden's birth Shakespeare had been dead only fifteen years, Bacon only five. Descartes, Hobbes, Calderon, Corneille, Massinger, Balzac, Milton, Bentley, Bossuet, Locke, Montaigne, Boileau, Molière, were contemporary with the earlier or with the later years of Dryden's life ; but, with the exception of Milton, England during the seventy years produced no great poet, whether dramatic, epic, or lyric. The times, indeed, were far from favourable to poetry. In the uproar and anarchy of Charles's later days, the arts of peace found no recognition. During the eleven years of the Commonwealth, poetry was discredited and dramatic acting a thing forbidden. With the Restoration this ban was of course withdrawn. But the pent-up passions of the nation,

now freed from an intolerable restraint, burst forth into the wildest excesses of indulgence—excesses which the character of the King and the privations he had undergone combined to encourage, while his courtiers were only too glad to find excuse for their own inclinations in the sanction of their master's example. In such an atmosphere it was almost impossible that poetry of an elevated tone could live and thrive. Under a monarch like Charles the Second the stimulus of patriotism had no existence; religion, in an age which made a boast of scoffing, offered no incentive to what was pure and noble; wit, where it was not trivial, plumed itself upon obscenity; learning dwelt apart among a few studious recluses; material, sensual, and momentary enjoyment alone appealed to a society that had not pith and marrow enough to sin by way of ambition. In an evil hour for him, therefore, was Dryden born. Had he lived fifty years earlier, he might have been known to us as among the giant race of Elizabethan dramatists. Had he lived fifty years later, his breadth of mind and grandeur of imagination would have found healthier engagement and purer aims. Still, amid such an environment as was his, he has left us much that will last with the English language, and even from those most grudging of their praise has earned for himself the recognition of holding the first place in the second rank of English poets.

It will be convenient to divide this biographical sketch into periods: from Dryden's birth to the Restoration; from the Restoration to 1681; from 1681 to 1688; from 1688 to 1700.

#### 1631—1660

Of the first of these periods, the particulars are few and meagre. We know that Dryden was born at Aldwinkle, All Saints, Northamptonshire, in August 1631, his father being Erasmus, third son of Sir Erasmus Driden, Bart., and his mother, Mary, daughter of Henry Pickering, rector of Aldwinkle. But of his earlier days nothing further has

been ascertained than that he "had his first learning" at Tichmarsh, and thence was sent to Westminster School. There he obtained a King's scholarship, and with it proceeded in 1650 to Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his B.A. degree in 1654. Of his life at Trinity almost the only recorded incident is, that in 1652 he was "dis-communed" for some offence against College discipline; but, though he never obtained his M.A. degree, he seems to have remained in residence for nearly seven years. In 1654 his father died, leaving him a small property, and in 1657 Dryden came to live in London. There he is said for a time to have found a home with his cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, an influential adherent of Cromwell, to whose party all Dryden's relations belonged. What his literary occupations were at this time, is uncertain; but so far he had produced nothing that at all gave promise of his future greatness as a poet. The death of Cromwell in 1658 prompted his first work of any mark, a poem of some 150 lines, entitled "Heroic Stanzas, consecrated to the Memory of His Highness Oliver, late Lord Protector of this Commonwealth."

1660—1681

With the Restoration, any hopes that Dryden may have founded upon the interest of his relations died away, and for some time his career was obscure, though in the two years following Charles's return he wrote three poems of considerable merit, *Astræa Redux*, in celebration of the King's restoration, the *Panegyric* on his coronation, and a complimentary poem addressed to Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor. The change of politics which these poems declare exposed him later on to the charge of time-serving complaisance, though from the poet's subsequent career we may justly infer that the new order of things was more in accordance with his real feelings than the stern morality of the unbending Puritans. Whatever the degree of his sincerity in thus espousing the Royal cause, the publication of



these poems led to an intimacy with Sir Robert Howard, a younger son of the royalist Earl of Berkshire, himself a poet of some merit, and their intimacy to the marriage of Dryden, in 1663, to Howard's sister, Lady Elizabeth,—a marriage which, from whatever cause, does not appear to have been a very happy one. Shortly before his marriage, Dryden had made his first essay in dramatic writing, *The Wild Gallant* being performed at the King's Theatre in February 1663. This play was a failure, and even as subsequently revised is a wretched thing. *The Rival Ladies*, his second play, brought out in the same year, had a better reception; and in 1665, having in the interval helped Howard with his *Indian Queen*, Dryden produced with great success his *Indian Emperor*, a sequel to Howard's drama. For the next year and a half the theatres were closed in consequence of the plague and great fire of London. Between 1667 (when they reopened) and 1681, Dryden brought out seventeen dramas, including an operatic version of part of *Paradise Lost*, and adaptations of Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *Troilus and Cressida*. Of these seventeen, six were comedies, which even in Dryden's day met with slight favour, and have since found but few apologists; one was a tragi-comedy, *The Spanish Friar*; four were "heroic plays" in rhymed verse, of which the last and finest is *Aureng-Zebe*; two were tragedies in blank verse, *All for Love* and *Œdipus*, and one, *Amboyna*, a tragedy mainly in prose.

## 1681—1688

With the year 1681 we come to a fresh epoch in Dryden's poetical career. Up to that time his poetry, apart from his dramas, had been inconsiderable in amount and kind, the *Heroic Stanzas*, *Astræa Redux* and *Annus Mirabilis*, making up all that was likely to be of permanent fame. In none of these poems is there anything of satire, in none of his dramas any indication that political satire was a weapon of which he was at will a master. Yet at a single bound.

he leaps forth as the greatest political satirist of his own time and country, in many ways the greatest political satirist of any time and any country. In a single year he poured forth *Absalom and Achitophel*, the *Medal*, and *Mac-Flecknoe*. The occasion of the first of these poems was the rebellion of Monmouth with Shaftesbury's instigations thereto. Shaftesbury having escaped punishment by the grand jury throwing out the bill, a Medal with the legend *Lætatur* was struck by his adherents to commemorate the event. Thereupon Dryden, at the suggestion, it is said, of the King, wrote the second of these poems, again bitterly satirizing Shaftesbury. The *Medal*, like *Absalom and Achitophel*, gave rise to many poetical rejoinders, among which was one by Shadwell. Though not generally condescending to answer personal attacks, Dryden in this case thought fit to retaliate, and the result was *Mac-Flecknoe*, in which Shadwell is represented as succeeding to the throne of dulness lately occupied by a miserable poet named Flecknoe. The Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, the greater portion of which was written by Nahum Tate, followed almost immediately afterwards, and Dryden contributed some two hundred vigorous lines, in which Shadwell received a further castigation. Dryden's next work, produced a month later, was of a religious character, the *Religio Laici*, or exposition of a layman's creed, the subject being suggested by the political controversies in which religion so largely mingled. In the same year Dryden co-operated with Lee in producing the *Duke of Guise*, the story of the French League being used as a parallel to the contest of the Court with Shaftesbury and Monmouth, though Dryden almost immediately afterwards disavowed any political meaning, attributing the design of the play to Lee, and declaring his own share to have been inconsiderable. Among minor works upon which he was engaged at this period were a Preface and Life contributed to a new translation of Plutarch then publishing, and a translation of Maimbourg's *History of the League*,

## 8. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

and two volumes, in 1684 and 1685, of *Miscellanies*, among which were translations from Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. In 1687 came out the famous poem of *The Hind and Panther*, a justification of the Roman Catholic faith, to which Dryden had recently become a convert ; and in 1688 *Britannia Rediviva*, in celebration of the birth of James's heir.

1688—1790

With the Revolution, which followed a few months later, Dryden, who, as a Roman Catholic, was unable to take the oaths of allegiance, lost his offices of Poet Laureate and historiographer, and for the rest of his life had to depend almost entirely upon his literary works. For a time he returned to dramatic writing, and during the years 1690-4 produced *Don Sebastian*, an altered version of *King Arthur*, *Amphitryon*, *Cleomenes*, and *Love Triumphant* ; together with a translation of Juvenal and Persius, and contributions to two further volumes of *Miscellanies*. In 1694 he undertook his translation of Virgil, completing it about the middle of 1697, in which year he also composed his famous Ode of *Alexander's Feast*. His latest work was his *Fables*, including versions of the first Iliad, of some of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and tales from Chaucer and Boccaccio. Early in 1700 he was attacked with gout ; one of his toes mortified, and amputation was advised by his doctor. To this operation he refused to submit, and on the 1st of May death relieved him of the burden he had borne so long and with so much fortitude. His body was embalmed, and on the 13th of May was buried with great pomp in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey by the side of Chaucer and Cowley. Dorset and Montague undertook to raise a monument to the poet, but failed to do so. The Duke of Newcastle is also said to have given an order for one, an order which, if given, was never executed ; and Dryden's grave remained unmarked until twenty years later, when a plain, but striking, monument was erected over it by the Duke of

Buckinghamshire, the patron to whom *Aureng-Zebe* is dedicated. This monument, which is surmounted by a bust of Dryden (placed there in 1730 by the Duchess of Buckinghamshire), the work of the sculptor Scheemakers, bears the following inscription :—

J. DRYDEN.

Natus 1632 . Mortuus Maij 1 . 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT . 1720.

*Dryden's Dramas, more especially his Heroic Plays.*

Modern criticism of Dryden's plays has generally been severe, and not always just. For this there are several causes. His comedies are largely tainted with gross indecency, and altogether unfit for the stage of to-day. His tragedies, though comparatively free from this taint, are in some cases based on repulsive subjects. In many of them the extravagance of action and the turgid rant of language are such as to create wonder at their having ever been admired ; while the rhymed metre of the "heroic plays" is altogether opposed to the national conception of serious drama. With rare exceptions, the characterization is feeble, and the resort to supernatural agency, to which Dryden was in his early days so much addicted, only adds to the improbability which the more than human attributes of his heroes had already emphasized. Further, the comparison which is inevitable between Dryden and his predecessors of the "great age" has largely helped to bias the bowl and incline us to a rigour of judgment which otherwise might not have been called down. Among the earliest and most notable critics of Dryden is Johnson,<sup>1</sup> whose political views would tend to make him lenient. Of the *Conquest of Granada*, the most famous, though not the

<sup>1</sup> Life of Dryden.

best, of the "heroic plays," he thus writes: "The two parts of the *Conquest of Granada* are written with a seeming determination to glut the publick with dramatick wonders, to exhibit in its highest elevation a theatrical meteor of incredible love and impossible valour, and to leave no room for a wilder flight to the extravagance of posterity. All the rays of romantick heat, whether amorous or warlike, glow in Almanzor by a kind of concentration. He is above all laws; he is exempt from all restraints; he ranges the world at will, and governs wherever he appears. He fights without inquiring the cause, and loves in spite of the obligations of justice, of rejection by his mistress, and of prohibition from the dead. Yet the scenes are, for the most part, delightful; they exhibit a kind of illustrious depravity, and majestick madness, such as, if it is sometimes despised, is often revered, and in which the ridiculous is mingled with the astonishing." With this, a criticism of one of Dryden's earliest plays, may be coupled a criticism of one of his latest:—" *Don Sebastian* is commonly esteemed either the first or second of his dramatick performances. It is too long to be all acted, and has many characters and many incidents; and though it is not without sallies of frantick dignity, and more noise than meaning, yet as it makes approaches to the possibilities of real life, and has some sentiments which leave a strong impression, it continued long to attract attention. Amidst the distresses of princes, and the vicissitudes of empire, are inserted several scenes which the writer intended for comick; but which, I suppose, that age did not much commend, and this would not endure. There are, however, passages of excellence universally acknowledged; the dispute and the reconciliation of Dorax and Sebastian has always been admired." Macaulay<sup>1</sup> is much more ruthless. These are some of his utterances: "His plays, his rhyming plays in particular, are admirable subjects for those who wish to study the morbid anatomy of the drama. He was

<sup>1</sup> *Edinburgh Review*, January 1828.

utterly destitute of the power of exhibiting real human beings. Even in the far inferior talent of composing characters out of those elements into which the imperfect powers of our reason can resolve them, he was very deficient. His men are not even good personifications ; they are not well-assorted assemblages of qualities. Now and then, indeed, he seizes a very coarse and marked distinction, and gives us, not a likeness, but a strong caricature, in which a single peculiarity is protruded, and everything else is neglected ; like the Marquis of Granby at an inn-door, whom we know by nothing but his baldness ; or Wilkes, who is Wilkes only in his squint. These are the best specimens of his skill. For most of his pictures seem, like Turkey carpets, to have been expressly designed not to resemble anything in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. . . . As is the love of his heroes, such are all their other emotions. All their qualities, their courage, their generosity, their pride, are on the same colossal scale. Justice and prudence are virtues that can exist only in a moderate degree, and which change their nature if pushed to excess. Of justice and prudence, therefore, Dryden leaves his favourites destitute. He did not care to give them what he could not give without measure. The tyrants and ruffians are merely the heroes altered by a few touches, similar to those which transformed the face of Sir Roger de Coverley into the Saracen's head. Through the grin and frown the original features are still perceptible. . . . It must be allowed that the worst even of the rhyming tragedies contains good description and magnificent rhetoric. But, even when we forget that they are plays, and, passing by their dramatic improprieties, consider them with reference to the language, we are perpetually disgusted by passages which it is difficult to conceive how any author could have written, or any audience have tolerated, rants in which the raving violence of the manner forms a strange contrast with the abject tameness of the thought. The author laid the whole fault

on the audience, and declared that, when he wrote them, he considered them bad enough to please. This defence is unworthy of a man of genius, and, after all, is no defence. Otway pleased without rant; and so might Dryden have done, if he had possessed the power of Otway. The fact is, that he had a tendency to bombast, which, though subsequently corrected by time and thought, was never wholly removed, and which showed itself in performances not designed to please the rude mob of the theatre." Macaulay's criticisms are probably influenced by a political animus that warps his judgment. They were, moreover, written in the first flush of youth and eager feeling. Scott, in his notices of the various plays, is more generous and more discriminating. Thus, of the heroic plays he remarks :<sup>1</sup> "It is impossible to conceive anything more different from the old English drama, than the heroic plays which were introduced by Charles the Second. The former, in labouring to exhibit a variety and contrast of passions, tempers, or humours, frequently altogether neglected the dignity of the scene. In the heroical tragedy, on the other hand, nothing was to be indecorous, nothing grotesque: the personages were to speak, not as men, but as heroes; to whom as statuarys have assigned a superiority of stature, so these poets have given an uniform grandeur of feeling and of expression. It may be thought, that this monotonous splendour of diction would have palled upon an English audience, less pleased generally with refinement, however elegant, than with bursts of passion, and flights of novelty. But Dryden felt his force in the line which he chose to pursue and recommend. The indescribable charms of his versification gratified the ear of the public, while their attention was engaged by the splendour of his images, and the matchless ingenuity of his arguments. . . . The 'Indian Emperor' is an instance, what beautiful poetry may be united to, we had almost said thrown away upon, the heroic drama. The very first scene

<sup>1</sup> Introduction to the *Indian Emperor*, vol. ii. pp. 318-20.

exhibits much of those beauties and their attendant deformities. A modern audience would hardly have sate in patience to hear more than the first extravagant and ludicrous supposition of Cortez :—

‘As if our old world modestly withdrew ;  
And here, in private, had brought forth a new.’

But had they condemned the piece for this uncommon case of parturition, they would have lost the beautiful and melodious verses, in which Cortez, and his followers, describe the advantages of the newly-discovered world ; and they would have lost the still more exquisite account, which, immediately after, Guyomar gives of the arrival of the Spanish fleet. Of the characters little need be said ; they stalk on, in their own fairy land, in the same uniform livery, with little peculiarity of discrimination. All the men, from Montezuma to Pizarro, are brave warriors ; and only vary in proportion to the mitigating qualities which the poet has infused into their military ardour. The women are all beautiful, and all deeply in love ; differing from each other only, as the haughty or tender predominates in their passion. But the charm of the poetry, and the ingenuity of the dialogue, render it impossible to peruse, without pleasure, a drama, the faults of which may be imputed to its structure, while its beauties are peculiar to Dryden.” Of his later plays Scott<sup>1</sup> remarks : “ His style of tragedy, we have seen, varied with his improved taste, perhaps with the change of manners. Although the heroic drama, as we have described it at length in the preceding pages, presented the strongest temptation to the exercise of argumentative poetry in sounding rhyme, Dryden was at length contented to abandon it for the more pure and chaste style of tragedy, which professes rather the representation of human beings, than the creation of ideal perfection, or, fantastic and anomalous characters. The best of Dryden’s performances in this latter style are un-

<sup>1</sup> Life, vol. i. p. 407.



questionably 'Don Sebastian' and 'All for Love.' Of these, the former is in the poet's very best manner ; exhibiting dramatic persons, consisting of such bold and impetuous characters as he delighted to draw, well contrasted, forcibly marked, and engaged in an interesting succession of events." Hallam, in whom the judicial cast of mind was as prominent as in Macaulay it was deficient, observes :<sup>1</sup> "Most of Dryden's plays are singularly ill-adapted to the stage of our own day. Nothing, happily, can be more alien from the present constitution of the theatre than the artistic principles inculcated in his rhyming tragedies and the moral principles inculcated in his comedy. These faults in taste and decency it would be impossible to eradicate without total reconstruction. But many of the tragedies in question had their value as illustrations of history. 'The Conquest of Granada' and 'The Indian Emperor' illustrated the progress of the Spanish dominion. 'Amboyna' described the sufferings sustained by our merchants at the hands of the Dutch. 'King Arthur' revived one of our national legends. In 'The Duke of Guise' the veil of French history served for a political allegory. In many of these there is, however, as great a sameness of character as in the plays of Byron. There exists even a graver charge against Dryden's heroes. They were often eminently unnatural. Dryden has contended somewhere<sup>2</sup> that, as the dramatist is not confined to the probable in character, he cannot be restricted to the bounds of nature in action. The fallacy of the reasoning is plain enough ; but if literally understood it may account for many of his deviations from the fidelity of life." . . . Again,<sup>3</sup> "The first tragedies of Dryden were what was called heroic, and written in rhyme ; an innovation which, of course, must be ascribed to the influence of the French theatre. They have occasionally much vigour of sentiment and much beautiful poetry, with a versification sweet even to lusciousness.

<sup>1</sup> *Edinburgh Review*, July 1855.

<sup>2</sup> *Essay on Heroic Plays*.

<sup>3</sup> *Literary History*, iv. pp. 282-3.

'The Conquest of Granada' is, on account of its extravagance, the most celebrated of these plays ; but it is inferior to 'The Indian Emperor,' from which it would be easy to select passages of perfect elegance. . . . Dryden may probably have been fond of this species of tragedy, on account of his own facility in rhyming, and his habit of condensing his sense. Rhyme, indeed, can only be rejected in our language from the tragic scene, because blank verse affords wider scope for the emotions it ought to excite ; but for the tumid rhapsodies which the personages of his heroic plays utter, there can be no excuse. He adhered to this tone, however, till the change in public taste, and especially the ridicule thrown on his own plays by the 'Rehearsal,' drove him to adopt a very different, though not altogether faultless, style of tragedy. His principal works of the latter class are *All for Love*, in 1678, the *Spanish Friar*, commonly referred to 1682, and *Don Sebastian*, in 1690. Upon these the dramatic fame of Dryden is built ; while the rants of Almanzor and Maximin are never mentioned but in ridicule. The chief excellence of the first tragedy appears to consist in the beauty of the language, that of the second in the interest of the story, and that of the third in the highly-finished character of Dorax. Dorax is the best of Dryden's tragic characters, and perhaps the only one in which he has applied his great knowledge of the human mind to actual delineation. It is highly dramatic, because formed of those complex passions which may readily lead either to virtue or to vice, and which the poet can manage so as to surprise the spectator without transgressing consistency. . . . But *Don Sebastian* is as imperfect as all plays must be in which a single personage is thrown forward in too strong relief for the rest. The language is full of that rant which characterized Dryden's earlier tragedies, and to which a natural predilection seems, after some interval, to have brought him back." . . . The estimate formed of Dryden's dramatic poems by the French critic, Taine, is especially valuable because the poet's apologists,

as well as the poet himself, have justified the heroic plays on the ground that they owe their origin to the French drama. "Such," says Taine,<sup>1</sup> "is this tragedy [*Tyrannic Love*], which is called French-like; and most of the others are like it. In *Secret Love*, in *Marriage à la Mode*, in *Aureng-Zebe*, in the *Indian Emperor*, and especially in the *Conquest of Granada*, everything is extravagant. People cut one another to pieces, take towns, stab each other, shout loudly. These dramas have just the truth and naturalness of the libretto of an opera. Incantations abound; a spirit appears in the *Indian Emperor*, and declares that the Indian gods 'are driven to exile from their native lands.' Ballets are also there; Vasquez and Pizarro, seated in 'a pleasant grotto,' watch like conquerors the dances of Indian girls, who gambol voluptuously about them. Scenes worthy of Lulli are not wanting; Almeria, like Armide, comes to slay Cortez in his sleep, and suddenly conceives a love for him. Yet the libretti of the opera have no incongruities; they avoid all which might shock the imagination or the eyes; they are written for men of taste, who shun ugliness and heaviness of any sort. Would you believe it? In the *Indian Emperor*, Montezuma is tortured on the stage, and, to cap all, a priest tries to convert him in the meanwhile. I recognize in this frightful pedantry the handsome cavaliers of the time, logicians and hangmen, who fed on controversy, and for pleasure went to look at the tortures of the Puritans. I recognize behind these heaps of improbabilities and adventures the puerile and worn-out courtiers, who, sodden with wine, were past seeing discordances, and whose nerves were only stirred by the shock of surprises and the barbarity of events. Let us go still further. Dryden would set up on his stage the beauties of French tragedy, and in the first place, nobility of sentiments. Is it enough to copy, as he does, phrases of chivalry? He would need a whole world, for a whole world is necessary to form noble souls. Virtue, in the

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 10-14.

French tragic poets, is founded on reason, religion, education, philosophy. Their characters have that uprightness of mind, that clearness of logic, that lofty judgment, which plant in a man settled maxims and self-government. We perceive in their company the doctrines of Bossuet and Descartes ; with them reflection aids conscience ; the habits of society add tact and finesse. The avoidance of violent actions and physical horrors, the meed of order and fable, the art of disguising or shunning coarse or low-bred persons, the continuous perfection of the most measured and noble style, everything contributes to raise the stage to a sublime region, and we believe in higher souls by seeing them in a purer air. Can we believe in them in Dryden ? Frightful or infamous characters every instant drag us down by their crudities in their own mire. Maximin, having stabbed Placidius, sits on his body, stabs him twice more, and says to his guards :

‘ Bring me Porphyrius and my empress dead :  
I would brave heaven, in my each hand a head.’

Nourmahal, repulsed by her husband’s son, insists four times with such indecent pedantry as this :

‘ And why this niceness to that pleasure shown,  
Where nature sums up all her joys in one. . .  
Promiscuous love is nature’s general law ;  
For whosoever the first lovers were,  
Brother and sister made the second pair,  
And doubled by their love their piety. . .  
You must be mine, that you may learn to live.’

Illusion vanishes at once ; instead of being in a room with noble characters, we meet with a mad prostitute and a drunken savage. Lift the masks ; the others are little better. Almeria, to whom a crown is offered, says insolently :

‘ I take this garland, not as given by you,  
But as my merit, and my beauty’s due.’

Indafnora, to whom an old courtier makes love, settles him

with the boastfulness of an upstart and the coarseness of a kitchen-maid :

‘ Were I no queen, did you my beauty weigh,  
My youth in bloom, your age in its decay.’

None of these heroines know how to conduct themselves ; they look on impertinence as dignity, sensuality as tenderness ; they have the recklessness of the courtesan, the jealousies of the grisette, the pettiness of a chapman’s wife, the billingsgate of a fishwoman. The heroes are the most unpleasant of swashbucklers. Leonidas, first recognized as hereditary prince, then suddenly forsaken, consoles himself with this modest reflection :

‘ ’Tis true I am alone.  
So was the godhead, ere he made the world,  
And better served himself, than served by nature.  
. . . I have scene enough within  
To exercise my virtue.’

Shall I speak of that great trumpet-blower, Almanzor, painted, as Dryden confesses, after Artaban, a redresser of wrongs, a battalion-smiter, a destroyer of kingdoms ? They are but overcharged sentiments, extemporized devotions, exaggerated generousities, high-sounding brag of a clumsy chivalry ; at bottom the characters are clods and barbarians, who have tried to deck themselves in French honour and fashionable politeness. And such, in fact, was the English court : it imitated that of Louis XIV. as a sign-painter imitates an artist. It had neither taste nor refinement, and wished to appear as if it possessed them. Panders and licentious women, bullying or butchering courtiers, who would go and see Harrison drawn, or mutilate Coventry, maids of honour who have awkward accidents at a ball, or sell to the planters the convicts presented to them, a palace full of baying dogs and yelling gamesters, a king who would bandy obscenities in public with his half-naked mistresses, —such was this illustrious society ; from French modes they took but those of dress, from their noble sentiments

but high-sounding words." . . . On the other hand, Taine's analysis of *All for Love*, too long for quotation here, is almost wholly complimentary, and forms a tribute of praise such as has been bestowed upon the poet by none of his English critics.

That Dryden does not stand in the first rank of dramatists may be conceded at once. It may further be conceded that his mind was not eminently of the dramatic cast. Subtle reasoning, pungent satire, musical rhythm, lofty declamation, descriptive power, impassioned eloquence, were his in prodigal measure, and are abundantly displayed in his satirical, didactic, lyric, and narrative poems. Yet that his dramatic writing was not greater than it is, is without doubt largely due to the circumstances of his life and his times. To the predilections of Charles we owe it in no small degree that Dryden at the outset took for his province the imperfect imitation of a foreign drama, while that King's predilections, no less than Dryden's inclination, led to the adoption of rhymed metre. The dissoluteness of his comedies was but a reflex of the dissoluteness of the Court and of the poet's aristocratic friends. His office of Poet Laureate and the narrowness of his means made it necessary that he should write to please, while a restless ambition to be the first poet of his age urged him to handle such subjects and in such a manner as would most quickly and most surely bring him to his goal. His temperament was not one that leads "to scorn delights and live laborious days" for the purer satisfaction of realizing a grand ideal. He had but little of Milton's sublimity, little of Shakespeare's "myriad-mindedness." But had he combined the varied gifts of both, he would have been out of joint with the time, and such success as his worldly spirit craved would have been impossible to him. That he was subject to pitiful weaknesses, that he had not more back-bone and truer loftiness of aim, detracts of course from his character. Yet I cannot believe that amid more favourable surroundings the author of *All for Love* and

*Don Sebastian* would have been incapable of scaling greater heights than those he ever touched ; I cannot allow that the powers of him who created Ventidius and Dorax are in any way to be gauged by the crude efforts of his Maximin and Almanzor. Though the highest dramatic genius was not his, indomitable perseverance almost supplied its place. In his conception of the dramatic spirit, in mastery of versification and metre, in creative faculty and strength of characterization, his progress was uniform and sustained ; and *Don Sebastian* is as superior to *Aureng-Zebe* as *Aureng-Zebe* is superior to the *Indian Emperor*. With this progress he had in great measure left behind that love of indecent language and indecent situation which defiled all his comedies and some of his tragedies. At the period at which he wrote *Aureng-Zebe*, Dryden was in a transition stage, and already beginning to free himself from the fascinations of his "lov'd mistress," rhyme. A careful study of Shakespeare and his great successors had taught him to suspect that blank verse is the fitter medium for dramatic representation ; and though he still adheres to rhyme, it is rhyme of an easier and more broken cadence. His language is far less tumid and ornate ; he has abandoned the sword-play of metaphysical love-combats ; his men are more like men, his women more like women, neither impossible creations of perfect heroism, beauty, and power, nor monstrosities of vice and cruelty. Extravagance there is, extravagance, cruelty, and arrogance ; but all in a subdued tone when compared with their exhibition in the *Conquest of Granada*, *Tyrannic Love*, or the *Indian Emperor*. The characters are well discriminated, and fairly complete ; the local colouring well maintained ; while many passages claim unalloyed admiration alike for the beauty of their poetry and the justness of their sentiments. Throughout Dryden has followed Bernier closely, and the character of the hero, if somewhat flattering, is in the main authorized by history. In his *Nourmahal*, the poet, confounding together two

distinct persons, has given us a portraiture which belongs to neither Núr Jahán nor to Mumtáz Mahál ; but the conception is not in itself untrue to nature, nor can I agree with Saintsbury that Nourmahal's raving in the final scene is altogether an "extravagant and ludicrous rhapsody" It might at all events be paralleled from our older dramatists The Emperor and Morat are fairly faithful likenesses of their originals, Indamora and Melesinda have not a little that is pleasing in their respective parts, while their characters are sufficiently individual and distinct

In estimating Dryden's work, some account, I have said, must be taken of his pecuniary circumstances Throughout the greater part of his life he was more or less pressed upon by narrowness of income, and to this in a considerable degree may be attributed the haste with which he "huddled up" his plays, and the subservience of which he was guilty to popular taste In his early days, the scanty pittance bequeathed him by his father was eked out by hack-writing for a bookseller, and by some sort of assistance from his relations When, after the Restoration, he took to writing for the theatre, his income became larger, and the share granted him in the King's Theatre, to which he engaged to supply three plays a year, amounted for a time to something between £300 and £400 annually His appointment, in 1670, as Poet Laureate and Historiographer gave him an additional £200, and, with his own private means, his total income during the years 1670-4 is computed at something between £600 and £700 a year, a sum representing more than £2,000 now a days. In or before the year 1679 a further pension of £100 was conferred upon him by the King, and in 1683 his office in the Customs brought him in something more But the burning of the King's Theatre in 1672 largely diminished his incomings from that source, and by 1684 his contract with the Company came to an end. In 1685 his salary from the Crown was four years in arrear, and at best it was paid with great irregularity. From the Revolution



onwards, he had to depend almost entirely upon his pen. The proceeds from his dramas are unknown, his *Miscellanies* produced only £300, and though it has been computed that his receipts from the translation of Virgil amounted to something like £1,200, his total income during these twelve years must have been very inadequate to the style of life to which he had been accustomed. It may, perhaps, seem strange that, enjoying for some years an income sufficient for the comforts and even the luxuries of life, Dryden should not have put by something for a rainy day. But this period was of short duration, the habits of the time were far from thrifty, the poet appears to have been of a careless disposition, and this carelessness was no doubt exaggerated by the uncertainty of his receipts, more especially those derived from the Crown.

By those who desire fuller details of Dryden's life, the following works may be consulted with advantage: Johnson's *Life*; Scott's *Life*, Vol. i. of Dryden's Complete Works; the Dictionary of National Biography; Christie's Globe edition of Dryden's Poetical Works; Saintsbury's *Dryden*, in Macmillan's series of English Men of Letters.

# CHRONICLE



CHRONICLE  
OF  
SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS  
IN THE  
LIFE AND TIMES  
OF  
JOHN DRYDEN

*Charles the First, King of England.  
Shah Jahan, Emperor of Hindostan.*

Born at Aldwinkle, All Saints, Northamptonshire.	1631. Aug- ust 9th (?)
Goes to Westminster School.	?
Commonwealth proclaimed in England, January 30, 1648-9.	1650.
Entered at Trinity College, Cambridge.	May 11th
Matriculated.	July 6th
Graduated as B.A.	1653-4, January
His father dies, leaving him a small estate.	1654. June
Leaves Cambridge.	1657.
Aurangzeb proclaims himself Emperor of Hindostan, under the title of Alamgir, July 21, 1658.	
<i>•Elegy on Cromwell.</i>	1659.

Charles II. of England enters London, May 29, 1660.  
Restoration.

1661. *Astræa Redux*, celebrating the Restoration.  
 1662.  
 November Elected a Member of the Royal Society.  
 26th  
 1663. *The Wild Gallant*, his first acted play, performed at the King's  
 February Theatre.  
 August (?) *The Rival Ladies*, his second play, acted.  
 December Married to Lady Elizabeth Howard.  
 1st  
 1664. Helps Sir Robert Howard in *The Indian Queen*, a tragedy upon  
 Montezuma.  
 1665. Produces a sequel, *The Indian Emperor*.

The Theatres closed from May 1665 till the end of 1666 owing  
to the Plague and the Great Fire of London.

1666. Retires for some time to Charlton, in Wiltshire, a seat of his father-in-law, Lord Berkshire, where his eldest son was born.  
 During his retreat he writes the *Annus Mirabilis* and the *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*.  
 1667. *Secret Love ; or, The Maiden Queen*.  
 March  
 ? *Sir Martin Mar-all*.  
 1668. *Defence*, of his Essay on Dramatic Poesy.  
 1668. *An Evening's Love ; or, The Mock Astrologer*.  
 1669. The Archbishop of Canterbury, at the King's request, confers upon him the degree of M.A.  
 1669. *Tyrannic Love ; or, The Royal Martyr*.  
 1669. *The Conquest of Granada*.  
 1670. Appointed Poet Laureate and Historiographer to the King.  
 1672. *Marriage à la Mode*, and *The Assignment*.  
 1673. *The State of Innocence*, and *Amboyna*.  
 1675. *Aureng-Zebe*, a tragedy, first acted it is believed in the Spring of this year.  
 1678. *All for Love*, and *The Kind Keeper*.  
 1679. *Edipus*, in conjunction with Nathaniel Lee, and an alteration of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*.

<i>The Spanish Friar</i> , in which he satirized the Roman Catholics.	1681.
<i>Absalom and Achitophel</i> .	1682.
<i>The Medal</i> , and <i>MacFlecknoc</i> .	1682.
<i>Religio Laici</i> .	1682.
<i>The Duke of Guise</i> , in conjunction with Lee.	1682.
Preface to a new translation of Plutarch's <i>Lives</i> .	1683.
Translation of Maimbourg's History of <i>The League</i> .	1684.
* James II. succeeds to the Crown of England, February 6, 1685.	
<i>Threnodia Augustalis</i> , and <i>Albion and Albanus</i> .	1685.
Conversion to Roman Catholicism.	1686.
<i>The Hind and Panther</i> , and <i>A Song for St. Cecilia's Day</i> .	1687.
<i>Britannia Rediviva</i> .	1688.
<i>Don Sebastian</i> and <i>Amphitryon</i> .	1690.
<i>King Arthur</i> .	1691.
<i>Cleomenes</i> , and <i>Love Triumphant</i> .	1692.
Translation of <i>Juvenal</i> and <i>Persius</i> .	1693.
Translation of Fresnoy's <i>Art of Painting</i> .	1695.
Translation of <i>Virgil</i> , and <i>Alexander's Feast</i> .	1697.
<i>Fables</i> , and <i>Secular Masque</i> .	1699.

During March and April he was confined to the house by gout. "A toe mortified, and he declined to submit to amputation," and he died with great composure on the 1st May at his house in Gerard Street, Soho, London. On the 13th May he was buried in the "Poet's Corner" of Westminster Abbey, by the side of Chaucer and Cowley. 1700.



# AÜRENG-ZEBE: A TRAGEDY.

Acted at the  
Royal Theatre.

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Written by  
JOHN DRYDEN,  
Servant to his Majesty.

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————— *Sed, cum fregit subfellia versu,  
Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven. Juv.*

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Licensed, ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by T.N. for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor in  
the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1676.





To the Right Honourable

JOHN, Earl of MULGRAVE<sup>1</sup>

Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-Chamber,<sup>2</sup> and  
Knight of the most Noble Order of the  
Garter

My Lord,

**T**IS a severe reflection which Montaign<sup>3</sup> has made on Princes, That we ought not, in reason, to have any expectations of Favour from them ; and that 'tis kindness enough, if they leave us in possession of our own. The boldness of the Censure<sup>4</sup> shows the free Spirit of the Author: And

<sup>1</sup> *Earl of Mulgrave*, " John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards created Marquis of Normanby, and at length Duke of Buckingham[shire], made a great figure during the reigns of Charles II., and of his unfortunate successor, of William III., and of Queen Anne. His bravery as a soldier, and abilities as a statesman, seem to have been unquestioned ; but for his poetical reputation, he was probably much indebted to the assistance of those wits whom he relieved and patronized . . . born in 1649, and died in 1720. He was therefore twenty-seven years old when he received this dedication " (Scott).

<sup>2</sup> *Gentleman . . . Bed-Chamber*, a title given to the personal attendant upon a king or prince who has charge of the arrangements of the bed-chamber, and who in former days slept in a room adjoining his master.

<sup>3</sup> " Princes give me enough, if they take nothing from me ; and do me good enough, if they do me no harm ; that is all I ask of them " (*Montaigne*, Vol. iii., ch. ix., *Of Vanity*).

<sup>4</sup> *Censure*, not necessarily in the modern sense of *blame*, but here, as frequently, in the radical sense of *opinion*.

*the Subjects of England may justly congratulate to themselves, that both the Nature of our Government, and the Clemency of our King, secure us from any such Complaint. I, in particular, who subsist wholly by his Bounty,<sup>1</sup> am oblig'd to give posterity a far other account of my Royal Master, than what Montaign has left of his. Those accusations had been more reasonable, if they had been plac'd on<sup>2</sup> inferiour Persons. For in all Courts, there are too many, who make it their business to ruine Wit:<sup>3</sup> And Montaign, in other places, tells us, what effects he found of their good Natures.<sup>4</sup> He describes them such, whose<sup>5</sup> Ambition, Lust, or private Interest, seem to be the only end of their Creation. If good accrue to any from them, 'tis only in order to their own designs:<sup>6</sup> conferr'd most commonly on the base and infamous; and never given, but only hapning<sup>7</sup> sometimes on well deservers. Dulness has brought them to what they are; and Malice secures them in their Fortunes.<sup>8</sup> But somewhat of Specious<sup>9</sup> they must have, to recommend themselves to Princes, (for Folly will not easily go down in its own natural form with discerning Judges.) And diligence in waiting, is their gilding of the Pill,<sup>10</sup> for that looks like Love, though 'tis only Interest. 'Tis that which gains 'em their advantage over witty Men; whose love of Liberty and Ease, makes them*

<sup>1</sup> *who subsist* . . . *Bounty*, see Biographical Sketch, p. 21.

<sup>2</sup> *placed on*, made against.

<sup>3</sup> *Wit*, witty (i.e. wise, learned, intellectual) men.

<sup>4</sup> *what effects* . . . *Natures*, what results, consequences, could be ascribed even to the best of them. See, for instance, his *Essays Of the Inequality amongst us, Of the Art of Discoursing*.

<sup>5</sup> *such, whose*, see note 1, p. 155.

<sup>6</sup> *In order* . . . *designs*, with a view to secure their own objects.

<sup>7</sup> *hapning*, falling by chance.

<sup>8</sup> *Dulness* . . . *Fortunes*, their natural dulness of intellect has made them what they are, and their natural spitefulness prevents them from becoming anything nobler.

<sup>9</sup> *somewhat of Specious*, some plausible qualities.

<sup>10</sup> *their gilding* . . . *Pill*, that with which they hide the unpalatableness of their real nature.

*willing too often to discharge their burden of Attendance on these officious Gentlemen.<sup>1</sup> 'Tis true, that the nauseousness of such Company is enough to disgust a reasonable Man; when he sees, he can hardly approach Greatness, but as a Moated Castle, he must first pass through the Mud and Filth with which it is encompass'd. These are they, who wanting Wit, affect Gravity, and go by the name of Solid men; and a solid man is, in plain English, a solid, solemn Fool. Another disguise they have, (for Fools, as well as Knaves, take other names, and pass by an Alias) and that is the Title of honest Fellows. But this honesty of theirs ought to have many Grains for its Allowance;<sup>2</sup> for certainly they are no farther honest, than they are silly.<sup>3</sup> They are naturally mischievous to their power;<sup>4</sup> and if they speak not maliciously, or sharply, of witty men, 'tis only because God has not bestow'd on them the gift of utterance. They fawn and crouch to men of parts,<sup>5</sup> whom they cannot ruine: quote their Wit when they are present, and when they are absent, steal their Jests: But to those who are under 'em, and whom they can crush with ease, they show themselves in their natural Antipathy; there they treat Wit like the common Enemy, and give it no more quarter, than a Dutch-man would to an English Vessel in the Indies; they strike Sail where they know they shall be master'd, and murder where they can with safety.*

*This, my Lord, is the Character of a Courtier without Wit; and therefore that which is a Satyre to other men, must be a Panegyrick to your Lordship, who are a Master of*

<sup>1</sup> to discharge . . . Gentlemen, to leave to these sycophants that obsequious attendance at Court which is so burdensome to them.

<sup>2</sup> But this honesty . . . Allowance, this claim of theirs to be considered honest men can only be allowed with many modifications; an adaptation of the proverbial phrase, *cum grano salis*.

<sup>3</sup> for certainly . . . silly, i.e. if their wits were sharper, they would be ready enough to use them for dishonest projects.

<sup>4</sup> to their power, to the extent of their power.

<sup>5</sup> men of parts, men of ability, men highly endowed.

*it. If the least of these Reflections<sup>1</sup> could have reach'd your Person, no necessity of mine could have made me to have sought so earnestly, and so long to have cultivated your kindness. As a Poet, I cannot but have made some observations on mankind: The lowness of my Fortune has not yet brought me to flatter Vice; and 'tis my duty to give Testimony to Virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordship is not of that nature, w<sup>h</sup>ich either seeks a Commendation, or want it. Your mind has always been above the wretched affectation of Popularity. A popular man is, in truth, no better than a Prostitute to common Fame, and to the People. He lies down<sup>2</sup> to every one he meets, for the hire of praise; and his Humility is only a disguis'd Ambition. Even Cicero himself, whose Eloquence deserv'd the admiration of mankind; yet by his insatiable thirst of Fame,<sup>3</sup> he has lessen'd his Character with succeeding Ages: His Action against Catiline may be said to have ruin'd the Consul,<sup>4</sup> when it sav'd the City: for it so swell'd his Soul, which was not truly great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-set<sup>5</sup> with vanity. And this made his Virtue so suspected by his Friends, that Brutus, whom of all men he ador'd, refus'd him a place in his Conspiracy.<sup>6</sup> A Modern Wit has made this Observation on him, That coveting to recommend himself to Posterity, he begg'd it as an Alms<sup>7</sup> of all his Friends, the Historians,*

<sup>1</sup> *Reflections*, charges.

<sup>2</sup> *lies down to*, couches before.

<sup>3</sup> *he*, the supplementary pronoun is due to the length of the parenthesis between the nominative case and the verb.

<sup>4</sup> *the Consul*, Cicero himself, who was Consul at the time.

<sup>5</sup> *over-set*, overwhelmed, overborne.

<sup>6</sup> *Conspiracy*, sc. against Cæsar; cp. *Julius Cæsar*, ii. i. 141-52, "Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us . . . Bru. O, name not him: let us not break with him; For he will never follow anything That other men begin."

<sup>7</sup> *an Alms*, "A.S. *almasse*, a word of three syllables . . . a corruption of ecclesiastical Latin *elemosyna*, borrowed from Greek; the result being that the word has been reduced from *six* syllables to *one*." (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*)

*to remember his Consulship: And observe, if you please, the odness of the event;<sup>1</sup> all their Histories are lost, and the vanity of his request stands yet recorded in his own Writings. How much more great and manly in your Lordship, is your contempt of popular applause, and your retir'd Virtue, which shines only to a few; with whom you live so easily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the tenderness of Friendship; and that you only retire your self<sup>2</sup> from those, who are not capable of returning it. Your kindness, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable: And 'tis to that only I attribute my happiness in your love. This makes me more easily forsake an Argument, on which I could otherwise delight to dwell: I mean, your Judgment in your choice of Friends; because I have the honour to be one. After which, I am sure you will more easily permit me to be silent, in the care<sup>3</sup> you have taken of my Fortune; which you have rescu'd, not only from the power of others, but from my worst of Enemies, my own modesty and Laziness. Which favour, had it been employ'd on a more deserving Subject, had been an effect<sup>4</sup> of Justice in your Nature; but, as plac'd on me, is only Charity. Yet, withal, 'tis conferr'd on such a man, as prefers your kindness it self, before any of its Consequences; and who values, as the greatest of your Favours, those of your Love, and of your Conversation.<sup>5</sup> From this constancy to your Friends, I might reasonably assume, that your Resentments would be as strong and lasting, if they were not restrain'd by a nobler Principle of good Nature and Generosity. For certainly, 'tis the same composition of Mind, the same Resolution and Courage, which makes the greatest Friendships, and the greatest Enmities. And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high Provocations, may recommend himself to the World for a*

<sup>1</sup> event, outcome, consequence.

<sup>2</sup> retire yourself, hold yourself aloof from.

<sup>3</sup> in the care, considering the solicitude.

<sup>4</sup> effect, result.

<sup>5</sup> Conversation, society, intercourse; the older and more proper sense of the word.

*Christian, but I should hardly trust him for a Friend. The Italians have a Proverb to that purpose, 'To forgive the first time shows me a good Catholick, the second time a Fool. To this firmness in all your Actions (though you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the Interest<sup>1</sup> your merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is constant to himself, and steady in all his undertakings; one with whom that Character of Horace will agree,*

Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,<sup>2</sup>

*Such an one cannot but place an esteem, and repose a confidence on him, whom no Adversity, no change of Courts, no Bribery of Interests, or Cabals of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune, can remove from the solid foundations of Honour and Fidelity.*

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores  
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.<sup>3</sup>

*How well your Lordship will deserve that praise, I need no inspiration to foretel. You have already left no room for Prophecy: your early undertakings have been such, in the service of your King and Country, when you offer'd your self to the most dangerous employment, that of the Sea;<sup>4</sup> when you chose to abandon those delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worse, the company of common Sea-men, that you have*

<sup>1</sup> Interest, influence.

<sup>2</sup> *Si fractus . . . ruinæ*, Horace, *Odes*, iii. 3. 7, 8, "If the universe should fall in, its ruins tumbling on the just man will find him all unawed"; lines imitated by Pope, *Prologue to Satires*, 88, "Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world."

<sup>3</sup> *Ille meos . . . sepulcro*, Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 28. 9, "My heart to him on whom 'twas set Has passed; and let him hold it yet, And keep it in his tomb" (Conington's *Translation*).

<sup>4</sup> *when you offer'd . . . Sea*; "The Earl of Mulgrave, in the Dutch war of 1672, served as a volunteer on board the *Victory*. He behaved with distinguished courage himself, and has borne witness to that of his unfortunate admiral, James, Duke of York" . . . (Scott).

*made it evident, you will refuse no opportunity of rendring your self useful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct<sup>1</sup> shall be requir'd. The same zeal and faithfulness continues in your Bloud, which animated one of your Noble Ancestors to sacrifice his life in the Quarrel of his Sovereign :<sup>2</sup> though, I hope, both for your sake, and for the publick Tranquillity, the same occasion will never be offer'd to your Lordship, and that a better Destiny will attend you. But I make haste to consider you as abstracted from a Court,<sup>3</sup> which (if you will give me leave to use a term of Logick) is only an Adjunct, not a Propriety of Happiness. The Academicks,<sup>4</sup> I confess, were willing to admit the Goods of Fortune into their Notion of Felicity ; but I do not remember, that any of the Sects of old Philosophers did ever leave a room for Greatness. Neither am I form'd to praise a Court, who admire and covet nothing, but the easiness and quiet of retirement. I naturally withdraw my sight from a Precipice ;<sup>5</sup> and admit the Prospect be never so large and goodly,<sup>6</sup> can take no pleasure even in looking on the downfall, though I am secure from the danger. Methinks there's something of a malignant joy in that excellent description of Lucretius.*

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, management of affairs.

<sup>2</sup> The same . . . Sovereign, "In 1548-9, there were insurrections in several counties in England, having for their object the restoration of the Catholic religion, and the redress of grievances. The insurgents in Northamptonshire were 20,000 strong, headed by one Ket, a tanner, who possessed himself of Norwich. . . The Earl of Northampton, marching rashly and hastily against him, at the head of a very inferior force, was defeated with loss. In the rout Lord Sheffield, ancestor of the Earl of Mulgrave, and the person alluded to in the text, fell with his horse into a ditch, and was slain by a butcher with a club" (Scott).

<sup>3</sup> as abstracted from a Court, in your private capacity and not as a courtier.

<sup>4</sup> The Academic's, the followers of Plato, who taught in the Academia, a piece of ground near Athens originally belonging to the hero Academus, and subsequently a gymnasium.

<sup>5</sup> a Precipice, the precipitous heights of a Court.

<sup>6</sup> and admit . . . goodly, and granting the view to be as extensive and beautiful as it can possibly be.



Sauve mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis  
 E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem ;  
 Non quia vexari quenkum est jucunda voluptas,  
 Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.<sup>1</sup>

*I am sure his Master Epicurus,<sup>2</sup> and my better Master Cowley,<sup>3</sup> prefer'd the solitude of a Garden, and the conversation of a Friend to any consideration, so much as a regard, of those unhappy People, whom in our own wrong, we call the great. True greatness, if it be any where on Earth, is in a private Virtue ; remov'd from the notion of Pomp and Vanity, confin'd to a contemplation of it self, and centring on it self :*

Omnis enim per se Divum natura, necesse est  
 Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur ;  
 ———Curâ semota, metuque  
 Ipsa suis pollens opibus<sup>4</sup>———

*If this be not the life of a Deity, because it cannot consist with Providence,<sup>5</sup> 'tis at least a godlike life : I can be contented, (and I am sure I have your Lordship of my opinion) with an humbler station in the Temple of Virtue, than to be set on the pinnacle of it.*

<sup>1</sup> *Suave . . . suave est*, Lucretius, ii. 1-4, "It is sweet, when on the great sea the winds trouble its waters, to behold from land another's deep distress ; not that it is a pleasure and delight that any should be afflicted, but because it is sweet to see from what evils you are yourself exempt" (Munro's Translation).

<sup>2</sup> *Epicurus*, the Greek philosopher, B.C. 342 to B.C. 270, who in the physical part of his philosophy followed the atomistic doctrines of Democritus and Diagoras. These doctrines are set out by Lucretius in his six books *De rerum naturâ*.

<sup>3</sup> *Cowley*, Dryden's admiration for Cowley is evidenced in many of his prose pieces, though that admiration lessened as he grew older.

<sup>4</sup> *Omnis . . . opibus*, Lucretius, ii. 646-51, "For the nature of gods must ever in itself of necessity enjoy immortality together with supreme repose, far removed and withdrawn from our concerns ; since exempt from every pain, exempt from all dangers, strong in its own resources, not wanting aught of us, it is neither gained by favours nor moved by anger" (Munro's Translation)ε

<sup>5</sup> *because . . . Providence*, because it is inconsistent with the idea of Providence that he should so withdraw himself from all consideration of this world.

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre  
Errare, atque viam palantis querere vitæ.<sup>1</sup>

*The truth is, the consideration of so vain a Creature as man, is not worth our pains. I have fool enough at home<sup>2</sup> without looking for it abroad: and am a sufficient Theater<sup>3</sup> to my self of ridiculous actions, without expecting<sup>4</sup> company, either in a Court, a Town, or Play-house. 'Tis on this account that I am weary with drawing the deformities of Life, and Lazars of the people,<sup>5</sup> where every figure of imperfection more resembles me than it can do others. If I must be condemn'd to Rhyme, I should find some case in my change of punishment. I desire to be no longer the Sisyphus of the Stage;<sup>6</sup> to rowl up a Stone with endless labour (which to follow the Proverb, gathers no Mosse) and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought my self very fit for an Employment, where many of my Predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds; and some of my Contemporaries, even in my own partial Judgment, have out-done me in Comedy. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and those too, considering my abilities, may be vain, that I may make the World some part of amends;<sup>7</sup> for many ill*

<sup>1</sup> *Despicere* . . . *vitæ*, Lucretius, ii. 9, 10, "from which you may look down upon others and see them wandering all abroad and going astray in their search for the path of life" (Munro's *Translation*).

<sup>2</sup> *I have* . . . *home*, I find in myself enough of the fool, *i.e.* of what is foolish; cp. *All for Love*, iv. 1, "I have a fool within me takes your part."

<sup>3</sup> *a sufficient Theater*, Seneca, *Epistles*, i. 7, 11, "*Satis magnum alter alteri Theatrum sumus*," "One may find in one's neighbour a theatre large enough;" taken by Seneca from Epicurus.

<sup>4</sup> *expecting*, waiting for.

<sup>5</sup> *Lazars of the people*, those afflicted with every moral disease.

<sup>6</sup> *Sisyphus of the Stage*, Sisyphus was punished in Hades for his crimes by having to roll up-hill a huge marble block, which as soon as it reached the top always rolled down again; and Dryden here bemoans himself on his fruitless endeavour to popularize the heroic drama.

<sup>7</sup> *some part of amends*, something in the ways of amends.

*Playes, by an Heroique Poem. Your Lordship has been long acquainted with my design; the subject of which you know is great,<sup>1</sup> the story English, and neither too far distant from the present Age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is my opinion that I could not have wish'd a nobler occasion to do honour by it to my King, my Country, and my Friends; most of our antient nobility being concern'd in the Action. And your Lordship has one particular reason to promote this undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the opportunity of discoursing it<sup>2</sup> to his Majesty, and his Royal Highness: They were then pleas'd, both to commend the Design, and to encourage it by their Commands. But the unsett'l'dness of my condition has hitherto put a stop to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer in his Wit, so neither do I desire to be in his Poverty. I can make no Rhapsodies,<sup>3</sup> nor go a begging at the Græcian doors,<sup>4</sup> while I sing the praises of their Ancestors. The times of Virgil please me better, because he had an Augustus for his Patron. And to draw the Allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a Mæcenas<sup>5</sup> with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that remembrance in his Majesty, which his many avocations of business have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aside. And, (as himself and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to represent to them the Images of their Warlike Predecessors: as Achilles is said to be rous'd to Glory, with the sight of the Combat before the Ships. For my own part, I am satisfi'd to have*

<sup>1</sup> *the subject . . . great*, the subject is supposed to have been the exploits of the Black Prince.

<sup>2</sup> *discoursing it*, giving a sketch of it.

<sup>3</sup> *Rhapsodies*, recitations of epic poetry; from *ῥαψῳδός*, one who stitches or strings songs together, especially a person who recited epic poetry; from *ῥάπτειν*, to sew or stitch, and *ᾠδή*, a song.

<sup>4</sup> *nor go . . . doors*, i.e. like the rhapsodists who wandered from house to house reciting poems.

<sup>5</sup> *a Mæcenas*, a patron; C. Cilnius Mæcenas was the great patron of literature in the reign of Augustus, and especially befriended Horace and Virgil.

*offer'd the Design; and it may be to the advantage of my Reputation to have it refus'd me.*<sup>1</sup>

*In the mean time, my Lord, I take the confidence to present you with a Tragedy; the Characters of which are the nearest to those of an Heroick Poem. 'Twas dedicated to you in my heart, before 'twas presented on the Stage. Some things in it have pass'd your approbation, and many your amendment. You were likewise pleas'd to recommend it to the King's perusal, before the last hand was added to it,<sup>2</sup> when I receiv'd the favour from him, to have the most considerable event of it modell'd by his Royal Pleasure. It may be some vanity in me to add his Testimony then, and which he graciously confirm'd afterwards, that it was the best of all my Tragedies; in which he has made Authentick<sup>3</sup> my private opinion of it; at least, he has given it a value by his Commendation, which it had not by my Writing.*

*That which was not pleasing to some of the fair Ladies in the last Act of it, as I dare not vindicate, so neither can I wholly condemn, till I find more reason for their Censures. The procedure of Indamora and Molesinda, seems yet, in my Judgment, natural, and not unbecoming of their Characters. If they who arraign them fail not more,<sup>4</sup> the World will never blame their conduct: And I shall be glad, for the honour of my Countrey, to find better Images of Virtue drawn to the life in their behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the Theatre. I confess, I have only represented a practicable Virtue, mix'd with the frailties and imperfections of humane life. I have made my Heroine fearful of death, which neither Cassandra nor Cleopatra would have been; and they themselves, I doubt it not, would have out-done*

<sup>1</sup> *it may . . . refused me*, it may be better for my reputation that I should not be permitted to undertake it.

<sup>2</sup> *before the last hand . . . it*, before the final touches were put to it.

<sup>3</sup> *made Authentick*, stamped with authority.

<sup>4</sup> *fail not more*, are guilty of no worse shortcomings.

<sup>5</sup> *humane*, see note 3, p. 75.

*Romance in that particular. Yet their Mandana<sup>1</sup> (and the Cyrus was written by a Lady) was not altogether so hard-hearted: for she sat down on the cold ground by the King of Assyria, and not only piti'd him, who dy'd in her defence; but allowed him some favours, such, perhaps, as they would think, should only be permitted to her Cyrus. I have made my Melesinda, in opposition to Nourmahal, a Woman passionately loving of her Husband, patient of injuries and contempt, and constant in her kindness, to the last: and in that, perhaps, I may have err'd, because it is not a Virtue much in use. Those Indian Wives are loving Fools,<sup>2</sup> and may do well to keep themselves in their own Country, or, at least, to keep company with the Arria's and Portia's<sup>3</sup> of old Rome: some of our Ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own Writings: yet I have labour'd as much as any man, to divest my self of the self-opinion<sup>4</sup> of an Author; and am too well satisfi'd of my own weakness, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written. But on the other side, my reason tells me, that, in probability, what I have seriously and long consider'd, may be as likely to be just and natural, as what an ordinary Judge (if there be any such amongst those Ladies) will think fit, in a transient Presentation, to be plac'd in the room of that which they condemn. The most judicious Writer is sometimes mistaken, after all*

<sup>1</sup> *their Mandana*, the character of Mandana, or Mandane, mother of Cyrus, which they so greatly admire, in Mademoiselle Scuderi's romance of *Artamène, ou Le Grand Cyrus*.

<sup>2</sup> *Those Indian . . . Fools*, those Indian widows foolishly show their love to their husbands by performing *Sati* after their death; see note 3, p. 170.

<sup>3</sup> *Arria's and Portia's*, Arria, wife of Cæcinnus Pætus, who, when her husband was ordered by the Emperor Claudius to put an end to his life, and hesitated to do so, stabbed herself, handed the dagger to her husband, and said, "Pætus, it does not pain me"; Portia, wife of Brutus, who, after her husband's death, put an end to her life by swallowing live coals; cp. Pope, *January and May*, 675. 6, "And witness next what Roman authors tell, How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell."

<sup>4</sup> *self-opinion*, self-conceit.

*his care : but the hasty Critick, who judges on a view,<sup>1</sup> is full as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him first consider all the Arguments,<sup>2</sup> which the Author had, to write this, or to design the other, before he arraigns him of a fault : and then, perhaps, on second thoughts, he will find his Reason oblige him to revoke his Censure. Yet, after all, I will not be too positive. Homo sum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.<sup>3</sup> As I am a Man, I must be changeable : and sometimes the gravest of us all are so, even upon ridiculous accidents.<sup>4</sup> Our minds are perpetually wrought on by the temperament of our Bodies : which makes me suspect, they are nearer alli'd, than either our Philosophers or School-Divines will allow them to be. I have observed, says Montaign,<sup>5</sup> that when the Body is out of Order, its Companion is seldom at his ease. An ill Dream, or a Cloudy day, has power to change this wretched Creature, who is so proud of a reasonable Soul, and make him think what he thought not yesterday. And Homer was of this opinion, as Cicero is pleased to translate him for us :*

Tales sunt hominum mentes quali pater ipse  
Jupiter, auctiferâ lustravit lampade terras.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *judges on a view*, forms a hasty judgment, a judgment at first sight.

<sup>2</sup> *Arguments*, pressing reasons.

<sup>3</sup> *Homo . . . puto*, Terence, *Heaut.* i. 1. 25, "I am a man and think nothing of human nature foreign to myself."

<sup>4</sup> *upon ridiculous accidents*, for the most trivial causes.

<sup>5</sup> *says Montaign*, Dryden does not appear to be quoting literally from Montaigne, though that writer in his essay entitled *An Apology for Raimond de Sebonde* (as well as in many other places), expresses the same sentiments, and there quotes the couplet immediately following, with the substitution of *quales* for *quali*, which is thus freely translated, "Men's minds are influenced by the external air, Dark or serene, as days are foul or fair."

<sup>6</sup> *Tales . . . terras*, these lines of Cicero, quoted by St. Augustine in his *De Civitate Dei*, are a somewhat florid rendering of Homer's simpler-words, *Odyssee*, xviii. 136. 7,

Τοῖος γὰρ νόος ἔστιν ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων  
•οῖος, ἐπ' ἥμαρ ἄγῃσι πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.

*Or as the same Author, in his Thusculane Questions<sup>1</sup> speaks with more modesty than usual of himself: Nos in diem vivimus; quodcunque animos nostros probabilitate percussit, id dicimus.<sup>2</sup> 'Tis not therefore impossible, but that I may alter the conclusion of my Play, to restore my self into the good Graces of my fair Criticks. And your Lordship, who is so well with them,<sup>3</sup> may do me the Office of a Friend and Patron, to intercede with them on my promise of amendment. The Impotent Lover in Petronius,<sup>4</sup> though his was a very unpardonable crime, yet was receiv'd to mercy on the terms I offer. Summa excusationis meæ hæc est: placebo tibi, si culpam emendare permiseris.<sup>5</sup>*

*But I am conscious to my self of offering at<sup>6</sup> a greater boldness, in presenting to your view what my meanness can produce, than in any other error of my Play. And therefore make haste to break off this tedious Address, which has, I know not how, already run it self into so much of Pedantry, with an excuse of Tully's, which he sent with his books De Finibus,<sup>7</sup> to his Friend Brutus, De ipsis rebus autem, sæpenumerò Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum hæc ad te scribam, qui tum in Poesi, (I change it from Philosophiâ)*

<sup>1</sup> *Thusculane Questions*, the five books of the *Tusculane Disputationes*, a series of discussions on various points of practical philosophy, supposed to have been held at Cicero's Tusculan villa.

<sup>2</sup> *Nos in diem . . . dicimus*, we live from day to day, i.e. are not bound down to any one set of doctrines, and speak out everything that has struck our minds as at all reasonable."—*Tusculane Disputationes*, v. II. 33.

<sup>3</sup> *who is . . . them*, who finds such favour in their eyes.

<sup>4</sup> *Petronius*, a reference to the tale of the Ephesian Matron in the *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter, by some identified with C. or T. Petronius, an accomplished voluptuary at the court of Nero.

<sup>5</sup> *Summa . . . permiseris*, "the only excuse I have to offer is that if I am allowed to mend my fault, I will hereafter give you satisfaction."—PETRONIUS ARBITER, *Sat.* ch. 30.

<sup>6</sup> *offering at*, attempting.

<sup>7</sup> *De Finibus*, the five books *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*, a treatise discussing the opinions of the Epicureans, Stoics, and Peripatetics, on the Supreme Good, that is, the *finis*, or end, towards which all our thoughts and actions ought to be directed.

tum in optimo genere Poeseos tantum processeris. Quod si facerem quasi te crudiens, jure reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimùm absum : nec, ut ea cognoscas quæ tibi notissima sunt ad te mitto : sed quia facillimè in nomine tuo acquiesco, & quia te habeo æquissimum eorum studiorum, quæ mihi communia tecum sunt, æstimatorem & judicem.<sup>1</sup>  
*Which you may please, my Lord, to apply to your self, from him, who is*

. Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant,

DRYDEN.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *De ipsis . . . judicem*, "concerning the matters themselves, however, I am constantly dreading that I shall be blamed for writing in this way to you who have so distinguished yourself alike in Poetry and in the highest style of Poetry. Were I to write as if I hoped to instruct you, I should rightly be blamed. But nothing is farther from my intention than this. I do not submit my writings to you with the view that you should acquire a knowledge of that in which you are already so proficient ; but because I so readily accept your authority in such matters, and because I have in you so just a critic and judge of those studies to which you and I are both so much given."—*De Fin.* iii. 2. 6.

<sup>2</sup> *Dryden*, in all his other Dedications, Dryden signs himself "John," or "J." "Dryden," and it is not easy to see why he has varied here.





## PROLOGUE

OUR Author by experience finds it true,  
'Tis much more hard to please himself than you :  
And out of no feign'd modesty, this day,  
Damns his laborious Trifle of a Play :<sup>1</sup>  
Not that it's worse than what before he writ,  
But he has now another taste of Wit ;<sup>2</sup>  
And to confess a truth, (though out of time)<sup>3</sup>  
Grows weary of his long-lov'd Mistris, Rhyme.  
Passion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound,  
And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground.  
What Verse can do, he has perform'd in this,  
Which he presumes the most correct of his :

<sup>1</sup> *laborious* . . . *Play*, condemns as worth nothing the Play on which he has spent so much labour ; probably an allusion to the phrase *operose nil agere*, to spend a lot of labour in doing nothing ; to *damn*, has become the proverbial expression for crying down, hissing off the stage, a play.

<sup>2</sup> *another* . . . *Wit*, a different conception of what constitutes excellence in writing dramas.

<sup>3</sup> *though out of time*, though perhaps this is not the time for such a confession.

But spite of all his pride a secret shame,  
 Invades his breast at *Shakespeare's* sacred name :<sup>1</sup>  
 Aw'd when he hears his Godlike *Romans* rage.  
 He, in a just despair, would quit the Stage.  
 And to an Age less polish'd, more unskill'd,  
 Does, with disdain the foremost Honours yield.<sup>2</sup>  
 As with the greater Dead he dares not strive,  
 He would not match his Verse with those who live :  
 Let him retire, betwixt two Ages cast,  
 The first of this, and hindmost of the last.<sup>3</sup>  
 A losing Gamester, let him sneak away ;  
 He bears no ready Money from the Play.<sup>4</sup>  
 The Fate which governs Poets, thought it fit,  
 He shou'd not raise his Fortunes by his Wit.  
 The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar ;  
 Dull Heroes fatten with the spoils of War :  
 All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd,<sup>5</sup> are here ;  
 But Wit's a luxury you think too dear.  
 When you to cultivate the Plant are loath,  
 'Tis a shrewd<sup>6</sup> sign 'twas never of your growth :  
 And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,  
 Except, like *Orange-trees*, 'tis hous'd from Snow.  
 There needs no care to put a Play house down,<sup>7</sup>  
 'Tis the most desart place of all the Town.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *But spite* . . . *name*, i.e. he feels how unworthy he is to walk in Shakespeare's footsteps.

<sup>2</sup> *And to an Age* . . . *yield*, in this there is something of the feigned modesty which in l. 3, above, he disavows.

<sup>3</sup> *The first* . . . *last*, "There is no arrogance here, but merely an allusion to the writer's age" (Saintsbury). This seems doubtful to me.

<sup>4</sup> *He bears* . . . *Play*, he makes but little money out of his plays.

<sup>5</sup> *All Southern Vices*, referring especially to the vices imported from Italy ; *Heav'n be prais'd*, said sarcastically.

<sup>6</sup> *shrewd*, clear, unmistakeable.

<sup>7</sup> *to put* . . . *down*, to ruin the fortunes of a theatre.

<sup>8</sup> *'Tis the most* . . . *Town*, sc. and therefore few will come to the rescue ; the theatres were then in the outskirts.

We and our Neighbours, to speak proudly, are  
 Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expensive War.<sup>1</sup>  
 While, like wise *English*,<sup>2</sup> unconcern'd, you sit,  
 And see us play the Tragedy of Wit<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *run'd* . . . *War*, "alluding to the rivalry between the King's and the Duke's houses" (Saintsbury); i. e. the two theatres, in the former of which the actors were called the King's servants, in the latter the Duke's, i. e. the Duke of York.

<sup>2</sup> *wise*, prudent in not interfering in the quarrels of other nations.

<sup>3</sup> *The Tragedy of Wit*, a conflict of intellect which must be fatal to one or other of the two rival companies.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THE old Emperor<sup>1</sup> [in love with *Indamora*].  
*Aureng-Zebe*<sup>2</sup> his Son [in love with *Indamora*].  
*Morat*,<sup>3</sup> his younger Son [son of *Nourmahal*].  
*Arimant*, Governour of *Agra* [in love with *Indamora*].  
*Dianet*.<sup>4</sup>  
*Solyman*.<sup>5</sup>  
*Mir Baba*.  
*Abas*.<sup>6</sup>  
*Asaph Chazen*.<sup>7</sup>  
*Fazel Chazen*.<sup>8</sup>  
*Nourmahal*,<sup>9</sup> the Empress.  
*Indamora*,<sup>10</sup> a Captive Queen [of Cassimere, in love with  
*Aureng-Zebe*].  
*Melesinda*, Wife to *Morat*.  
*Zayda*, Favourite Slave to the Empress.

} Indian Lords, or  
 Omrahs, of sev-  
 eral Factions.

## SCENE, *Agra*, in the Year 1660.

<sup>1</sup> *Emperor*, Sháhjahán, who reigned from 1628 to 1658.

<sup>2</sup> *Aureng-Zebe*, more properly Aurangzib, Sháhjahán's third son, who ascended the throne under the title of 'Alamgir, in 1658.

<sup>3</sup> *Morat*, more properly, Murád (Baksh), the youngest of the four sons.

<sup>4</sup> *Dianet*, more properly, Diánat.

<sup>5</sup> *Solyman*, more properly, Sulimán.

<sup>6</sup> *Abas*, more properly, Abbás.

<sup>7</sup> *Asaph Chazen*, more properly, Asaf Khán.

<sup>8</sup> *Fazel Chazen*, more properly, Fazl Khán.

<sup>9</sup> *Nourmahal*, more properly, Núrmahál, or Núrjahán, was in reality the wife of Jahángir, father of Sháhjahán, while Sháhjahán's wife was Mumtáz Mahál.

<sup>10</sup> *Indamora*, an imaginary personage, whose name is formed from *Ind-* and the Latin *amor*, love.

# A U R E N G - Z E B E

A

## TRAGEDY

### ACT I

Arimant, Asaph Chawn, Fazel Chawn.<sup>1</sup>

*Arim.* H EAV'N seems the Empire of the East to lay  
On the success<sup>2</sup> of this important day :  
Their Arms are to the last decision bent,<sup>3</sup>  
And Fortune labours with the vast event :  
She now has in her hand the greatest stake,  
Which for contending Monarchs she can make.  
What e'r can urge ambitious Youth to fight,  
She pompously<sup>4</sup> displays before their sight :  
Laws, Empire, All permitted to the Sword,<sup>5</sup>  
And Fate could ne'r an ampler Scene afford.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Chawm*, see notes 7 and 8 opposite.

<sup>2</sup> *success*, issue, result. Dryden, like the Elizabethans, frequently uses the word in this neutral sense, or, like them, qualifies it by some adjective.

<sup>3</sup> *are . . . bent*, are directed to the final decision of the quarrel.

<sup>4</sup> *pompously*, in great splendour. The word has not here that sense of exaggerated, overweening, display which is so common in its more modern use. So, in *As You Like It*, v. 4. 188, "The duke has put on a religious life And thrown into neglect the *pompous* court."

<sup>5</sup> *permitted . . . sword*, subjected to the issue of arms.

<sup>6</sup> *And Fate . . . afford*, cp. *Henry the Fifth*, *Prol.* i. 3, 4, "A kingdom for a *stage*, princes to act, And monarchs to behold the swelling *scene*."

*Asaph.* Four several<sup>1</sup> Armies to the Field are led,  
Which, high in equal hopes four Princes Head :  
*Indus* and *Ganges*, our wide Empires Bounds,  
Swell their dy'd Currents with their Natives wounds :<sup>2</sup>  
Each purple River winding, as he runs,  
His bloody arms about his slaughter'd Sons.

*Fazel.* I well remember you foretold the Storm,  
When first the Brothers did their Factions form :  
When each, by curs'd Cabals of Women, strove  
To draw th' indulgent King to partial Love.<sup>3</sup>

*Arim.* What Heav'n decrees, no prudence can prevent.  
To cure their mad Ambition, they were sent  
To rule a distant Province each alone.<sup>4</sup>  
What could a careful Father more have done ?  
He made provision against all, but Fate ;  
While, by his health, we held our peace of State.<sup>5</sup>  
The weight of seventy Winters prest him down,  
He bent beneath the burthen of a Crown :

<sup>1</sup> *several*, separate, distinct ; the radical sense of the word so common in Elizabethan literature. Cp. e.g. *The Tempest*, iii. i. 42, "for *several* virtues Have I liked *several* women."

<sup>2</sup> *their Natives wounds*, the wounds of those native to the country ; *dy'd* is used in an anticipative sense, currents that were dyed with the blood of those slain.

<sup>3</sup> *When each . . . Love*, the reference may be to the espousal of Aureng-Zebe's claims by Roshanāra-Begum, the sister, and her hatred towards Dārā. History does not record any "Cabals of Women" at the Court.

*partial Love*, love shown in a preference of those who by birth had no claim to such preference.

<sup>4</sup> *To rule . . . alone*. "To save himself, therefore, from some impending and overwhelming calamity, *Chah-Jehan* resolved to bestow upon his sons the government of four distant provinces. *Sultan Sujah* was appointed to *Bengale* ; *Aureng-Zebe* to the *Decan* ; *Morad-Bakche* to *Guzarate* ; and *Dara* to *Caboul* and *Moultan*. The three first-mentioned Princes repaired to their respective provinces without delay . . . *Dara*, because he was the eldest son and expected to succeed to the crown, did not quit the court of his father." — *Bernier's Travels*, ed. Constable, p. 15.

<sup>5</sup> *we held . . . State*, while, so long as he continued in health, the kingdom had peace.

Sickness, at last, did his spent body seize,  
 And life almost sunk under the disease :  
 Mortal 'twas thought, at least by them desir'd,  
 Who, impiously, into his years inquir'd :<sup>1</sup>  
 As at a Signal, streight the Sons prepare  
 For open force, and rush to sudden war :  
 Meeting, like winds broke loose upon the Main,<sup>2</sup>  
 To prove, by Arms, whose Fate it was to Reign.

*Asaph.* Rebels and Parricides !

*Arim.* Brand not their actions with so foul a name :  
 Pity, at least, what we are forc'd to blame.  
 When Death's cold hand has clos'd the Father's eye,  
 You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die.<sup>3</sup>  
 Less ills are chosen greater to avoid,  
 And Nature's Laws are by the States destroy'd<sup>4</sup>  
 What courage tamely could to death consent,  
 And not, by striking first, the blow prevent ?  
 Who falls in fight, cannot himself accuse,  
 And he dies greatly who a Crown pursues.

*To them,* Solyman Agah.

*Solym* A new Express' all *Agra* does affright :  
*Darah* and *Aureng-Zebe* are joy'n'd in fight ;

<sup>1</sup> *Who* . . . *inquir'd*, looking at his advanced age, they saw hope that his disease would prove fatal. "This illness was in September 1657, when Sháh Jahan was upwards of 64 years of age." *Bermer's Travels*, footnote, p. 25. For the phrase "into his years inquir'd," cp. Dryden, *The Assignation*, v. 4. p. 468, ed. Scott and Sauntsbury, "But thou *inquir'st* into thy father's years, Thy swift ambition could not stay my death, But must ride post to empire."

<sup>2</sup> *the Main*, the sea at large ; literally, the chief, the principal, sea ; cp. *King John*, II. I. 26, *Othello*, II. I. 3.

<sup>3</sup> *You know* . . . *du*, referring to the internecine struggles for Empire, which so generally took place among his sons at the death of an Eastern monarch.

<sup>4</sup> *And Nature's* . . . *destroy'd*, the natural term of men's lives, i.e. the lives of the sons, are cut short by the political struggle for supreme power.

<sup>5</sup> *Express*, special information rapidly conveyed ; the adjective literally means nothing more than 'exactly stated.'



The Press of people thickens to the Court,  
Th' impatient crowd devouring the report.

*Arim.* T'each changing news they chang'd affections bring,  
And servilely from fate expect a King.<sup>1</sup>

*Solym.* The Ministers of State, who gave us Law,  
In corners, with selected friends, withdraw :  
'There, in deaf murmurs, solemnly are wise ;  
Whisp'ring, like winds, ere Hurricanes arise.  
The most corrupt are most obsequious grown,  
And those they scorn'd, officiously they own.<sup>2</sup>

*Asaph.* In change of Government,  
The Rabble rule their great Oppressors Fate :  
Do Sovereign Justice, and revenge the State.<sup>3</sup>

*Solym.* The little Courtiers, who ne'r come to know  
The depth of Factions, as in Mazes<sup>4</sup> go,  
Where Int'rests meet and cross so oft, that they  
With too much care are wilder'd<sup>5</sup> in their way.

*Arim.* What of the Emperor ?

*Solym.* Unmov'd, and brave, he like himself appears,  
And, meriting no ill, no danger fears :  
Yet mourns his former vigour lost so far,  
To<sup>6</sup> make him now spectator of a War :

<sup>1</sup> *expect a King*, are ready to receive any sovereign that fate may give them.

<sup>2</sup> *officiously they own*, they are eager to acknowledge ; *officious*, though occasionally used in its more proper sense of 'obliging,' 'dutiful,' 'serviceable,' more commonly has the bad sense of 'obtruding one's service,' 'meddling' ; cp. e.g. *Coriolanus*, i. 8. 14.

<sup>3</sup> *The Rabble . . . State*, the rabble take upon themselves to decide the fate of those by whom they have so long been oppressed, to do what they consider supreme justice, and to set right the wrongs of the State.

<sup>4</sup> *as in Mazes go*, wander about as in a labyrinth.

<sup>5</sup> *are wilder'd*, are bewildered, lose their way ; cp. Pope, *Statius*, i. 589, "*wilder'd in the maze of fate*."

<sup>6</sup> *To make*, as to make. In relational constructions, e.g. *so . . . us*, sometimes *so*, sometimes *as*, and sometimes both, were in former days omitted ; cp. e.g. *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 3. 10, *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1. 40.

Repining that he must preserve his Crown  
 By any help or courage but his own :  
 Wishes, each minute, he could unbeget  
 Those Rebel-Sons, who dare t'usurp his Seat :  
 To sway his Empire with unequal skill,  
 And mount a Throne, which none but he can fill.

*Arim.* Oh ! had he still that Character maintain'd,  
 Of Valour, which in blooming Youth he gain'd,  
 He promis'd in his East<sup>1</sup> a glorious Race ;  
 Now, sunk from his Meridian, sets apace.  
 But as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,  
 And with abated heat, less fiercely shines,  
 Seems to grow milder as he goes away,  
 Pleasing himself with the remains of Day :<sup>2</sup>  
 So he who, in his Youth, for Glory strove,  
 Would recompence his age with Ease and Love.

*Asaph.* The name of Father hateful to him grows,  
 Which, for one Son, produces him three foes.<sup>3</sup>

*Fazel.* *Darah*, the eldest, bears a generous mind ;  
 But to implacable revenge inclin'd.  
 Too openly does Love and hatred show :  
 A bounteous Master, but a deadly foe.<sup>4</sup>

*Solym.* From *Sujah's* valour I should much expect,  
 But he's a *Bigot* of the *Persian* Sect :<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *in his East*, while in his East, his early days.

<sup>2</sup> *Pleasing . . . Day*, gratifying himself with the mellowed charm of his setting.

<sup>3</sup> *Which, . . . foes*, instead of one son in whom he might find the solace of filial love, he has in his children three rebellious enemies.

<sup>4</sup> *Darah, . . . foe*, "*Dara* was not deficient in good qualities : he was courteous in conversation, quick at repartee, polite, and extremely liberal : but he entertained too exalted an opinion of himself. . . . He was also very irascible ; apt to menace ; abusive and insulting even to the greatest *Omrahs* ; but his anger was seldom more than momentary."—*Bernier's Travels*, p. 6, where his character is detailed at greater length.

<sup>5</sup> *From Sujah's valour . . . Sect*, "*Sultan Sujah*, the second son of the *Great Mogol*, resembled in many characteristic traits his

And, by a Foreign Int'rest<sup>1</sup> seeks to Reign,  
Hopeless by Love the Sceptre to obtain.

*Asaph.* *Moral's* too insolent, too much a Brave,<sup>2</sup>  
His Courage to his Envy<sup>3</sup> is a Slave.

What he attempts, if his endeavours fail  
T' effect, he is resolv'd no other shall.

*Arim.* But *Aureng-Zebe*, by no strong passion sway'd,  
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd :<sup>4</sup>

brother *Dara* ; but he was more discreet, firmer of purpose, and excelled him in conduct and address. . . . *Sultan Sujah* declared himself of the religion of the *Persians*, although his father and brothers professed that of the *Turks*. . . . *Mahometanism* is divided into various sects. . . . Among all these sects there are two leading ones whose respective partisans are mortal enemies to each other. The one is that of the *Turks*, called by the *Persians* *Osmanlous*, or Followers of *Osman*, whom the *Turks* believe to have been the true and legitimate successor of *Mahomet*. . . . The other is that of the *Persians*, called by the *Turks*, *Chiahs*, *Rafezys*, and *Aly-Meidans* that is, Sectaries, Heretics, and Partisans of *Aly* ; because the *Persians* believe that this succession and pontifical authority, . . . belonged only to *Aly*, the son-in-law of *Mahomet*."—*Id.* pp. 7, 8.

<sup>1</sup> *a Foreign Interest*, "When he avowed himself one of the latter sect, *Sultan Sujah* was evidently actuated by motives of policy ; for as the *Persians* were in possession of the most important offices in the kingdom, and exercised the largest share of influence at the Court of the *Mogol*, he hoped thus to secure interest and support, whenever the tide of events should render them necessary."—*Id.* pp. 8, 10.

<sup>2</sup> *Morat*, "*Morad-Bakche*, the youngest of the *Mogol's* sons, was inferior to his three brothers in judgment and address . . . He used to boast that he had no secrets ; he despised cabinet intrigues, and wished it to be known that he trusted only to his sword and to the strength of his arm."—*Id.* pp. 10, 11.

<sup>3</sup> *Envy*, jealousy.

<sup>4</sup> *weigh'd*, deliberate, well-poised in his aims. "*Aureng-Zebe* . . . was devoid of that urbanity and engaging presence, so much admired in *Dara* : but he possessed a sounder judgment, and was more skilful in selecting for confidants such persons as were best qualified to serve him with faithfulness and ability. . . . He was reserved, subtle, and a complete master of the art of dissimulation."—*Id.* p. 10.

This *Atlas*<sup>1</sup> must our sinking State uphold ;  
 In Council<sup>2</sup> cool, but in performance bold :  
 He sums their Virtues in himself alone,<sup>3</sup>  
 And adds the greatest, of a Loyal Son .  
 His Father's Cause upon his Sword he wears,  
 And with his Arms, we hope, his fortune bears.<sup>4</sup>

*Solym* Two vast Rewards may well his courage move,  
 A parent's blessing, and a Mistress I love  
 If he succeed, his recompence, we hear,  
 Must be the Captive Queen of *Cassimere* ' .

*To them, Abas*

*Abas* Mischiefs on mischiefs, greater still, and more .  
 The neighbouring plain with arms is cover'd or  
 The Vale an Iron Harvest seems to yield  
 Of thick sprung Lances in a waving field<sup>5</sup>  
 The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,  
 And every moment nearer shows the War  
 The Horses Neighing by the Wind is blown,  
 And Castl'd Elephants' o'r look the Town

*Arum* If, as I fear, *Morat* these pow'rs commands,  
 Our Empire on the brink of ruin stands  
 Th' ambitious Empress with her Son is join'd,  
 And, in his Brother's absence, has design'd

<sup>1</sup> *Atlas*, son of Iapetus and Clymene, who having made war with the other Titans upon Zeus, was condemned to bear heaven on his head and hands; or, according to Homer, to bear up the columns which keep asunder heaven and earth.

<sup>2</sup> *Council*, deliberation. *Council*, an assembly, Lat. *concilium*, an assembly called together, and *Couns'l*, consultation, Lat. *consilium*, deliberation, were formerly often confused with each other.

<sup>3</sup> *He sums* . . . *alone*, in himself unites all the good qualities of his brothers.

<sup>4</sup> *And with* . . . *hairs*, and, as we hope it will turn out, sustains his father's good fortune by his prowess.

<sup>5</sup> *Cassimere*, Kashmir.

<sup>6</sup> *The Vale* . . . *field*, probably an allusion to the harvest of armed men that spring up from the teeth of the dragon sown by Cadmus.

<sup>7</sup> *Castl'd Elephants*, elephants with their lofty *haudahs*, filled with warriors, which towered above the streets.

The unprovided<sup>1</sup> Town to take with ease,  
And then, the person of the King to seize.

*Solym.* To all his former Issue she has shown  
Long hate, and labour'd to advance her own.

*Abas.* These Troops are his.

*Surat*<sup>2</sup> he took ; and thence, preventing Fame,  
By quick and painful Marches hither came.  
Since his approach, he to his Mother sent,  
And two long hours in close debate were spent.

*Arim.* I'll to my Charge, the Cittadel, repair,  
And show my duty by my timely care.

*To them the Emperor with a Letter in his hand : after him,  
an Ambassador, with a Train following.*

*Asaph.* But see, the Emperour ! a fiery red  
His Brows and glowing Temples does o'r-spread,  
*Morat* has some displeasing Message sent.

*Amb.* Do not, great Sir, misconstrue his intent ;  
Not call Rebellion what was prudent care,  
To guard himself by necessary War :<sup>3</sup>  
While he believ'd you living, he obey'd :  
His Governments but as your Vice-Roy sway'd :<sup>4</sup>  
But, when he thought you gone,<sup>5</sup>  
T'augment the number of the bless'd above,  
He deem'd 'em<sup>6</sup> Legacies of Royal love :

<sup>1</sup> *unprovided*, undefended, without any sufficient preparation to meet an enemy ; cp. *iii. Henry VI.*, v. 4. 63. Also used of a *person* unarmed, *Richard III.* iii. 2. 75, *Lear*, ii. 1. 54.

<sup>2</sup> *Surat*, on the Gulf of Cambay, one of the earliest possessions of the English East-India Company. The accent is on the first syllable, not *Surât*, as usually pronounced by Englishmen. For the capture of *Surat*, see *Bernier*, pp. 28, 30.

<sup>3</sup> *To guard* . . . *War*, that care consisting in providing himself with troops necessary for his own safety.

<sup>4</sup> *His Governments* . . . *sway'd*, ruled but as your vicegerent the Provinces entrusted to him by you.

<sup>5</sup> *gone*, a euphemism.

<sup>6</sup> *'em*, *i.e.* the governments entrusted to him.

Nor arm'd his brothers Portions to invade,  
But to defend the Present you had made.

*Emp.* By frequent Messages, and strict Commands,  
He knew my pleasure to discharge his bands :  
Proof of my life my Royal Signet made ;<sup>1</sup>  
Yet still he arm'd, came on, and disobey'd.

*Amb.* He thought the *Mandat*<sup>2</sup> forg'd, your death conceal'd :

And but delay'd, till truth should be reveal'd ;

*Emp.* News of my death from Rumor he receiv'd ;  
And what he wish'd, he easily believ'd :  
But long demurr'd, though from my hand he knew  
I liv'd, so loth he was to think it true.  
Since he pleads ignorance to that command,  
Now let him show his Duty, and disband.

*Amb.* His Honour, Sir, will suffer in the Cause,  
He yields his Arms unjust if he withdraws :<sup>3</sup>  
And begs his Loyalty may be declar'd,  
By owning those he leads to be your guard.<sup>4</sup>

*Emp.* I, in my self, have all the Guard I need ;

<sup>1</sup> *Proof . . . made*, the fact that I was still living was proved to him by the receipt of my orders bearing the impression of my Royal Signet. "In vain did he [Sháh Jahán] despatch courier after courier announcing his convalescence, and assuring the two brothers [Aurang-zéb and Murád] that the whole of their proceedings should be buried in oblivion if they immediately returned to their respective governments ; the united armies continued to advance, and as the King's malady was really considered mortal, the Princes had recourse to their usual dissimulation, affirming that the letters purporting to bear the King's sign-manual were forgeries by *Dara* ; that *Chah-Jehan* was either dead or on the point of death ; and that if he should happily be alive, they were desirous of prostrating themselves at his feet, and delivering him from the thralldom in which he was held by *Dara*."—*Bernier's Travels*, pp. 33, 34.

<sup>2</sup> *Mandat*, mandate ; O. F. *mandat*, from Lat. *mandatum*, a charge, order, commission.

<sup>3</sup> *He yields . . . withdraws*, the act of withdrawing would be an acknowledgment that he had no right to take up arms.

<sup>4</sup> *By owning . . . guard*, by your acknowledging that his forces are assembled for your protection.

Bid the presumptuous Boy draw off with speed :  
 If his audacious Troops one hour remain,  
 My Cannon from the Fort shall scour<sup>1</sup> the Plain.

*Amb.* Since you deny him entrance, he demands  
 His Wife, whom cruelly you hold in bands :<sup>2</sup>  
 Her, if unjustly you from him detain,  
 He justly will by force of Arms regain.

*Emp.* O'r him, and his, a right from Heaven I have ;  
 Subject, and Son, he's doubly born my Slave.  
 But whatsoe'r his own demerits<sup>3</sup> are,  
 Tell him, I shall not make on Women, War.  
 And yet I'll do her Innocence the grace,<sup>4</sup>  
 To keep her here, as in the safer place.  
 But thou, who dar'st this bold defiance bring,  
 May'st feel the rage of an offended King.  
 Hence from my sight, without the least reply :  
 One word, nay, one look more, and thou shalt die.

[*Exit Ambassador.*

*Re-enter Arimant.*

*Arim.* May Heav'n, great Monarch, still augment your  
 bliss<sup>5</sup>

With length of days, and every day like this.  
 For, from the Banks of *Gemna*<sup>6</sup> news is brought,  
 Your Army has a bloody Battel fought :  
*Darah* from Loyal *Aureng-Zebe* is fled ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And forty thousand of his Men lie dead.

<sup>1</sup> *scour*, properly 'to cleanse by hard rubbing,' then 'to pass quickly over'; Shakespeare uses both *scour* and *skur* in this latter sense.

<sup>2</sup> *bands* and *bonds* were formerly two spellings of the same word.

<sup>3</sup> *demerits*, faults; though the word was formerly used in the sense of merits also.

<sup>4</sup> *do her . . . grace*, show that kindness to *Morat's* young and innocent wife.

<sup>5</sup> *May Heav'n . . . bliss*, a common form of address to an Eastern monarch in the form *Mubárakbád hazírat salímat* !

<sup>6</sup> *Gemna*, more properly *Jamuna*, a river which, rising in the peak Jamnotri of the Himalayas, debouches into the Ganges at Allahabad.

<sup>7</sup> *Darah . . . fled*, the battle of Samugarh, now Fathábád, is described by Bernier, pp. 47-54.

To *Sujah* next your conquering Army drew ;  
Him they surpris'd, and easily o'rthrew.<sup>1</sup>

*Emp.* 'Tis well.

*Arim.* But well !<sup>2</sup> what more could at your wish be done,  
Than two such Conquests gain'd by such a Son ?

Your pardon, mighty Sir ;

You seem not high enough your Joys to rate ;

You stand indebted a vast sum to Fate :

And should large thanks for the great blessing pay.

*Emp.* My fortune owes me greater every day.

And, should my joy more high for this, appear,

It would have argu'd me<sup>3</sup> before of fear.

How is Heav'n kind, where I have nothing won,

And fortune only pays me with my own ?

*Arim.* Great *Aureng-Zebe* did duteous care express :

And durst not push too far his good success.<sup>4</sup>

But lest *Morat* the City should attack,

Commanded his victorious Army back ;

Which, left to march as swiftly as they may,<sup>5</sup>

Himself comes first, and will be here this day, }

Before a close form'd Siege<sup>6</sup> shut up his way. }

*Emp.* Prevent his purpose, hence, hence with all thy speed.  
Stop him ; his entrance to the Town forbid.

*Arim.* How, Sir ? your Loyal, your Victorious Son ?

*Emp.* Him would I, more than all the Rebels, shun.

*Arim.* Whom with your pow'r and fortune, Sir, you trust ;  
Now to suspect is vain, as 'tis unjust.

<sup>1</sup> To *Sujah* . . . overthrew, see Bernier, pp. 76, 77 for an account of the battle of Khajûa : drew, advanced towards.

<sup>2</sup> But well ! Do you say nothing more than "well" ? Is that all the praise you grant to his achievements ?

<sup>3</sup> It would . . . fear, it would infer that before his success I was afraid ; a common construction with *argue* in former days.

<sup>4</sup> good success, see note 2, p. 1.

<sup>5</sup> Which . . . may, and having left his army to follow with all possible expedition, he, &c.

<sup>6</sup> a close-form'd siege, an investment of the city so closely made as to prevent his entrance.



He comes not with a Train to move your fear,  
 But trusts himself, to be a pris'ner here.<sup>1</sup>  
 You knew him brave, you know him faithful now :  
 He aims at Fame, but Fame from<sup>2</sup> serving you.  
 'Tis said, Ambition in his breast does rage :  
 Who would not be the *Hero* of an age ?  
 All grant him prudent :<sup>3</sup> prudence interest weighs,<sup>4</sup>  
 And interest bids him seek your love and praise.  
 I know you grateful ; when he march'd from hence,  
 You bad him hope an ample recompence :  
 He conquer'd in that hope ;<sup>5</sup> and from your hands,  
 His Love,<sup>6</sup> the precious pledge he left, demands.

*Emp.* No more ; you search too deep my wounded mind :  
 And show me what I fear, and would not find.  
 My Son has all the debts of duty paid :  
 Our Prophet<sup>7</sup> sends him to my present aid.  
 Such virtue to distrust were base and low :  
 I'm not ungrateful ——— or I was not so !<sup>8</sup>  
 Inquire no farther, stop his coming on :  
 I will not, cannot, dare not see my Son.

*Arim.* 'Tis now too late his entrance to prevent :  
 Nor must I to your ruine give consent.  
 At once your Peoples heart and Son's you lose :  
 And give him all, when you just things refuse.

*Emp.* Thou lov'st me sure ; thy faith has oft been tri'd,  
 In ten pitch'd fields, not shrinking from my side,  
 Yet giv'st me no advice to bring me ease.

<sup>1</sup> *But trusts . . . here.* but is ready to allow himself to be shut up in this fortress entirely in your hands.

<sup>2</sup> *from,* derived from, to be gained by, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *grant him prudent,* acknowledge his prudence, foresight.

<sup>4</sup> *interest weighs,* teaches a man to ponder what is for his own advantage.

<sup>5</sup> *He conquer'd in that hope,* it was the hope of that reward that nerved him to his victory.

<sup>6</sup> *His Love,* his loved one, Indamora.

<sup>7</sup> *Our Prophet,* Muhammad.

<sup>8</sup> *or . . . so,* or at all events I have not been so hitherto.

*Arim.* Can you be cur'd, and tell not your disease?<sup>1</sup>  
I ask'd you, Sir.

*Emp.* ——— Thou should'st have ask'd again :  
There hangs a secret shame on guilty men.  
Thou should'st have pull'd the secret from my breast,  
Torn out the bearded Steel<sup>2</sup> to give me rest :  
At least, thou should'st have guess'd ———  
Yet thou art honest, thou could'st ne'r have guess'd.  
Hast thou been never base? did Love ne'r bend  
Thy frailer Virtue,<sup>3</sup> to betray thy Friend?  
Flatter me, make thy Court,<sup>4</sup> and say, It did :  
Kings in a Crowd would have their Vices hid.<sup>5</sup>  
We would be kept in count'nance, sav'd from shame :  
And own'd by others<sup>6</sup> who commit the same.  
Nay, now I have confess'd. ———  
Thou seest me naked, and without disguise :  
I look on *Aureng-Zebe* with Rivals eyes.  
He has abroad my enemies o'recome,  
And I have sought to ruin him at home.

*Arim.* This free confession shows you long did strive :  
And Virtue, though oppress'd,<sup>7</sup> is still alive.  
But what success did your injustice find?

*Emp.* What it deserv'd, and not what I design'd.  
Unmov'd she stood, and deaf to all my prayers,  
As Seas and winds to sinking Mariners.

<sup>1</sup> *Can you . . . disease?* do you hope to be cured without telling me, whom in this matter you regard as your physician, what the disease is under which you are labouring?

<sup>2</sup> *bearded Steel*, barbed arrow-head. 'Barb' is the Lat. *barba*, a beard. Colgrave gives "*Barbele*, Bearded; also, full of snags, snips, jags, notches; whence *Flesche barbellé*. A bearded or barbed arrow."

<sup>3</sup> *The frailer Virtue*, your virtue in its weaker moments.

<sup>4</sup> *make thy Court*, fawn upon me, flatter me; Fr. *faire la court à*.

<sup>5</sup> *Kings . . . hid*, Kings would wish to have their vices hidden by the abundant vices of others.

<sup>6</sup> *own'd by others*, kept in countenance by others.

<sup>7</sup> *oppress'd*, borne down for the time being: cp. *Lezar*, v. 3. 5: "For thee, *oppressed* King, am I cast down."

But Seas grow calm, and winds are reconcil'd :<sup>1</sup>

Her Tyrant beauty never grows more mild.

Prayers, promises, and threats were all in vain.

*Arim.* Then cure your self by generous<sup>2</sup> disdain.

*Emp.* Virtue, disdain, despair, I oft have tri'd,

And foil'd, have with new arms my Foe defi'd,

This made me with so little joy to hear

The Victory, when I the Victor fear.

*Arim.* Something you swiftly must resolve to do,

Lest *Aureng-Zebe* your secret Love should know.

*Morat* without docs for your ruine wait ;

And would you lose the buckler<sup>3</sup> of your State ?

A jealous Empress lies within your Arms,

Too haughty to endure neglected Charms,<sup>4</sup>

Your Son is duteous, but (as Man) he's frail :

And just revenge o'r vertue may prevail.

*Emp.* Go then to *Indamora*, say from me,

Two Lives depend upon her secrecy.

Bid her conceal my passion from my Son.

Though *Aureng-Zebe* return a Conqueror,

Both he and she are still within my power.

Say, I'm a Father, but a Lover too :

Much to my Son, more to my self I owe.

When she receives him, to her words give Law :

And even the kindness of her glances awe.<sup>5</sup>

See, he appears !

[*After a short whisper, Arimant departs.*]

<sup>1</sup> *are reconcil'd*, no longer contend with each other.

<sup>2</sup> *generous disdain*, nobleness of mind that scorns to be fettered by a disgraceful passion.

<sup>3</sup> *buckler*, defence ; literally shield ; cp. Pope, *Odyssey*, iv. 961, "His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast."

<sup>4</sup> *to endure* . . . *Charms*, patiently to bear your neglect of her fascinations.

<sup>5</sup> *When she* . . . *awe*, when she receives him, do you keep the ardour of her language within bounds, and even deter her from giving him too kind looks.

*Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, and Attendants. Aureng-Zebe kneels to his Father, and kisses his hand.*

*Aur.* My Vows have been successful as my Sword :  
My prayers are heard, you have your health restor'd.  
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face :  
The best of Kings and Fathers to embrace.  
Pardon my tears ; 'tis joy which bids 'em flow,  
A joy which never was sincere<sup>1</sup> till now.  
That which my Conquest gave I could not prize ;  
Or 'twas imperfect till I saw your eyes.

*Emp.* Turn the discourse : I have a reason why  
I would not have you speak so tenderly.<sup>2</sup>  
Knew you what shame your kind expressions bring,  
You would in pity spare a wretched King.

*Aur.* A King ! you rob me, Sir, of half my due :  
You have a dearer name, a Father too.

*Emp.* I had that name.

*Aur.* ——— What have I said or done,  
That I no longer must be call'd your Son ?  
'Tis in that name, Heaven knows, I glory more,  
Than that of Prince, or that of Conqueror.

*Emp.* Then you upbraid me ; I am pleas'd to see  
You're not so perfect, but can fail, like me.  
I have no God to deal with.<sup>3</sup>

*Aur.* ——— Now I find  
Some sly Court-Devil has seduc'd your mind :  
Fill'd it with black suspicions, not your own :  
And all my actions through false Opticks<sup>4</sup> shown.  
I ne'r did Crowns ambitiously regard :  
Honour I sought, the generous mind's reward.

<sup>1</sup> *sincere*, complete, unalloyed. Cp. Dryden's *Ædipus*, i. 1, "Thus pleasure never comes *sincere* to man, But lent by heaven upon hard usury."

<sup>2</sup> *so tenderly*, in such affectionate terms.

<sup>3</sup> *I have* . . . *with*, you are not after all something more than human in your perfections.

<sup>4</sup> *Opticks*, eyes, glasses.

Long may you live ! while you the Scepter sway  
I shall be still most happy to obey.

*Emp.* Oh, *Aureng-Zebe* ! thy virtues shine too bright,  
'They flash too fierce : I, like the Bird of Night,<sup>1</sup>  
Shut my dull eyes, and sicken at the sight.

Thou hast deserv'd more love than I can show :

But 'tis thy fate to give, and mine to owe.

Thou seest me much distemper'd in my mind :

Pull'd back, and then push'd forward to be kind.<sup>2</sup>

Virtue, and —— fain I would my silence break,

But have not yet the confidence to speak,

Leave me, and to thy needful rest repair.

*Aur.* Rest is not suiting with a Lover's care.

I have not yet my *Indamora* seen. [*Is going.*]

*Emp.* Somewhat I had forgot ; come back again :  
So weary of a Father's company !<sup>3</sup>

*Aur.* Sir, you were pleas'd yourself to license me.<sup>4</sup>

*Emp.* You made me no relation of the Fight,  
Besides, a Rebel's Army is in sight.

Advise me first : yet go——

He goes to *Indamora* ; I should take [*Aside.*]

A kind of envious joy to keep him back.

Yet to detain him makes my love appear :<sup>5</sup>

I hate his presence, and his absence fear. [*Exit.*]

*Aur.* 'To some new Clime, or to thy native Sky,  
O friendless and forsaken virtue flee.

'Thy *Indian* Air is deadly to thee grown :

Deceit and canker'd malice rule thy Throne.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Bird of Night*, the owl ; cp. *Julius Caesar*, i. 3, 26, " And yesterday the bird of night did sit Even at noon-day upon the market-place, Hooting and shrieking."

<sup>2</sup> and then . . . kind, and the next moment impelled to be affectionate.

<sup>3</sup> So weary . . . company ! Are you already so weary of your father's society ?

<sup>4</sup> license me, gave me permission to depart. Dryden has hit off the Hindústáni phrase, *rukhsat dena*, to grant dismissal.

<sup>5</sup> makes . . . appear, would betray my love for *Indamora*.

<sup>6</sup> Thy *Indian* . . . Throne, this Indian climate, once so pro-

Why did my Arms in battel prosp'rous prove,  
 To gain the barren praise of Filial love?  
 The best of Kings by Women is misled,  
 Charm'd by the Witchcraft of a second Bed.  
 Against my self I Victories have wonn,<sup>1</sup>  
 And by my fatal absence am undone.

*To him Indamora, with Arimant.*

But here she comes !  
 In the calm Harbour of whose gentle breast,  
 My Tempest-beaten Soul may safely rest.  
 Oh, my heart's joy ! what e'r my sorrows be,  
 They cease and vanish, in beholding thee !  
 Care shuns thy walks ; as at the cheerful light,  
 The groaning Ghosts, and Birds obscene<sup>2</sup> take flight.  
 By this one view, all my past pains are paid :  
 And all I have to come<sup>3</sup> more easy made.

*Ind.* Such sullen Planets at my Birth did shine,  
 They threaten every Fortune mixt with mine.<sup>5</sup>  
 Fly the pursuit of my disastrous<sup>6</sup> love,  
 And from unhappy Neighbourhood remove.

*Aur.* Bid the laborious Hind,<sup>7</sup>  
 Whose hardned hands did long in Tillage toil,  
 Neglect the promis'd harvest of the Soil.  
 Should I, who cultivated Love with bloud,<sup>8</sup>  
 Refuse possession of approaching good ?

pitious to your stay, has now grown fatal to you : deceit and venomous malice now rule the throne that was once your seat ; for *canker'd malice*, cp. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1, 102, "your *cankered hate*."

<sup>1</sup> *Against my self* . . . *wonn*, the only result of my victories is my own ruin.

<sup>2</sup> *Birds obscene*, vultures, crows, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *to come*, in the future.

<sup>4</sup> *Such sullen* . . . *shine*, the belief in astrology was still held in Dryden's day.

<sup>5</sup> *They threaten*, that they threaten ; a very common omission of the relative.

<sup>6</sup> *disastrous*, in its literal sense as a term of astrology.

<sup>7</sup> *Hind*, peasant.

<sup>8</sup> *who cultivated* . . . *bloud*, who sought the harvest of my love by waging wars.

*Ind.* Love is an aery good<sup>1</sup> Opinion makes :  
Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.  
Seen by a strong Imagination's Beam ;  
That tricks<sup>2</sup> and dresses up the gaudy Dream.  
Presented so, with rapture 'tis enjoy'd :  
Rais'd by high Fancy, and by low destroy'd.<sup>3</sup>

*Aur.* If Love be Vision, mine has all the fire  
Which, in first Dreams, young Prophets does inspire :  
I dream, in you, our promis'd Paradise :  
An Ages tumult<sup>4</sup> of continu'd bliss.  
But you have still your happiness in doubt :  
Or else 'tis past, and you have dream't it out.<sup>5</sup>

*Ind.* Perhaps not so.

*Aur.* — Can *Indamora* prove  
So alter'd ? Is it but, perhaps you Love ?<sup>6</sup>  
Then farewell all ! I thought in you to find  
A Balm, to cure my much distemper'd mind.  
I came to grieve a Father's heart estrang'd ;  
But little thought to find a Mistris chang'd :  
Nature her self is chang'd to punish me :  
Virtue turn'd Vice, and Faith Inconstancy.

<sup>1</sup> *an aery good*, an unsubstantial possession : before *Opinion* there is an ellipsis of the relative *that*.

<sup>2</sup> *tricks*, decks out in fantastic shapes ; properly an heraldic term, =blazon, *trick* meaning a delineation of arms, in which the colours are distinguished by their technical marks, without any colour being laid on.

<sup>3</sup> *Presented . . . destroy'd*, when thus presented (as tricked out in the gaudy dream due to imagination), it is rapturously enjoyed ; raised to the sublimest height when Fancy is aloft, perishing utterly when Fancy's wings droop.

<sup>4</sup> *tumult*, tumultuous ecstasy ; cp. Wordsworth, *Laodameia*, 73-6, "Be taught, O faithful consort, to control Rebellious passion : for the Gods approve The depth, and not the *tumult* of the soul ; A fervent, not ungovernable, love."

<sup>5</sup> *and you . . . out*, and your dream is at an end.

<sup>6</sup> *Is it but . . . Love?* Is all that you can say as to the existence of your love nothing more than a 'perhaps?' referring to *Indamora's* words above, "Perhaps not so."

*Ind.* You heard me not Inconstancy confess :  
 'Twas but a Friend's advice to love me less.  
 Who knows what adverse fortune may befall ?  
 Arm well your mind : hope little, and fear all.  
 Hope, with a goodly prospect, feeds your Eye :  
 Shows, from a rising ground, possession nigh :  
 Shortens the distance, or o'r-looks it quite :<sup>1</sup>  
 So easie 'tis to travel with the sight.

*Aur.* Then to despair you would my Love betray,  
 By taking hope, its last kind Friend, away.  
 You hold the Glass, but turn the Perspective,  
 And farther off the lessen'd Object drive.<sup>2</sup>  
 You bid me fear : in that your change I know :  
 You would prepare me for the coming blow.  
 But, to prevent you, take my last Adieu ;  
 I'll sadly tell my self you are untrue,  
 Rather than stay to hear it told by you.

} [*Going.*

*Ind.* Stay, *Aureng-Zebe*, I must not let you go.  
 And yet believe your self, your own worst Foe,<sup>3</sup>  
 Think I am true, and seek no more to know.  
 Let in my breast the fatal Secret lie,  
 'Tis a sad Riddle, which, if known, we die.

[*Seeming to pause.*

*Aur.* Fair Hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain ;  
 Your silence argues<sup>4</sup> you ask time to feign.  
 Once more, farewell : the snare in sight is laid,<sup>5</sup>  
 'Tis my own fault if I am now betray'd. [*Going again.*

<sup>1</sup> *O'r-looks it quite*, entirely overlooks the interval.

<sup>2</sup> *But turn . . . drive*, invert the object-glass and the eye-glass so that the object instead of being brought nearer, seems at a greater distance. A *perspective* or *prospective* was also used for an optical instrument, either for seeing distant objects clearly, or for seeing pictures as though they were solid ; thus answering in the former sense to the telescope, in the latter to the stereoscope. Cp. Milton, *Vacation Exercise*, 71, "Time's long and dark *prospective* glass."

<sup>3</sup> *And yet . . . Foe, sc.* in doubting the truth of my love.

<sup>4</sup> *Argues you ask*, is evidence that you desire.

<sup>5</sup> *the snare . . . laid*, from *Proverbs*, i. 17, "Surely in vain the net is spread in sight of any bird."



*Ind.* Yet once more stay ; you shall believe me true,  
Though in one Fate<sup>1</sup> I wrap my self and you.

Your absence————

*Arim.* ———— Hold ; you know the hard Command  
I must obey : you only can withstand  
Your own mishap.<sup>2</sup> I beg you on my Knee,  
Be not unhappy by your own Decree.<sup>3</sup>

*Aur.* Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet an Oath.)  
Your Love, I'm pleas'd we should be ruin'd both.  
Both is a sound of joy.<sup>4</sup>

In Death's dark Bow'rs our bridals we will keep :  
And his cold hand

Shall draw the Curtain when we go to sleep.

*Ind.* Know then, that Man whom both of us did trust,  
Has been to you unkind, to me unjust.

The Guardian of my Faith so false did prove,  
As to solícite me with lawless Love :  
Pray'd, promis'd, threaten'd, all that Man could do,  
Base as he's great ; and need I tell you who ?

*Aur.* Yes ; for I'll not believe my Father meant :<sup>5</sup>  
Speak quickly, and my impious thoughts prevent.<sup>6</sup>

*Ind.* Yo've said ;<sup>7</sup> I wish I could some other name !

*Arim.* My duty must excuse me, Sir, from blame.  
A Guard there.

*Enter Guards.*

*Aur.* ———— Slave, for me ?

*Arim.* ———— My Orders are

<sup>1</sup> *one Fate*, one and the same destruction.

<sup>2</sup> *you only . . . mishap*, you alone can avert your own ruin by yielding to Sháhjahán.

<sup>3</sup> *by your own Decree*, by determining to disobey.

<sup>4</sup> *Both . . . joy*, in that word "both" there is happiness ; the fact that we shall perish together is a solace to me.

<sup>5</sup> *I'll not . . . meant*, I refuse to believe that your words point at my father.

<sup>6</sup> *prevent*, anticipate and so stop.

<sup>7</sup> *Yo've said*, you have hit the mark in mentioning your father's name.

To seize this Princess, whom the Laws of war  
Long since made Prisoner.

*Aur.* ——— Villain.

*Arim.* ——— Sir, I know  
Your Birth, nor durst another call me so.

*Aur.* I have redeem'd her ; and as mine she's free.

*Arim.* You may have right to give her liberty :  
But with your Father, Sir, that right dispute ;  
For his commands to me were absolute ;  
If she disclos'd<sup>1</sup> his love, to use the right  
Of War, and to secure her from your sight.

*Aur.* I'll rescue her, or die. [*Draws.*

And you, my friends, though few, are yet too brave  
To see your Gen'ral's Mistress made a slave. [*All draw.*

*Ind.* Hold, my dear Love ! if so much pow'r there lies,  
As once you own'd, in *Indamora's* Eyes,  
Lose not the Honour you have early wonn ;  
But stand<sup>2</sup> the blameless pattern of a Son.  
My love your claim inviolate secures :  
'Tis writ in Fate, I can be only yours.  
My sufferings for you make your heart my due :  
Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.

*Aur.* (*Putting up his Sword.*) I've thought, and bless'd  
be you who gave me time :

My Virtue was surpris'd into a Crime.<sup>3</sup>  
Strong Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still :  
Exerts itself, and then throws off the ill,<sup>4</sup>  
I to a Son's and Lover's praise aspire :  
And must fulfil the parts which both require.  
How dear the cure of jealousie has cost !

<sup>1</sup> *disclos'd*, revealed.

<sup>2</sup> *stand*, stand up for all time, continue to show yourself.

<sup>3</sup> *My virtue* . . . *Crime*, the suddenness of your revelation for the moment tempted me to harbour the thought of violence towards my father.

<sup>4</sup> *Strong Virtue* . . . *ill*, resolute virtue, like a strong constitution, struggles manfully against the disease by which it is assailed, and at last succeeds in throwing it off.

With too much care and tenderness y'are lost.<sup>1</sup>  
So the fond Youth from Hell redeem'd his Prize,  
Till looking back, she vanish'd from his eyes !<sup>2</sup>

[*Exeunt* severally.]

<sup>1</sup> *With too much . . . lost*, if I show too much care and tenderness towards you, I shall by that means lose you ; *i.e.* for the time, I must acquiesce in things as they are, since by struggling against my father I shall only make sure of ultimately losing you.

<sup>2</sup> *So the fond youth . . . eyes*, Orpheus, on the death of his wife, Eurydice, followed her to Hades, and there by the charm of his music persuaded Pluto to allow her to return to earth. The permission was, however, granted only on the condition that Orpheus should not look back upon her till they had reached the upper world ; and just as they reached its confines he, in his anxiety, turned to see whether she was following him, when he beheld her, as a consequence, snatched away into the infernal regions.

## ACT II

Betwixt the Acts, a Warlike Tune is plaid,  
 shooting off Guns, and shouts of Souldiers  
 are heard, as in an Assault.

Aureng-Zebe, Arimant, Asaph Chawn, Fazel Chawn,  
 Solyman.

*Aur.* **W**HAT man could do, was by *Morat* perform'd:  
 The Fortress thrice himself in person storm'd.  
 Your valour bravely did th' Assault sustain ;  
 And fill'd the Moats and Ditches with the Slain.  
 Till, mad with rage, into the Breach he fir'd :  
 Slew friends and foes, and in the Smoak retir'd.

*Arim.* To us you give what praises are not due :  
*Morat* was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.  
 High, over all, was your great conduct<sup>1</sup> shown :  
 You sought our safety, but forgot your own.

*Asaph.* Their Standard, planted on the Battlement,  
 Despair and death among the Souldiers sent :  
 You, the bold *Omrah*<sup>2</sup> tumbled from the Wall ;  
 And shouts of Victory pursu'd his fall.

*Fazel.* To you, alone, we owe this prosp'rous day :  
 Our Wives and Children rescu'd from the prey :  
 Know your own interest, Sir, where e'r you lead,  
 We joyntly vow to own no other Head.

<sup>1</sup> *your great conduct*, the skill and prowess with which you led and directed us.

<sup>2</sup> *Omrah*, "from *Umari*, the plural of the Arabic word *Amir*, a commander, a chief, a lord. The old travellers use the word *Omrah* as a singular for a lord or grandee, although properly speaking it should be applied collectively."—Footnote 3, *Bernier's Travels*, p. 4.

*Solym.* Your wrongs are known. Impose but your commands ;

This hour shall bring you twenty thousand hands.

*Aur.* Let them who truly would appear my friends,  
Employ their Swords, like mine, for noble ends.

No more : remember you have bravely done :

Shall Treason end, what Loyalty begun ?

I own no wrongs ; some grievance I confess,

But Kings, like Gods, at their own time redress.<sup>1</sup>

Yet, some becoming<sup>2</sup> boldness I may use :

I've well deserv'd, nor will he now refuse.

[*Aside.*

I'll strike my Fortunes with him at a heat.<sup>3</sup>

And give him not the leisure to forget.

[*Exit, attended by the Omrahs.*

*Arim.* Oh ! *Indamora*, hide these fatal Eyes ;

Too deep they wound whom they too soon surprise :

My Virtue, Prudence, Honour, Interest, all

Before this Universal Monarch<sup>4</sup> fall.

Beauty, like Ice, our footing does betray ;

Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way ?

Pleas'd with the passage, we slide swiftly on :

And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

*To him Indamora.*

*Ind.* I hope my liberty may reach thus far :

These 'Terras' Walks within my limits are.

<sup>1</sup> *at their own time redress*, in their own good time redress any injuries they may have inflicted ; *i.e.* and so I may expect my father to do.

<sup>2</sup> *becoming*, proper, suitable ; here the urging of his suit for the release and bestowal of *Indamora*.

<sup>3</sup> *I'll strike . . . heat*, I will strike for success while the iron is hot ; I will urge my cause with my father before his gratitude for my services has time to cool.

<sup>4</sup> *Too deep . . . surprise*, they captivate as by surprise all on whom they are turned, and pierce with a wound that is beyond all cure.

<sup>5</sup> *this Universal Monarch*, beauty, lord of all.

<sup>6</sup> *Terras*, the old spelling of the word, as in Spenser, *F. Q.*, v. 2, 21 ; from Fr. *terrasse*, a platform, terrace.

I came to seek you, and to let you know,  
 How much I to your generous Pity owe.  
 The King, when he design'd you for my Guard,  
 Resolv'd he would not make my bondage hard :  
 If otherwise, you have deceiv'd his end ;  
 And whom he meant a Guardian, made a friend.<sup>1</sup>

*Arim.* A Guardian's Title I must own with shame :  
 But should be prouder of another name.

*Ind.* And therefore 'twas I chang'd that name before :  
 I call'd you friend, and could you wish for more ?

*Arim.* I dare not ask for what you would not grant :  
 But wishes, Madam, are extravagant.<sup>2</sup>  
 They are not bounded with things possible :  
 I may wish more than I presume to tell :  
 Desire's the vast extent of humane mind,<sup>3</sup>  
 It mounts above, and leaves poor hope behind.  
 I could wish——

*Ind.* What ?

*Arim.* Why did you speak ? yo've dash'd my fancy quite :  
 Ev'n in th' approaching minute of delight.<sup>4</sup>  
 I must take breath——

Ere I the Rapture of my wish renew,  
 And tell you then, It terminates in you.

*Ind.* Have you consider'd what th' event<sup>5</sup> would be ?  
 Or know you, *Arimant*, your self, or me ?

<sup>1</sup> *And whom* . . . *friend*, and turned him into a friend, as you have shown yourself to me, whom he intended to be nothing but a watchful guardian.

<sup>2</sup> *are extravagant*, refuse to be kept in bounds ; for the use of the word in its literal sense, cp. *Othello*, i. i. 137.

<sup>3</sup> *Desire's* . . . *mind*, desire is as vast as the human mind itself, knows no limits other than thought ; *humane*, the old spelling of the word, whether meaning 'pertaining to a man,' or 'worthy of a man,' 'benevolent.' Conversely, Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, ii. 636, uses 'humanly' for 'humanely,' "Modestly bold and *humanly* severe."

<sup>4</sup> *Even* . . . *delight*, at the very moment when my delight seemed assured.

<sup>5</sup> *event*, result, issue, that which comes of any act.

Were I no Queen, did you my beauty we għ,  
My youth in bloom, your Age in its decay ?<sup>1</sup>

*Arim.* I my own Judge, condemn'd my self before :  
For pity<sup>2</sup> aggravate my crime no more.  
So weak I am, I with a frown am slain ;  
You need have us'd but half so much disdain.

*Ind.* I am not cruel yet to that degree :  
Have better thoughts both of your self, and me.  
Beauty a Monarch is,  
Which Kingly power magnificently proves,  
By crouds of Slaves, and peopled Empire loves.<sup>3</sup>  
And such a Slave as you, what Queen would lose ?  
Above the rest, I *Arimant* would chuse :  
For counsel, valour, truth, and kindness too,  
All I could wish in man, I find in you.

*Arim.* What Lover could to greater joy be rais'd !  
I am, methinks, a God by you, thus prais'd.

*Ind.* To what may not desert, like yours, pretend ?  
You have all qualities——that fit a friend.<sup>4</sup>

*Arim.* So Mariners mistake the promis'd Coast :<sup>5</sup>  
And, with full Sails, on the blind Rocks are lost.  
Think you my aged veins so faintly beat,  
They rise no higher than to Friendships heat ?  
So weak your Charms, that, like a Winter's night,  
Twinkling with Stars, they freez me while they light ?

<sup>1</sup> *Were I . . . decay?* Even if I were no queen, as I am, but merely your equal in birth, you would hardly have ventured to hope for my love, if you had thought of the contrast between my youth and beauty and your own battered age.

<sup>2</sup> *For pity*, out of pity, for pity's sake.

<sup>3</sup> *Which kingly power . . . loves*, which grandly asserts its sovereign power by the throng of those it enslaves, and which, like a monarch, loves a well-peopled empire.

<sup>4</sup> *that fit a friend*, having raised his hopes by her previous words to the highest pitch, she by the pause ending in the words "that fit a friend" effectually dashes them to the ground.

<sup>5</sup> *the promis'd Coast*, the harbouring shore which their hopes had promised them.

*Ind.* Mistake me not, good *Arimant*, I know  
My Beauty's pow'r, and what my charms can do.  
You your own Talent have not learn'd so well ;  
But practise one, where you can ne'r excel.<sup>1</sup>  
You can at most,  
To an indiff'rent Lover's praise pretend :  
But you would spoil an admirable friend.<sup>2</sup>

*Arim.* Never was Amity<sup>3</sup> so highly priz'd ;  
Nor ever any Love so much despis'd.  
Ev'n to my self ridiculous I grow ;  
And would be angry, if I knew but how.

*Ind.* Do not. Your anger, like your Love, is vain :  
When e're I please, you must be pleas'd again.<sup>4</sup>  
Knowing what pow'r I have your will to bend,  
I'll use it ; for I need just such a Friend.  
You must perform, not what you think is fit :  
But, to what ever I propose, submit.

*Arim.* Madam, you have a strange Ascendant<sup>5</sup> gain'd ;  
You use me like a Courser, spurr'd and rein'd :  
If I fly out, my fierceness you command,  
Then sooth, and gently stroke me with your hand.  
Impose ; but use your pow'r of 'Taxing well :  
When Subjects cannot Pay, they soon Rebel.

*Enter the Emperor, unseen by them.*

<sup>1</sup> *But* . . . *excel*, i.e. the part of a lover.

<sup>2</sup> *You can* . . . *friend*, at best you would make but a poor lover, and in trying to play that part would spoil that in which you so excel, the part of a friend.

<sup>3</sup> *Amity*, disinterested friendship. Cp. Byron, "Friendship is love without its wings," a translation of the French, *L'amitié c'est l'Amour sans ailes*."

<sup>4</sup> *When e're* . . . *again*, whenever such is my pleasure, you cannot help showing yourself complaisant to my wishes ; you may determine to be angry, but you will find it impossible to maintain your resolution.

<sup>5</sup> *Ascendant*, ascendancy ; but, like 'disastrous,' 'ill-starred' 'influence,' &c., a relic of astrology in 'ascendancy,' 'lord of the ascendant'



*Ind.* My Rebels punishment would easie prove :  
You know y'are in my pow'r by making love.

*Arim.* Would I, without dispute, your will obey,  
And could you, in return, my life betray ?

*Emp.* What danger, *Arimant*, is this you fear ?  
Or what Love secret which I must not hear ?<sup>1</sup>  
These alter'd looks some inward motion show.  
His cheeks are pale, and yours with blushes glow. [*To her.*

*Ind.* 'Tis what, with justice, may my anger move :  
He has been bold, and talk'd to me of Love.

*Arim.* I am betray'd, and shall be doom'd to die ! [*Aside.*

*Emp.* Did he, my Slave, presume to look so high ?  
That crawling Insect, who from Mud began,<sup>2</sup>  
Warm'd by my Beams, and kindl'd into man ?  
Durst he, who does but for my pleasure live,  
Intrench on love, my great Prerogative ?  
Print his base Image on his Sovereign's Coin ?  
'Tis Treason if he stamp his Love with mine.<sup>3</sup>

*Arim.* 'Tis true, I have been bold ; but if it be  
A crime————

*Ind.*—— He means, 'tis only so to me.  
You, Sir, should praise, what I must disapprove :  
He insolently talk'd to me of Love :  
But, Sir, 'twas yours, he made it in your name :  
You, if you please, may all he said disclaim.

*Emp.* I must disclaim whate'er he can express :  
His groveling sense will show my passion less.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *which* . . . *hear*, which you are unwilling I should hear.

<sup>2</sup> *That crawling* . . . *began*, an allusion to the fancied generation of insects from the mud of the Nile ; cp. Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, i. 40-3, "Those half-learned witlings, numerous in our isle, As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile, Unfinished things, one knows not what to call, Their generations so equivocal."

<sup>3</sup> *'Tis Treason* . . . *mine*, it is treason if he seeks to make his love pass current together with mine ; cp. *Coriolanus*, v. 2. 22.

<sup>4</sup> *His groveling sense* . . . *less*, every expression of my love which one of so grovelling a nature as his could give utterance to, would but debase the passion that I feel.

But stay, if what he said my message be,  
 What fear, what danger could arrive from me ?  
 He said, He fear'd you would his life betray.

*Ind.* Should he presume again, perhaps I may.  
 Though in your hands he hazard not his life,  
 Remember, Sir, your fury of a Wife ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,  
 The Agents of your passion will pursue.

*Emp.* If I but hear her nam'd, I'm sick that day ;  
 The sound is mortal,<sup>2</sup> and frights life away.  
 Forgive me, *Arimant*, my jealous thought :  
 Distrust in lovers is the tender's fault.<sup>3</sup>  
 Leave me, and tell thy self in my excuse,  
 Love, and a Crown, no Rivalship can bear ;  
 And precious things are still possess'd with fear.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exit Arimant bowing.*

This, Madam, my excuse to you may plead ;  
 Love should forgive the faults which love has made.

*Ind.* From me, what pardon can you hope to have,  
 Robb'd of my love, and treated as a Slave ?

*Emp.* Force is the last relief which Lovers find :  
 And 'tis the best excuse of Woman-kind.<sup>5</sup>

*Ind.* Force never yet a generous Heart did gain :  
 We yield on parley,<sup>6</sup> but are storm'd in vain.  
 Constraint, in all things, makes the pleasure less ;  
 Sweet is the love which comes with willingness.

<sup>1</sup> *your fury of a Wife*, your furious wife.

<sup>2</sup> *mortal*, deadly.

<sup>3</sup> *Distrust . . . fault*, the reading here should be *tender'st* for *tender's*, as in Scott's edition, *i.e.* in lovers, distrust is a fault that is provoked by the very smallest cause.

<sup>4</sup> *precious things . . . fear*, those who possess things of great value are ever fearful of their loss.

<sup>5</sup> *the best . . . Woman-kind*, the best excuse that women can have for yielding.

<sup>6</sup> *parley*, used in its technical sense of negotiation in war with a view to coming to terms.

*Emp.* No ; 'tis resistance that inflames desire :  
 Sharpens the Darts of love, and blows his Fire.  
 Love is disarm'd that meets with too much ease :  
 He languishes, and does not care to please.  
 And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit<sup>1</sup> you guard  
 With so much care, to make possession hard.

*Ind.* Was't not enough you took my Crown away,  
 But cruelly you must my Love betray ?<sup>2</sup>  
 I was well pleas'd to have transferr'd my right,  
 And better chang'd your Claim of Lawless might,<sup>3</sup>  
 By taking him, whom you esteem'd above  
 Your other Sons, and taught me first to love.

*Emp.* My Son, by my command his course must  
 steer :

I bad him love, I bid him now forbear.  
 If you have any kindness for him still,  
 Advise him not to shock<sup>4</sup> a Father's will.

*Ind.* Must I advise ?

'Then let me see him, and I'll try t'obey.

*Emp.* I had forgot, and dare not trust your way.  
 But send him word,  
 He has not here an Army to command :  
 Remember he and you are in my hand.

*Ind.* Yes, in a Father's hand, whom he has serv'd ;  
 And, with the hazard of his life, preserv'd.  
 But piety to you, unhappy Prince,  
 Becomes a crime, and duty an offence :  
 Against your self, you with your Foes combine,  
 And seem your own destruction to design.

<sup>1</sup> *your golden fruit*, the treasure of your love, or chastity ; with an allusion to the golden apples of the Hesperides.

<sup>2</sup> *But cruelly . . . betray ?* Must you also wrong me by seeking forcibly to rob me of the love I have given to another ?

<sup>3</sup> *I was . . . might*, I was well content that you should have the crown that belonged to me, and found in marrying your son a good exchange for that of which your lawless might had robbed me.

<sup>4</sup> *to shock*, to encounter, as in the shock of war.

*Emp.* You may be pleased your Politiques<sup>1</sup> to spare :  
I'm old enough, and can my self take care.

*Ind.* Advice from me was, I confess, too bold :  
Y'are old enough it may be, Sir, too old.<sup>2</sup>

*Emp.* You please your self with your contempt of Age :  
But love, neglected, will convert<sup>3</sup> to Rage.  
If on your head my fury does not turn,  
Thank that fond dotage which so much you scorn.  
But, in another's person, you may prove,  
There's warmth for Vengeance left, though not for Love.

*Re-enter Arimant.*

*Arimant.* The Empress has the Anti-chambers past,  
And this way moves with a disorder'd haste :  
Her brows, the stormy marks of anger bear.

*Emp.* Madam, retire : she must not find you here.

[*Exit Indamora with Arimant.*

*Enter Nourmahal hastily.*

*Nour.* What have I done, that *Nourmahal* must prove  
The scorn and triumph of a Rival's Love ?  
My eyes are still the same, each glance, each grace,        }  
Keep their first lustre, and maintain their place ;  
Not second yet to any other face.

*Emp.* What rage transports you ? are you well awake ?  
Such Dreams distracted minds in Feavers make.

*Nour.* Those Feavers you have giv'n, those Dreams have  
bred,  
By broken Faith, and an abandon'd Bed.  
Such Visions hourly pass before my sight ;  
Which from my eyes their Balmy slumbers fright,        }  
In the severest silence of the night.

<sup>1</sup> *your Politiques*, your sage counsels, your arguments that savour so much of policy.

<sup>2</sup> *Y'are . . . old*, the pause should here be after *enough*.

<sup>3</sup> *convert*, used in a neuter sense, as frequently in Shakespeare.

<sup>4</sup> *Thank . . . scorn*, you may well thank that doting love for you which you so much despise.

Visions, which in this Cittadel are seen ;  
Bright, glorious Visions of a Rival Queen.

*Emp.* Have patience, my first flames can ne'r decay :  
These are but Dreams, and soon will pass away.

Thou know'st, my Heart, my Empire, all is thine :

In thy own Heav'n of Love serenely shine :

Fair as the face of Nature did appear,

When Flowers first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear, }  
And Winter had not yet deform'd th' inverted Year.<sup>1</sup>

Calm as the Breath which fans our Eastern Groves,  
And bright as when thy eyes first lighted up our Loves.<sup>2</sup>

Let our eternal Peace be seal'd by this,

With the first ardour of a Nuptial Kiss.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

*Nour.* Me would you have, me your faint kisses prove,  
The dregs and droppings of enervate Love ?<sup>3</sup>

Must I your cold long-labouring<sup>4</sup> age sustain,

And be to empty joys provok'd in vain ?

Receive you sighing after other Charms,

And take an absent Husband in my Arms ?

*Emp.* Even these reproaches I can bear from you :  
You doubted of my Love, believe it true.

Nothing but Love this patience could produce ;

And I allow your rage that kind excuse.

*Nour.* Call it not patience ; 'tis your guilt stands mute :  
You have a cause too foul to bear dispute.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And Winter* . . . *year*, and the year had not yet passed into hideous winter.

<sup>2</sup> *And bright* . . . *Loves*, and bright as when your eyes first kindled love in mine, love then reciprocated by you.

<sup>3</sup> *The dregs* . . . *Love*, cp. Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, iii. 608, 9, "Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense, And rhyme with all the rage of impotence" ; and for *enervate*, Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, ii. 1. 153, "On each *enervate* string they taught the note To pant" ; Wordsworth, *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, i. 9, "The Pictish cloud darkens the *enervate* land." The word, though so expressive, is almost obsolete now.

<sup>4</sup> *long-labouring*, incapable of action, impotent.

<sup>5</sup> *dispute*, argument.

You wrong me first, and urge my rage to rise,  
 Then I must pass for mad ;<sup>1</sup> you, meek and wise,  
 Good man, plead merit by your soft replies. }

Vain priviledge poor Women have of tongue :  
 Men can stand silent, and resolve on wrong.

*Emp.* What can I more? my friendship you refuse,  
 And even my mildness, as my crime, accuse.

*Nour.* Your sullen silence cheats not me, false Man ;  
 I know you think the bloudest things you can.  
 Could you accuse me, you would raise your Voice :  
 Watch for my crimes, and in my guilt rejoyce.  
 But my known virtue is from scandal free,  
 And leaves no shadow for your calumny.

*Emp.* Such virtue is the plague of humane life :  
 A virtuous Woman, but a cursed Wife.<sup>2</sup>  
 In pain of pompous<sup>3</sup> chastity y<sup>e</sup>are proud :  
 Virtue's adultery of the Tongue, when loud,<sup>4</sup>  
 I, with less pain, a Prostitute could bear,  
 Than the shrill sound of Virtue, virtue hear.<sup>5</sup>  
 In unchaste Wives-----

There's yet a kind of recompensing ease :  
 Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care<sup>6</sup> to please :  
 But against clamorous Virtue, what defence?  
 It stops our mouths, and gives your noise pretence.<sup>7</sup>

*Nour.* Since Virtue does your indignation raise,  
 'Tis pity but you had that Wife you praise.  
 Your own wild appetites are prone to range ;  
 And then you tax our humours with your change.

<sup>1</sup> *Then* . . . *mad*, then, forsooth, I am to be regarded as being out of my senses.

<sup>2</sup> *A virtuous* . . . *Wife*, a virtuous woman, when her virtue is such as yours, is only another name for a cursed wife.

<sup>3</sup> *pompous*, ostentatious.

<sup>4</sup> *Virtue's* . . . *loud*, virtue, when it manifests itself in such shrill boastings, is little better than adultery of the tongue.

<sup>5</sup> *Than the shrill* . . . *hear*, than listen to the shrill repetition of the word "Virtue."

<sup>6</sup> *care*, anxious desire.

<sup>7</sup> *gives* . . . *pretence*, gives you an excuse for scolding.



*Emp.* 'Tis true, of Marriage bands I'm weary grown.  
Love scorns all ties, but those that are his own.<sup>1</sup>  
Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasie prove :  
For there's a God-like liberty in love.<sup>2</sup>

*Nour.* What's Love to you ?<sup>3</sup>  
The bloom of beauty other years demands ;  
Nor will be gather'd by such wither'd hands :  
You importune it with a false desire :  
Which sparkles out, and makes no solid fire.  
'This impudence<sup>4</sup> of Age, whence can it spring ?  
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.<sup>5</sup>  
Eager to ask, when you are past a grant ;  
Nice in providing what you cannot want.<sup>6</sup>  
Have conscience ; give not her you love this pain :  
Sollicit not your self, and her, in vain.<sup>7</sup>  
All other Debts may compensation find :  
But love is strict, and will be paid in kind.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis, true . . . own, cp. Pope, *Eloisa to Abilard*, 75-6,  
"Love free as air, at sight of human ties, Spreads his light wings and  
in a moment flies ;" *bands* and *bonds* were formerly used indifferently  
both in the figurative sense of moral obligation and in the literal sense  
of fetters.

<sup>2</sup> *Chains* . . . *love*, the chains of love when not worn easily  
are but as the fetters that the prisoner drags heavily after him ; for to  
love, worthy of the name, there belongs a God-like freedom.

<sup>3</sup> *What's Love to you ?* what has a man of your age to do with love ?

<sup>4</sup> *You importune* . . . *fire*, you importunately pester love with  
a desire that has no substantiality in it ; a desire that sends forth a  
mere shower of sparks without any real warmth in them.

<sup>5</sup> *impudence*, shameless effrontery.

<sup>6</sup> *All* . . . *bring*, the bargain you would make is wholly one-  
sided ; you expect everything from the object of your love, and yet  
have nothing to give in return.

<sup>7</sup> *Eager* . . . *want*, eager in asking, though incapable of re-  
ciprocating anything ; scrupulous and exact in providing for yourself  
that which you are incapable of enjoying.

<sup>8</sup> *Sollicit not your self*, do not vainly tax yourself, and her, for that  
which is impossible to both ; you have no real love to give and she none  
to return.

<sup>9</sup> *in kind*, in the same article ; *kind*, literally, nature, sort, character.



*Emp.* Sure of all ills, Domestic are the worst ;  
 When most secure of blessings, we are curst.<sup>1</sup>  
 When we lay next us what we hold most dear,  
 Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear ;  
 And cleaving<sup>2</sup> mischiefs.

*Nour.*—What you merit, have :  
 And share, at least, the miseries you gave.<sup>3</sup>  
 Your days, I will alarm,<sup>4</sup> I'll haunt your nights :  
 And, worse than Age, disable your delights.  
 May your sick Fame still languish, till it die :<sup>5</sup>  
 All Offices of Pow'r neglected lie,  
 And you grow cheap in every Subject's eye.<sup>6</sup> }  
 Then, as the greatest Curse that I can give ;  
 Unpiti'd, be depos'd ; and after live. [Going off.

*Emp.* Stay ; and now learn,  
 How criminal soe'r we Husbands are,  
 'Tis not for Wives to push our crimes too far.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *When most secure . . . curst*, when most confident of being blessed with happiness, we find ourselves cursed with misery ; *secure*, without care, anxiety, and then over-confident ; cp. *Macbeth*, iii.<sup>o</sup> 5. 32, "And you all know, *security* Is mortals' chiefest enemy."

<sup>2</sup> *When we lay . . . mischiefs*, when we hug to ourselves that which we prize most dearly, we find it to be to us like the poisonous shirt of Nessus sent by his wife to Hercules (which when he attempted in the agony caused by the poison to tear off, tore off the flesh with it) ; cp. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 12. 43 : for *cleaving mischiefs*, cp. *Samson Agonistes*, 1037-9, "a thorn Intestine, far within defensive arms, A *cleaving mischief*," said of womankind.

<sup>3</sup> *What you merit . . . gave*, may you obtain that which you deserve ; and at least share in the agonies that others (*sc.* herself) owe to you.

<sup>4</sup> *alarm*, make unendurable by my vociferous complaints and reproaches ; startle as men are startled by the call to arms ; *alarm* ; Ital., *alle arme*, to arms !

<sup>5</sup> *May your . . . die*, may your reputation, already diseased, continue to languish till it altogether perishes !

<sup>6</sup> *All Offices . . . eye*, may you in your love-frenzy neglect all your imperial duties, till you become the scorn of your subjects !

<sup>7</sup> *'Tis not . . . far*, it is not for wives to exasperate their husbands by reproaching them with their ill deeds.

Had you still Mistris of your temper been,  
 I had been modest, and not own'd my Sin.  
 Your fury hardens me : and what c'r wrong  
 You suffer, you have cancell'd by your tongue.  
 A Guard there ; seize her : she shall know this hour,  
 What is a Husband's and a Monarch's pow'r.

[*Guard seizes her.*]

*Enter Aureng-Zebe.*

*Nour.* I see for whom your Charter you maintain : <sup>1</sup>  
 I must be fetter'd, and my Son be slain,  
 That *Zelyma's* ambitious Race<sup>2</sup> may reign. }  
 Not so you promis'd, when my beauty drew  
 All *Asia's* Vows ; when *Persia* left for you  
 The Realm of *Candahar* for Dow'r I brought :<sup>3</sup>  
 That long contended Prize for which you fought.

*Aur.* The name of Step-mother, your practis'd art,<sup>4</sup>  
 By which you have estrang'd my Father's heart,  
 All you have done against me, or design,  
 Shows your aversion, but begets not mine.  
 Long may my Father *India's* Empire guide :  
 And may no breach your Nuptial Vows divide.

<sup>1</sup> *I see . . . maintain*, I see for whose sake it is that you mean to assert your power, to exercise those privileges which marriage has given you.

<sup>2</sup> *Zelyma's ambitious Race*, *sc.* Aurangzib ; though "*Zelyma*" is a poetical figment, all the emperor's sons being by Muntáz Mahál.

<sup>3</sup> *when Persia . . . brought*, when leaving Persia for your sake, I brought as my dowry the realm of Kandahár. This "*Dow'r*" is of course apocryphal. Núrmahál, or Núr Jahán, Jahángír's wife, was the daughter of Mírza Ghayás, a Persian who, being reduced to poverty, migrated to India. Núr Jahán was first married to Shír Afghán Khán, a young Persian on whom Akbar bestowed a jagír in Bengal. On his murder she was brought to Jahángír's court, and later on married by him. Muntáz Mahál, Sháhjahán's wife, was the daughter of Asaf Khán and niece of Núr Jahán. Neither brought any dowry at marriage.

<sup>4</sup> *your practis'd art*, the stratagems you have employed to secure the succession to the throne for your son.

*Emp.* Since Love obliges not,<sup>1</sup> I from this hour,  
 Assume the right of Man's Despotic pow'r :  
 Man is by Nature form'd your Sexes head :  
 And is himself the Canon of his Bed.<sup>2</sup>  
 In Bands<sup>3</sup> of Iron fetter'd you shall be :  
 An easier yoke than what you put on me.

*Aur.* Though much I fear my int'rest<sup>4</sup> is not great,  
[*Kneeling.*

Let me your Royal Clemency intreat.  
 Secrets of Marriage still<sup>5</sup> are Sacred held :  
 There sweet and bitter by the wife conceal'd.<sup>6</sup>  
 Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still :  
 And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've chosen ill.  
 And the mysterious pow'r of Bed and Throne,  
 Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.<sup>7</sup>

*Emp.* To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain :  
 It gives 'em courage to offend again :  
 For with feign'd tears they penitence pretend :  
 Again are pardon'd, and again offend.  
 Fathom our pity when they seem to grieve ;<sup>8</sup>  
 Only to try how far we can forgive.  
 Till lanching out into a Sea of strife,  
 They scorn all pardon, and appear all Wife.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *obliges not*, has no binding force with you.

<sup>2</sup> *the Canon of his Bed*, a law unto himself as regards his wife.

<sup>3</sup> *Bands*, see note I, p. 85.

<sup>4</sup> *my interest*, the influence which I can exercise.

<sup>5</sup> *still*, ever.

<sup>6</sup> *There . . . conceal'd*, those who are wise conceal the bitters that are mixed with the sweets of marriage ; *There* is a misprint for *Their*.

<sup>7</sup> *And the mysterious . . . shown*, and while the power of husband and monarch should always be maintained, its mysteries, secrets, should rarely be divulged.

<sup>8</sup> *Fathom . . . grieve*, while seeming penitent for their sins are merely using their grief as a cloak beneath which to discover how far it is safe to try our patience.

<sup>9</sup> *all Wife*, in their natural colours of disobedience, and fury.

But be it as you please : for your lov'd sake,  
 This last and fruitless trial I will make.  
 In all requests, your right of merit use :  
 And know, There is but one I can refuse.<sup>1</sup>

[*He signs to the Guards, and they remove from the Empress.*

*Nour.* You've done enough, for you design'd my Chains :<sup>2</sup>  
 The Grace is vanish'd, but th' Affront remains.  
 Nor is't a Grace, or for his merit done ;<sup>3</sup>  
 You durst no farther, for you fear'd my Son.  
 This you have gain'd by the rough course you prove ;  
 I'm past Repentance, and you past my Love. [*Exit.*

*Emp.* A Spirit so untam'd the world ne'r bore.

*Aur.* And yet worse usage had incens'd her more.  
 But since by no obligation she is t'i'd,<sup>4</sup>  
 You must betimes for your defence provide.  
 I cannot idle in your danger stand ;<sup>5</sup>  
 But beg once more I may your Arms command :  
 Two Battels your auspicious Cause has wonn ;  
 My Sword can perfect what it has begun,  
 And, from your Walls, dislodge that haughty Son. }

*Emp.* My Son, your valour has, this day, been such,  
 None can enough admire, or praise too much.  
 But now, with reason, your success I doubt :  
 Her Faction's strong within, his Arms without.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *In all requests, . . . refuse*, in all the requests you may have to make, employ that right which your merit claims ; and learn that there is but one request that I can refuse, the request to abandon Indamora.

<sup>2</sup> *design'd my Chains*, though you now order your guards to stand aside, you had intended to have me confined.

<sup>3</sup> *Nor is't a Grace, . . . done*, nor is this favour (of cancelling your orders for my confinement) worthy the name, or granted for the sake of my son's deservings.

<sup>4</sup> *But since . . . t'i'd*, and since no ties of duty or oath bind her.

<sup>5</sup> *I cannot . . . stand*, I cannot remain an idle spectator while you are in danger ; but must act.

<sup>6</sup> *Her Faction's . . . without*, she is powerful in the party she

*Aur.* I left the City in a Panic fright :<sup>1</sup>  
 Lions they are in Council, Lambs in fight.<sup>2</sup>  
 But my own Troops, by *Mirzah* led, are near :  
 I, by to morrow's dawn, expect 'em here.  
 To favour 'em, I'll sally out ere day :  
 And through our slaughter'd foes enlarge their way.

*Emp.* Age has not yet  
 So shrunk my Sinews, or so chill'd my Veins,  
 But conscious Virtue in my breast remains.  
 But had I now  
 That strength, with which my boiling Youth was fraught ;  
 When in the Vale of *Balasor* I fought,<sup>3</sup>  
 And from *Bengale* their Captive Monarch brought ;<sup>4</sup>

When Elephant 'gainst Elephant did rear  
 His Trunk, and Castles just'd in the air ;<sup>5</sup>  
 My Sword thy way to Victory had shown :  
 And ow'd the Conquest to itself alone.

*Aur.* Those fair Idea's to my aid I'll call,  
 And emulate my great Original.<sup>6</sup>  
 Or, if they fail, I will invoke in Arms,  
 The pow'r of Love, and *Indamora's* Charms.

has within the walls, her son is powerful in the army he has outside the walls.

<sup>1</sup> *a Panic fright*, sudden and unreasonable terrors were in ancient literature ascribed to the influence of the God Pan.

<sup>2</sup> *Lions . . . fight*, they are bold as lions when nothing but words are to be used, timorous as lambs when arms have to be employed. Cp. *Coriolanus*, i. i. 158-61, "What would you have, you curs, That like not peace nor war? the one affrights you, The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, Where he should find you lions, finds you hares; Where foxes, geese."

<sup>3</sup> *When . . . fought*, Balasor is on the coast of Orissa; but there is no record of the emperor's having fought there.

<sup>4</sup> *And from . . . brought*, Sháhjahán, when in rebellion against his father in 1624, conquered Bengal, then governed by an Imperial Viceroy, but this Viceroy was not "brought captive."

<sup>5</sup> *Castles . . . air*, the *hauda's* clashed against each other in the combat.

<sup>6</sup> *my great Original*, sc. Sháhjahán.

*Emp.* I doubt the happy influence of your Star :  
T'invoke a Captives name bodes ill in War.

*Aur.* Sir, give me leave to say, what ever now  
The Omen prove, it boded well to you.  
Your Royal Promise, when I went to fight,  
Oblig'd me to resign a Victor's right.<sup>1</sup>  
Her liberty I fought for, and I wonn :  
And claim it as your General, and your Son.

*Emp.* My ears still ring with noise, I'm vext to death :  
Tongue-kill'd,<sup>2</sup> and have not yet recover'd breath  
Nor will I be prescrib'd my time by you :  
First end the War, and then your Claim renew.  
While to your Conduct<sup>3</sup> I my Fortune trust,  
To keep this pledge of duty<sup>4</sup> is but just.

*Aur.* Some hidden cause your jealousie does move,  
Or you could ne'r suspect my Loyal Love.

*Emp.* What love soever by an Heir is shown,  
He waits but time to step into the Throne.  
You're neither justifi'd, nor yet accus'd :<sup>5</sup>  
Meanwhile, the Pris'ner with respect is us'd.<sup>6</sup>

*Aur.* I know the kindness of her Guardian such,  
I need not fear too little, but too much.  
But how, Sir, how have you from virtue swerv'd ?  
Or what so ill return have I deserv'd ?  
You doubt not me, nor have I spent my blood,  
To have my faith no better understood :<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *a Victor's right*, the right he had to Indamora as her conqueror.

<sup>2</sup> *Tongue-kill'd*, wearied to death by a woman's scolding. Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 404, speaks of the "Tongue-batteries" of Dalila.

<sup>3</sup> *Conduct*, guidance, management.

<sup>4</sup> *this pledge of duty*, this hostage for the faithful discharge of your duty, *sc.* Indamora.

<sup>5</sup> *You're . . . accus'd*, I neither acquit you of such designs nor accuse you of them.

<sup>6</sup> *the Pris'ner . . . us'd*, Indamora is treated with all consideration.

<sup>7</sup> *To have . . . understood*, with no better result than to have my loyalty suspected by you.

Your Soul's above the baseness of distrust :  
Nothing but love could make you so unjust.

*Emp.* You know your Rival then ; and know 'tis fit,  
The Son's should to the Father's Claim submit. }

*Aur.* Sons may have right, which they can never quit.  
Your self first made that Title which I claim :  
First bid me love, and authoris'd my flame.<sup>1</sup>

*Emp.* The value of my gift I did not know :  
If I could give, I can resume it too.

*Aur.* Recal your gift, for I your power confess :  
But first, take back my life, a gift that's less.<sup>2</sup>  
Long life would now but a long burthen prove :  
You're grown unkind, and I have lost your love.  
My grief let unbecoming speeches fall :  
I should have di'd, and not complain'd at all.

*Emp.* Witness ye pow'rs,  
How much I suffer'd, and how long I strove  
Against th' assaults of this imperious love !  
I represented to my self the shame  
Of perjur'd Faith, and violated Fame.  
Your great deserts, how ill they were repay'd ;  
All arguments, in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd :  
For mighty Love, who Prudence does despise,  
For Reason,<sup>3</sup> show'd me *Indamora's* Eyes.  
What would you more, my crime I sadly view,  
Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue.

*Aur.* Since you can love, and yet your error see,  
The same resistless pow'r may plead for me.  
With no less ardor I my claim pursue :  
I love, and cannot yield her even to you.

*Emp.* Your elder Brothers, though o'rcome, have right :  
The youngest yet in Arms prepar'd to fight.

<sup>1</sup> *authoris'd my flame*, gave your sanction to my love for Indamora.

<sup>2</sup> *a gift that's less*, which was a gift less valuable than the possession of Indamora as my wife.

<sup>3</sup> *For Reason*, in the place of reason.

<sup>4</sup> *have right*, have a better claim to the throne.

But, yielding her,<sup>1</sup> I firmly have decreed,  
That you alone to Empire shall succeed.

*Aur.* To after Ages let me stand a shame,  
When I exchange for Crowns my Love or Fame.  
You might have found a mercenary Son,  
To profit of<sup>2</sup> the Battels he had won :  
Had I been such, what hinder'd me to take  
The Crown? nor had th'exchange been yours to make.<sup>3</sup>  
While you are living, I no right pretend;  
Wear it, and let it where you please descend.  
But from my Love, 'tis Sacrilege to part :  
'There, there's my Throne in *Indamora's* heart.

*Emp.* 'Tis in her heart alone that you must Reign :  
You'll find her person difficult to gain.  
Give willingly what I can take by force :  
And know, Obedience is your safest course.

*Aur.* I'm taught, by Honour's precepts, to obey :  
Fear to Obedience is a slavish way.<sup>4</sup>  
If ought my want of duty could beget ;  
You take the most prevailing means, to threat.<sup>5</sup>  
Pardon your Bloud that boils within my veins ;  
It rises high, and menacing<sup>6</sup> disdains.  
Even death's become to me no dreadful name :  
I've often met him, and have made him tame :  
In fighting fields, where our acquaintance grew,  
I saw him, and contemn'd him first for you.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *yielding her*, if you yield her up to me.

<sup>2</sup> *To profit of*, to take advantage of.

<sup>3</sup> *Nor had . . . make*, nor in that case would it have been in your power to enforce the exchange you would now have me make, the exchange of *Indamora* for your crown.

<sup>4</sup> *Fear . . . way*, to be brought to obedience by fear is a slavish way.

<sup>5</sup> *You take . . . threat*, by threatening me you take the readiest way to make me forget my duty ; *to threat*, the infinitive used indefinitely.

<sup>6</sup> *menacing*, threats.

<sup>7</sup> *contemn'd . . . you*, despised him first when fighting in your cause.



*Emp.* Of formal duty<sup>1</sup> make no more thy boast :  
 Thou disobey'st where it concerns me most.  
 Fool, with both hands thus to push back a Crown :<sup>2</sup>  
 And headlong cast thy self from Empire down.  
 Though *Nourmahal* I hate, her Son shall Reign :  
 Inglorious thou, by thy own fault remain.  
 Thy younger Brother I'll admit this hour :  
 So mine shall be thy Mistis, his thy pow'r. [Exit.

*Aur.* How vain is Virtue which directs our ways  
 Through certain danger to uncertain praise !  
 Barren, and aery name ! thee Fortune flies ;  
 With thy lean 'Train, the Pious and the Wise.<sup>3</sup>  
 Heav'n takes thee at thy word, without regard ;  
 And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.  
 The World is made for the bold impious man ;  
 Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.  
 Justice to merit does weak aid afford ;  
 She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword.<sup>4</sup>  
 Virtue is nice to take<sup>5</sup> what's not her own ;  
 And, while she long consults,<sup>6</sup> the prize is gone.

*To him Dianet.*

*Dia.* Forgive the bearer of unhappy news :  
 Your alter'd Father openly pursues  
 Your ruine ; and, to compass his intent,  
 For violent *Morat* in haste has sent.  
 The Gates he order'd all to be unbarr'd :  
 And from the Market place to draw the Guard.

<sup>1</sup> *formal duty*, ceremonious marks of duty.

<sup>2</sup> *Fool* . . . *Crown*, what a fool you show yourself in thus resolutely refusing a crown !

<sup>3</sup> *With thy* . . . *Wise*, with your hungry retinue made up of the pious and the wise ; cp. Juvenal, i. 74, "*Probitas laudatur et alget*." It is possible, however, that *lean* here means *scanty*.

<sup>4</sup> *She trusts* . . . *Sword*, of the two symbols of power that she bears, she places too much reliance on her scales, and neglects to use her sword,—which would often be more efficacious.

<sup>5</sup> *nice to take*, scrupulous about taking.

<sup>6</sup> *consults*, deliberates.

*Aur.* How look the people in this turn of State?

*Dia.* They mourn your ruine as their proper<sup>1</sup> fate.  
Cursing the Empress : for they think it done  
By her procurement, to advance her Son.  
Him too, though aw'd, they scarcely can forbear :<sup>2</sup>  
His pride they hate, his violence they fear.  
All bent to rise, would you appear their Chief,  
Till your own Troops come up to your relief.

*Aur.* Ill-treated, and forsaken, as I am,  
I'll not betray the glory of my name :  
'Tis not for me, who have preserv'd a State,  
To buy an Empire at so base a rate.

*Dia.* The points of Honour Poets may produce :<sup>3</sup>  
Trappings of life,<sup>4</sup> for Ornament, not Use :  
Honour, which only does the name advance,<sup>5</sup>  
Is the meer raving madness of Romance.  
Pleas'd with a word, you may sit tamely down ;  
And see your younger Brother force<sup>6</sup> the Crown.

*Aur.* I know my fortune in extremes does lie :  
The Sons of *Indostan* must Reign, or die.<sup>7</sup>  
That desperate hazard Courage does create ;  
As he plays frankly, who has least Estate,<sup>8</sup>  
And that<sup>9</sup> the World the Coward will despise,  
When Life's a Blank, who pulls not for a Prize?<sup>10</sup>

*Dia.* Of all your knowledge, this vain fruit you have,  
To walk with eyes broad open to your Grave.

<sup>1</sup> *proper*, own ; Lat. *proprius*.

<sup>2</sup> *forbear*, keep their hands off.

<sup>3</sup> *produce*, adduce, exhibit.

<sup>4</sup> *Trappings*, mere outside ornaments ; cp. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 86,  
"These but the *trappings* and the suits of woe."

<sup>5</sup> *advance*, lift on high.

<sup>6</sup> *force*, seize upon forcibly.

<sup>7</sup> *The Sons* . . . *die*, see note 3, p. 53.

<sup>8</sup> *As he plays* . . . *Estate*, as he plays most venturously who has least to lose ; for *frankly*, cp. *The Conquest of Granada*, Pt. ii. v. 2, "Like *frank* gamesters."

<sup>9</sup> *And that*, i.e. and I know that.

<sup>10</sup> *who pulls not for*, who does not snatch at.

*Aur.* From what I've said, conclude, without reply,  
 I neither would usurp, nor tamely die.  
 Th'attempt to flie, would guilt betray, or fear :  
 Besides, 'twere vain ; the Fort's our prison here.<sup>1</sup>  
 Somewhat I have resolv'd————

*Morat*, perhaps, has Honour in his breast :  
 And, in extremes, bold Counsels are the best.  
 Like Emp'ric Remedies,<sup>2</sup> they last are tri'd ;  
 And by th'event condemn'd, or justifi'd.  
 Presence of mind and courage in distress,  
 Are more than Armies to procure success.

[*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> *the Fort's* . . . *here*, the fort here is nothing better than a prison ; it would be as useless to try to escape from this fort as from a prison.

<sup>2</sup> *Emp'ric Remedies*, remedies suggested by experiment as opposed to those discovered by scientific observation ; hence frequently used in the sense of *quack*.

## ACT III

*Arimant, with a Letter in his hand: Indamora.*

*Arim.* **A**ND I the Messenger to him from you?<sup>1</sup>  
Your Empire you to Tyranny pursue:<sup>2</sup>  
You lay commands, both cruel and unjust,  
To serve my rival,<sup>3</sup> and betray my trust.

*Ind.* You first betray'd your trust in loving me,  
And should not I my own advantage see?  
Serving my Love, you may my Friendship gain,  
You know the rest of your pretences vain,<sup>4</sup>  
You must, my *Arimant*, you must be kind:  
'Tis in your Nature, and your Noble Mind.

*Arim.* I'll to the King, and streight my trust resign.

*Ind.* His trust you may, but you shall never mine.  
Heav'n made you love me for no other end,  
But to become my Confident<sup>5</sup> and Friend:  
As such, I keep no Secret from your sight,  
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:  
Read it, and tell me freely then your mind:  
If 'tis indited as I meant it, kind.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And I . . . you?* and was I, of all men, chosen to be your messenger to him, I who am his rival in love?

<sup>2</sup> *to Tyranny*, even to a tyrannical extent.

<sup>3</sup> *To serve . . . trust*, those commands obliging me to serve my rival and to betray the trust confided to me by the emperor.

<sup>4</sup> *You know . . . vain*, you are aware that your pretences to my love are utterly useless.

<sup>5</sup> *my Confident*, the form "confidant" has since the beginning of the eighteenth century taken the place of the older "confident."

<sup>6</sup> *If 'tis . . . kind*, whether it is couched, as I had intended it, in loving terms,

*Arim. (reading)* I ask not Heav'n my freedom to restore,  
But only for your sake—I'll read no more :

And yet I must——

*(Reading)* Less for my own, than for your sorrow, sad——  
Another line, like this, would make me mad<sup>1</sup>——

*(As reading)* Heav'n ! she goes on—yet more——and yet  
more kind !

Each Sentence is a Dagger to my mind.

*(Reading)* See me this night——

Thank Fortune, who did such a friend provide,

For faithful *Arimant* shall be your Guide.

Not only to be made an Instrument,

But preingag'd without my own consent !<sup>2</sup>

*Ind.* Unknown t'ingage you still augments my score,<sup>3</sup>

And gives you scope of meriting the more.

*Arim.* The best of men

Some int'rest in their actions must confess ;

None merit but in hope they may possess.<sup>4</sup>

The fatal Paper rather let me tear,

Than, like *Bellerophon*, my own Sentence bear.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Another line . . . mad*, *Arimant's* comment here has almost a comic ring.

<sup>2</sup> *Not only . . . consent!* To think that I should not only be used as a go-between in their love, but that my consent to so degrading an office should be assumed beforehand as a thing that I should not venture to refuse !

<sup>3</sup> *augments my score*, adds to the debt I already owe you ; increases the score already standing against me.

<sup>4</sup> *None merit . . . possess*, none display their merit, exercise their good offices in behalf of others, except in the hope of benefiting themselves in some way or other.

<sup>5</sup> *Than, . . . bear*, *Bellerophon*, son of *Glaucus* and *Eury-mede*, was accused by *Antea*, wife of *Proetus*, whose offers of love he had rejected, of having made improper proposals to her. *Proetus*, unwilling to kill him with his own hands, sent him to his father-in-law, *Iobates*, King of *Lycia*, with a letter in which the latter was requested to put him to death. *Iobates* accordingly sent him to kill the monster *Chimæra*, thinking he was sure to perish in the contest. *Bellerophon*, however, obtaining possession of the winged horse, *Pegasus*, rose with him in the air, and killed the *Chimæra* with his arrows.

*Ind.* You may ; but 'twill not be your best advice.<sup>1</sup>  
'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.

You know you must obey me, soon or late :

## Why should you vainly struggle with your Fate?

*Arim.* I thank thee, Heav'n, thou hast been wondrous kind !

Why am I thus to slavery design'd,

And yet am cheated with a free-born mind?<sup>2</sup>

Or make thy Orders with my reason sute,

Or let me live by Sense a glorious Brute<sup>3</sup>—— [*She frowns.*

You frown, and I obey with speed, before

That dreadful Sentence comes, *See me no more:*

See me no more ! that sound, methinks, I hear

Like the last 'Trumpet' thund'ring in my ear.

*Enter Solyman.*

*Solym.* 'The Princess *Melesinda*, bath'd in tears,

And toss'd alternately with hopes and fears,

If your affairs such leisure can afford,

Would learn from you the fortunes of her Lord.

*Arim.* Tell her, that I some certainty may bring ;

I go this minute to attend the King.

*Ind.* This lonely 'Turtle' I desire to see:

Grief, though not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.

*Arim.* (to *Solym.*) Say, if she please, she hither may  
repair,

And breathe the freshness of the open Air. [Exit Solym.

<sup>1</sup> *your best advice*, that which you may most prudently do.

<sup>2</sup> *Why am I . . . mind?* Why is it that I should be destined to such slavish work while vainly conscious of being endowed with freedom of reason?

<sup>3</sup> Or make . . . Brute, if I am to be regarded as a reasonable being, adapt your orders to such a being ; or, if I am to be regarded as a mere brute beast, then let me, like such a beast, surrender myself to mere sensual enjoyment.

<sup>4</sup> *the last Trumpet*, of course in Arimant's mouth an anomaly.

<sup>5</sup> *Turtle*, from remote times used as an emblem of chaste and faithful love.

*Ind.* Poor Princess ! how I pity her estate,  
Wrapt in the ruins of her Husbands fate ;  
She mourn'd *Morat* should in Rebellion rise ;  
Yet he offends,<sup>1</sup> and she's the Sacrifice.

*Arim.* Not knowing his design, at Court she staid ;  
Till, by command, close pris'nér she was made.  
Since when,

Her Chains with *Roman* Constancy she bore ;  
But that, perhaps, an *Indian* Wife's is more.<sup>2</sup>

*Ind.* Go, bring her comfort : leave me here alone.

*Arim.* My love must still be in obedience shown.

[*Exit Arim.*]

*Enter Melesinda, led by Solyman, who retires afterwards.*

*Ind.* When graceful sorrow in her pomp appears,  
Sure she is dress'd in *Melesinda's* tears.  
Your head reclin'd, (as hiding grief from view,)  
Droops, like a Rose surcharg'd with morning Dew.

*Mel.* Can flow'rs but droop in absence of the Sun,  
Which wak'd<sup>3</sup> their sweets ? and mine, alas ! is gone.  
But you the noblest Charity express :  
For they who shine in Courts still shun distress.<sup>4</sup>

*Ind.* Distress'd my self, like you, confin'd I live :  
And therefore can compassion take, and give.  
We're both Love's Captives, but with Fate so cross,  
One must be happy by the others loss.

*Morat, or Aureng-Zebe* must fall this day.

*Mel.* Too truly *Tamerlain's* Successors they, }  
Each thinks a World too little for his sway.<sup>5</sup> }

<sup>1</sup> Yet he offends, yet it is he who is the offender.

<sup>2</sup> But that, . . . *mor* ; I say '*Roman* constancy,' though perhaps I might better say '*Indian* constancy,' since Indian wives may not unjustly be counted superior to Roman wives ; see note 3, p. 42, of *The Epistle Dedicatory*.

<sup>3</sup> wak'd, called forth, elicited.

<sup>4</sup> For they . . . *distress*, '*noblest*,' I say, for those who, like yourself, shine in Courts are ever wont to shun distress, not to comfort it, as you now do.

<sup>5</sup> Each thinks . . . *sway*, *Tamerlane* (*Timûr-lang*, i.e. the

Could you and I the same pretences bring,  
 Mankind should with more ease receive a King :<sup>1</sup>  
 I would to you the narrow world resign,  
 And want<sup>2</sup> no Empire while *Morat* was mine.

*Ind.* Wish'd freedom I presage you soon will find ;  
 If Heav'n be just, and be to Virtue kind.

*Mel.* Quite otherwise my mind foretels my Fate :  
 Short is my life, and that unfortunate.<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet should I not complain, would Heav'n afford  
 Some little time, ere death, to see my Lord.

*Ind.* These thoughts are but your melancholy's food ;  
 Rais'd from a lonely life, and dark abode :<sup>4</sup>  
 But whatsoe'r our jarring fortunes prove,  
 Though our Lords hate, me-thinks we two may love.

*Mel.* Such be our loves as may not yield to fate :<sup>5</sup>  
 I bring a heart more true than fortunate.

[*Giving their hands.*]

To them *Arimant*.

*Arim.* I come with haste surprising news to bring :  
 In two hours time, since last I saw the King,  
 Th'affairs of Court have wholly chang'd their face :  
 Unhappy *Aureng-Zebe* is in disgrace :  
 And your *Morat*, (proclaim'd the Successor)  
 Is call'd, to awe the City with his power.

lame *Timbr*), like Alexander, found the world too small for his ambition of conquest.

<sup>1</sup> *Could you . . . King*, if you and I could set up the same claims to universal monarchy, the question of supremacy would more easily be settled ; for I should willingly yield to you the sovereignty of the world, which is too narrow for the successors of Tamerlane, and feel no desire for empire so long as *Morat* was mine.

<sup>2</sup> *want*, lack, feel the want of.

<sup>3</sup> *and that unfortunate*, and not only short but unfortunate.

<sup>4</sup> *Rais'd . . . abode*, you having only just now been set free from the loneliness of captivity.

<sup>5</sup> *Such . . . fate*, may our loves be too strong to be subdued by fate.



Those Trumpets his triumphant Entry tell.  
And now the Shouts waft<sup>1</sup> near the Cittadel.

*Ind.* See, Madam, see th'event by me foreshown :  
I envy not your chance, but grieve my own.

*Mel.* A change so unexpected must surprise :  
And more, because I am unus'd to joys.

*Ind.* May all your wishes ever prosp'rous be,  
But I'm too much concern'd th'event to see.

My eyes too tender are———

To view my Lord become the publick scorn.

I came to comfort, and I go to mourn. [*Taking her leave.*]

*Mel.* Stay, I'll not see my Lord,  
Before I give your sorrow some relief ;  
And pay the Charity you lent my grief.

Here he shall see me first with you confin'd :	}
And, if your virtue fail to move his mind,	
I'll use my int'rest that he may be kind.	

Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.

*Ind.* So fair a Pleader any Cause may gain.

*Mel.* I have no taste,<sup>2</sup> me-thinks, of coming joy ;  
For black presages all my hopes destroy.  
Die, something whispers, *Melesinda*, die ;  
Fulfil, fulfil thy mournful Destiny.  
Mine is a gleam of bliss, too hot to last,  
Watry it shines, and will be soon o'r-cast.<sup>3</sup>

*Indamora and Melesinda re-enter, as into the Chamber :*

*Arim.* Fortune seems weary grown of *Aureng-Zebe*,  
While to her new made Favourite, *Morat*,  
Her lavish hand is wastefully profuse :  
With Fame and flowing Honours tided in,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *waft*, are being carried.

<sup>2</sup> *taste*, foretaste.

<sup>3</sup> *Wat'ry it shines*, it is like the sun when surrounded by vapours and soon to be shrouded in clouds.

<sup>4</sup> *With Fame . . . in*, his fame is loudly blazoned abroad, and from all sides currents of honour flow towards him ; *tided in* more properly belongs to *flowing Honours* only.

Born on a swelling Current smooth beneath him  
 The King and haughty Empress, to our wonder,  
 If not aton'd,<sup>1</sup> yet seemingly at peace.  
 As Fate for him that Miracle reserv'd.

*Enter in Triumph, Emperor, Morat, and Train.*

*Emp.* I have confess'd I love.  
 As I interpret fairly your design,  
 So look not with severer eyes on mine.  
 Your Fate has call'd you to th' Imperial Seat :  
 In duty be, as you in Arms, are great.  
 For *Aureng-Zebe* a hated name is grown,  
 And Love less bears a Rival than the Throne.<sup>2</sup>

*Mor.* To me, the cries of fighting Fields are Charms :  
 Keen be my Sable,<sup>3</sup> and of proof<sup>4</sup> my Arms.  
 I ask no other blessing of my Stars :  
 No prize but fame, nor Mistris but the Wars.  
 I scarce am pleas'd I tamely mount the Throne :<sup>5</sup>  
 Would *Aureng-Zebe* had all their Souls in one :  
 With all my Elder Brothers I would fight,  
 And so from partial Nature force my right.<sup>6</sup>

*Emp.* Had we but lasting Youth, and time to spare,  
 Some might be thrown away on Fame and War :

<sup>1</sup> *aton'd*, reconciled, made *atone*; frequent in this sense in Elizabethan writers.

<sup>2</sup> *And love . . . Throne*, love, even less than a throne, brooks a rival to its power.

<sup>3</sup> *Sable*, “ ‘ or *sabre*, a kind of simetar, hanger, or broad sword ’ ; Phillips, ed. 1706.—F. *sabre*, a *sabre*.—G. *sabel*, a *sabre*, falchion.” (Skeat, Ety. Dict.)

<sup>4</sup> *of proof*, arms are said to be ‘ of proof ’ when in the manufacture they have been so severely tested that they will endure any strain likely to be put upon them.

<sup>5</sup> *I scarce . . . Throne*, I should be almost better pleased if I had had to make my way to the throne through dangers and bloodshed.

<sup>6</sup> *And so . . . right*, and compel Nature to yield me that right which by the accident of birth she would keep from me.

But Youth, the perishing good, runs on too fast :  
 And unenjoy'd will spend it self to waste ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Few know the use of life before 'tis past.  
 Had I once more thy vigour to command,  
 I would not let it die upon my hand :<sup>2</sup>  
 No hour of pleasure should pass empty by,  
 Youth should watch joys, and shoot 'em as they  
 flie.<sup>3</sup>

*Mor.* Me-thinks all pleasure is in greatness found.  
 Kings, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their beams  
 around.

Pleas'd to be seen while Glory's race they run :  
 Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.  
 Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon  
 Feel slacken'd Reins, and pitch their Rider down.

*Emp.* To thee that drudgery of Pow'r I give :  
 Cares be thy lot : Reign thou, and let me live.  
 The Fort I'll keep for my security,  
 Bus'ness, and publick State resign to thee.

*Mor.* Luxurious Kings are to their people lost ;  
 They live, like Drones, upon the publick cost.  
 My Arms, from Pole to Pole, the world shall shake :  
 And, with my self, keep all Mankind awake.<sup>4</sup>

*Emp.* Believe me, Son, and needless trouble spare ;  
 'Tis a base world, and is not worth our care.  
 The Vulgar, a scarce animated C'lod,  
 Ne'r pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God.

<sup>1</sup> *And . . . waste*, and unless enjoyed will spend itself in mere waste ; *to* here indicates the excess to which it will go in spending itself.

<sup>2</sup> *die upon my hand*, perish unused.

<sup>3</sup> *shoot . . . flie*, cp. *Abraham and Achitophel*, Pt. ii. (Nahum Tate's portion), 1031, 2, "while he with watchful eye Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly" ; Pope, *Essay on Man*, i. 13, 4, "Eye nature's walks, shoot jolly as it flies, And catch the manners living as they rise."

<sup>4</sup> *And, with myself, . . . awake*, and keep the whole world, like myself, in action.

Were I a God, the drunken Globe should roul :<sup>1</sup>  
 'The little Emmets<sup>2</sup> with the humane Soul  
 Care for themselves, while at my case I sat,  
 And second Causes<sup>3</sup> did the work of fate.  
 Or, if I would take care, that care should be  
 For Wit that scorn'd the world, and liv'd like me.<sup>4</sup>

*To them, Nourmahal, Zayda, and Attendants.*

*Nour.* My dear *Morat*, [*Embracing her Son.*  
 This day propitious to us all has been :  
 You're now a Monarch's Heir, and I a Queen.  
 Your youthful Father<sup>5</sup> now may quit the State,  
 And find the ease he sought, indulg'd by fate.  
 Cares shall not keep him on the Throne awake,  
 Nor break the golden Slumbers he would take.

*Emp.* In vain I struggl'd to the Goal of Life,<sup>6</sup> )  
 While Rebel-Sons, and an imperious Wife )  
 Still dragg'd me backward into noise and strife. )

*Mor.* Be that remembrance lost ; and be't my pride  
 To be your pledge of peace on either side.

<sup>1</sup> *the drunken . . . roul*, the world should reel about in drunkenness.

<sup>2</sup> *The little Emmets*, so in Dryden's *Ædipus*, v. i, "this mole-hill earth Is heaved no more ; *the busy emmets* cease" : among the various forms of the word we now spell *emmet* were two, *amete*, and *emete*, the former of which was contracted into *amt* and later *ant*, while the latter, retaining its middle vowel, survives as *emmet*.

<sup>3</sup> *second Causes*, he himself, the Great First Cause, withdrawing from all interference in mundane affairs ; cp. Bacon, *Essays of Atheism*, "*Epicurus* is charged, that he did dissemble . . . when he affirmed ; That there were *Bless'd Natures*, but such as enjoyed themselves, without having respect to the Government of the World." Cp. also Dryden's *Clemens*, ii. 1, "that god which Epicurus dreamt Disdaining care, and lolling on a cloud."

<sup>4</sup> *like me*, indifferent to everything around.

<sup>5</sup> *Your youthful Father*, your father who affects the passions of youth.

<sup>6</sup> *the Goal of Life*, *sc.* ease and contentment.

*To them, Aureng-Zebe.*

*Aur.* With all th'assurance Innocence can bring,  
Fearless without, because secure within,  
Arm'd with my courage, unconcern'd I see  
This pomp ; a shame to you, a pride to me.<sup>1</sup>  
Shame is but where with wickedness 'tis joyn'd ;  
And, while no baseness in this breast I find,  
I have not lost the birth-right of my mind. }

*Emp.* Children (the blind effect of Love and Chance,  
Form'd by their sportive Parents ignorance)  
Bear from their birth th'impressions of a Slave :<sup>2</sup>  
Whom Heav'n for play-games first, and then for service gave.<sup>3</sup>  
One then may be displac'd, and one may Reign :  
And want of merit, render birth-right vain.<sup>4</sup>

*Mor.* Comes he t'upbraid us with his innocence ?  
Seize him, and take the preaching *Brachman* hence.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *a shame* . . . *me*, which is a disgrace to you, but a source of pride to me.

<sup>2</sup> *Bea* . . . *Slave*, are stamped as slaves to their parents' will.

<sup>3</sup> *Whom Heav'n* . . . *gave*, whom Heaven gave first for the amusement, and then for the service, of their parents.

<sup>4</sup> *render* . . . *vain*, annul birthright.

<sup>5</sup> *Brachman*, one of the various forms of the word now more properly spelt *Bráhmán*, from Sanskrit *bráhmāna*, f. *bráhman*, praise, worship. This form was in use as late as Pope, in whose *Temple of Fame*, 100, we have, "And *Brachmans*, deep in desert woods rever'd." Of Aureng-Zebe, Bernier, *Travels*, p. 10, writes, "When in his father's court, he feigned a devotion which he never felt, and affected contempt for worldly grandeur while clandestinely endeavouring to pave the way to future elevation. Even when nominated Viceroy of the *Deccan*, he caused it to be believed that his feelings would be better gratified if permitted to turn *Fakire*, that is to say, a beggar, a *Derviche*, or one who has renounced the World ; that the wish nearest his heart was to pass the rest of his days in prayer or in offices of piety, and that he shrank from the cares and responsibility of government. . . . The high opinion expressed by *Chah-Jehán* of his son *Aureng-Zebe*, provoked the envy of *Dará*, and he would sometimes say to his intimate friends, that, of all his brothers, the only one who excited his suspicion, and filled him with alarm, was that *Nemazi*—or, as we should say, 'that *Bigot*,' that ever-prayerful one."

*Aur.* Stay, Sir ; I, from my years, no merit plead :  
 All my designs and acts to duty lead. [To his Father.  
 Your Life and Glory are my only end ;  
 And for that prize I with *Morat* contend.

*Mor.* Not him alone ; I all Mankind defie.  
 Who dares adventure more for both<sup>1</sup> than I ?

*Aur.* I know you brave, and take you at your word :  
 That present service which you vaunt, afford.<sup>2</sup>  
 Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead :  
 Though vanquish'd, yet again they gather head.  
 I dare you, as your Rival in renown,  
 March out your Army from th'Imperial Town :  
 Chuse whom you please, the other leave to me :  
 And set our Father absolutely free.  
 This, if you do, to end all future strife,  
 I am content to lead a private life :<sup>3</sup>  
 Disband my Army to secure the State,  
 Nor aim at more, but leave the rest to fate.

*Mor.* I'll do't. Draw out my Army on the plain :  
 War is to me a pastime, peace a pain.

*Emp. (to Morat)* Think better first.  
*(To Aur.)* You see yourself inclos'd beyond escape,  
 And therefore, *Proteus*-like,<sup>4</sup> you change your shape.  
 Of promise prodigal, while pow'r you want,  
 And preaching in the Self-denying Cant.<sup>5</sup>

*Mor.* Plot better ; for these Arts too obvious are,  
 Of gaining time, the Masterpiece of War :<sup>6</sup>  
 Is *Aureng-Zebe* so known ?

<sup>1</sup> both, sc. Sháhjahán's "life and glory."

<sup>2</sup> afford, display.

<sup>3</sup> *I am content* . . . *life*, see Bernier, pp. 56-7.

<sup>4</sup> *Proteus-like*, the prophetic old man of the sea, who when questioned as to the future changed himself into various shapes, but if held fast, returned to his own form and gave a true answer to the inquiries.

<sup>5</sup> *preaching* . . . *Cant*, using this cant about self-denial.

<sup>6</sup> *for these* . . . *War*, for you employ these arts only to gain time, a practice most excellent in war.

*Aur.* ——— If Acts like mine,  
 So far from int'rest, profit, or design,  
 Can show my heart, by those I would be known :<sup>1</sup>  
 I wish you could as well defend your own.  
 My absent Army for my Father fought :  
 Yours, in these Walls, is to inslave him brought.  
 If I come singly, you an armed guest,  
 'The world with ease may judge whose Cause is best.<sup>2</sup>

*Mor.* My Father saw you ill designs pursue :  
 And my admission<sup>3</sup> show'd his fear of you.

*Aur.* Himself best knows why he his Love withdraws :  
 I owe him more than to declare the Cause.<sup>4</sup>  
 But still I press our duty may be shown  
 By Arms.

*Mor.* ——— I'll vanquish all his foes alone.

*Aur.* You speak as if you could the Fates command,  
 And had no need of any other hand.  
 But, since my Honour you so far suspect,  
 'Tis just I should on your designs reflect.  
 To prove your self a Loyal Son, declare  
 You'll lay down arms when you conclude the War.

*Mor.* No present answer your demand requires ;<sup>5</sup>  
 'The War once done, I'll do what Heav'n inspires.  
 And while the Sword this Monarchy secures,  
 'Tis mannag'd by an abler Arm than yours.

*Emp.* *Mora's* design a doubtful meaning bears : [*Apart.*  
 In *Aureng-Zebe* true Loyalty appears.  
 He, for my safety, does his own despise ;  
 Still, with his wrongs, I find his duty rise.

<sup>1</sup> *Known*, judged, estimated.

<sup>2</sup> *If I come* . . . *best*, from the fact that I come unattended by any, while you, presenting yourself as a guest, are backed up by your troops, the world may judge, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *my admission*, the fact that he has gladly admitted me within the walls.

<sup>4</sup> *the Cause*, *sc.* Sháhjahán's rivalry for Indamora.

<sup>5</sup> *No present* . . . *requires*, there is no necessity why I should now declare what I will do or not do.

I feel my Virtue struggling in my Soul,  
 But stronger passion does its pow'r controul.  
 Yet be advis'd your ruine to prevent. [To Aur. *apart*.  
 You might be safe, if you would give consent.

*Aur.* So to your welfare I of use may be,<sup>1</sup>  
 My life or death are equal both to me.

*Emp.* The peoples hearts are yours ; the Fort yet mine :  
 Be wise, and *Indamora's* love resign.  
 I am observ'd :<sup>2</sup> remember that I give  
 This my last proof of kindness, die, or live.

*Aur.* Life, with my *Indamora*, I would chuse ;  
 But, losing her, the end of living lose.  
 I had consider'd all I ought before ;  
 And fear of death can make me change no more.  
 The peoples love so little I esteem,  
 Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.<sup>3</sup>  
 May he who must your favour now possess,  
 Much better serve you, and not love you less.

*Emp.* I've heard you ; and, to finish the debate, [*Aloud*.  
 Commit that Rebel pris'ner to the State.

*Mor.* The deadly draught he shall begin this day :<sup>4</sup>  
 And languish with insensible decay.

*Aur.* I hate the lingring summons to attend,  
 Death all at once would be the nobler end.

<sup>1</sup> *So . . . be*, provided only I may be of use in securing your well-being.

<sup>2</sup> *I am observ'd*, Morat notices our talking together.

<sup>3</sup> *Condemn'd . . . them*, if you condemn me, I do not care to owe my success to them.

<sup>4</sup> *The deadly . . . day*, a reference to the *poust*, which "is nothing but poppy-heads crushed, and allowed to soak for a night in water. This is the potion generally given to Princes confined in the fortress of *Goiialeor*, whose heads the Monarch is deterred by prudential reasons from taking off. A large cup of this beverage is brought to them early in the morning, and they are not given anything to eat until it be swallowed ; they would sooner let the prisoner die of hunger. This drink emaciates the wretched victims, who lose their strength and intellect by slow degrees, become torpid and senseless, and at length die."—*Bernier's Travels*, pp. 106-7.



Fate is unkind ! me-thinks a General  
Should warm, and at the head of Armies fall.<sup>1</sup>  
And my ambition did that hope pursue,  
That so I might have di'd in fight for you. [*To his Father.*

*Mor.* Would I had been disposer of thy Stars :  
Thou shouldst have had thy wish, and di'd in Wars.  
'Tis I, not thou, have reason to repine,  
That thou shouldst fall by any hand, but mine.

*Aur.* When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a man begin ;<sup>2</sup>  
But the brute Soul, by chance, was shuff'd in.<sup>3</sup>  
In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain :  
Where valiant Beasts, by force and rapine, reign.  
In Life's next Scene, if Transmigration be,<sup>4</sup>  
Some Bear or Lion is reserv'd for thee.

*Mor.* Take heed thou com'st not in that Lion's way :  
I prophesie thou wilt thy Soul convey  
Into a Lamb,<sup>5</sup> and be again my Prey. }  
Hence with that dreaming Priest.

*Nour.* ——— Let me prepare  
The pois'nous draught : his death shall be my care.  
Near my Apartment let him pris'ner be,  
That I his hourly ebbs of life may see.

*Aur.* My life I would not ransom with a pray'r :  
'Tis vile, since 'tis not worth my Father's care.  
I go not, Sir, indebted to my grave :<sup>6</sup>  
You pai'd your self, and took the life you gave. [*Exit.*

*Emp.* O that I had more sense of vertue left, [*Aside.*  
Or were of that, which yet remains, bereft.

<sup>1</sup> *Should warm*, . . . *fall*, ought to perish in the heat of battle and at the head of his army.

<sup>2</sup> *Heav'n* . . . *begin*, Heaven intended to form a noble man.

<sup>3</sup> *But* . . . *in*, but the sensual soul which animates you was by some accident allowed to find its way into your body.

<sup>4</sup> *if Transmigration be*, if there is any truth in the doctrine of transmigration.

<sup>5</sup> *I prophesie* . . . *Lamb*, cp. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 130-8.

<sup>6</sup> *I go not* . . . *grave*, in going to, my grave, I no longer owe you aught, since you, &c.

I've just enough to know how I offend,  
And, to my shame, have not enough to mend.  
I lead to the Mosque ———

*Mor.* Love's pleasures why should dull devotion stay?  
Heav'n to my *Melesinda's* but the way.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt* Emperor, Morat, and Train.

*Zayd.* Sure *Aureng-Zebe* has somewhat of Divine,  
Whose virtue through so dark a cloud can shine.  
Fortune has from *Morat* this day remov'd  
The greatest Rival, and the best belov'd.

*Nour.* He is not yet remov'd.

*Zayd.* ————— He lives, 'tis true;  
But soon must die, and, what I mourn, by you.

*Nour.* My *Zayda*, may thy words prophetick be:  
I take the Omen, let him die by me. [*Embracing her eagerly.*  
He stiff'd in my arms shall lose his breath:  
And Life it self shall envious be of Death.

*Zay.* Bless me, you pow'rs above!

*Nour.* ——— Why dost thou start?  
Is Love so strange? or have not I a heart?  
Could *Aureng-Zebe* so lovely seem to thee,  
And I want eyes that noble worth to see?  
Thy little Soul was but to wonder mov'd:  
My sense of it was higher, and I lov'd.  
That Man, that God-like Man, so brave, so great;  
But these are thy small praises I repeat.  
I'm carri'd by a Tide of Love away:  
He's somewhat more than I my self can say.

*Zay.* Though all th' Idea's you can form be true,  
He must not, cannot be possess'd by you.  
If contradicting int'rests could be mixt,<sup>2</sup>  
Nature her self hath cast a bar betwixt.

<sup>1</sup> *Heav'n . . . way*, in going to my *Melesinda*, I am going to my heaven.

<sup>2</sup> *If contradicting . . . mixt*, even if it were possible to reconcile the conflicting interests of your parental love for your son and your sensual love for *Aureng-Zebe*.

And, ere you reach to this incestuous love,  
You must Divine and Humane Rights remove.

*Nour.* Count this among the wonders love has done :  
I had forgot he was my Husband's Son !

*Zay.* Nay, more : you have forgot who is your own :  
For whom your care so long design'd the Throne.  
*Morat* must fall, if *Aureng-Zebe* should rise.

*Nour.* 'Tis true ; but who was ere in love, and wise ?<sup>1</sup>  
Why was that fatal knot of Marriage ti'd,  
Which did, by making us too near, divide ?<sup>2</sup>  
Divides me from my Sex ! for Heav'n, I find,  
Excludes but me alone of Woman-kind.<sup>3</sup>  
I stand with guilt confounded, lost with shame,  
And yet made wretched only by a name.  
If names have such command on humane Life,  
Love sure's a name that's more Divine than Wife.  
'That Sovereign power all guilt from action takes,  
At least the stains are beautiful it makes.

*Zay.* Th'incroaching ill you early should oppose :  
Flatter'd 'tis worse, and by indulgence grows.<sup>4</sup>

*Nour.* Alas ! and what have I not said or done ?  
I fought it to the last : and Love has wonn.  
A bloody Conquest ; which destruction brought,  
And ruin'd all the Countrey<sup>5</sup> where he fought.  
Whether this Passion from above was sent  
'The Fate of him Heav'n favours to prevent,"  
Or as the curse of fortune in excess ;

<sup>1</sup> *but who . . . wise ?* Dryden's adaptation of Publius Syrus, *Sent.* 15, *Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.*

<sup>2</sup> *divide*, separate us (*sc.* herself and Aureng-Zebe).

<sup>3</sup> *Excludes . . . Woman-kind*, she as the wife of Aureng-Zebe's father being alone of all women forbidden to love Aureng-Zebe.

<sup>4</sup> *Th'incroaching ill . . . grows*, an adaptation of Ovid's lines, *Remedia Amoris*, 91, 2, *Obsta principiis : sero medicina paratur Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.*

<sup>5</sup> *all the Countrey*, *sc.* her being, her heart.

<sup>6</sup> *The Fate . . . prevent*, the construction is "to prevent" (*i.e.* hinder, stave off) "the Fate of him whom Heaven favours."

That, stretching, would beyond its reach possess :  
 And, with a taste which plenty does deprave,<sup>1</sup>  
 Loaths lawful good, and lawless ill does crave ?

*Zay.* But yet consider ———

*Nour.* — No, 'tis loss of time :  
 Think how to farther, not divert my crime.  
 My artful Engines<sup>2</sup> instantly I'll move :  
 And chuse the soft and gentlest hour of Love.  
 The Under-Provost of the Fort is mine.  
 But see, *Morat* ! I'll whisper my design.

*Enter Morat with Arimant, as talking : Attendants.*

*Arim.* And for that cause was not in publick seen :  
 But stays in Prison with the Captive Queen.

*Mor.* Let my Attendants wait ; I'll be alone :  
 Where least of State, there most of Love is shown.

*Nour.* My Son, your bus'ness is not hard to guess ;  
[ *To Mor.*

Long absence makes you eager to possess :  
 I will not importune you by my stay ;<sup>4</sup>  
 She merits all the Love which you can pay. [*Exit with Zayda.*

*Re-enter Arimant, with Melesinda ; then Exit. Morat runs  
 to Melesinda, and embraces her.*

*Mor.* Should I not chide you, that you chose to stay  
 In gloomy shades, and lost a glorious day ?  
 Lost the first-fruits of joy you should possess  
 In my return, and made my Triumph less ?

*Mel.* Should I not chide, that you could stay and see  
 Those joys, preferring publick Pomp to me ?

<sup>1</sup> *with a taste . . . depravé*, with a taste rendered vicious by satiety.

<sup>2</sup> *artful Engines*, skilful stratagems.

<sup>3</sup> *Where least . . . shown*, love is shown most effectually by the absence of all ostentation of it.

<sup>4</sup> *I will not . . . stay*, I will not pester you by remaining, will not by my presence hinder you from the delights you seek ; *importune*, accented on the first syllable.

Through my dark Cell your shouts of Triumph rung :  
I heard with pleasure ; but I thought 'em long.

*Mor.* The publick will in Triumphs rudely share.<sup>1</sup>  
And Kings the rudness of their joys must bear :  
But I made haste to set my Captive free :  
And thought that work was only worthy me.  
The Fame of antient Matrons you pursue ;  
And stand a blameless pattern to the new.  
I have not words to praise such Acts as these :  
But take my Heart, and mold it as you please.

*Mel.* A trial of your kindness I must make,  
Though not for mine so much as Virtue's sake.  
The Queen of *Cassimeer*——

*Morat.* —— No more, my love ;  
That only suit I beg you not to move.  
That she's in Bonds for *Aureng-Zebe* I know,<sup>2</sup>  
And should, by my consent, continue so. }  
The good old man, I fear, will pity show.  
My Father dotes, and let him still dote on ;  
He buys his Mistris dearly with his Throne.

*Mel.* See her ; and then be cruel if you can.

*Mor.* 'Tis not with me as with a private Man,  
Such may be sway'd by Honour, or by Love ;  
But Monarchs, only by their int'rest move.

*Mel.* Heav'n does a Tribute for your pow'r demand :  
He leaves th'opprest and poor upon your hand.<sup>3</sup>  
And those who Stewards of his pity prove,  
He blesses, in return, with publick love ;  
In his distress, some Miracle is shown :  
If exil'd, Heav'n restores him to his Throne.

<sup>1</sup> *The publick . . . share*, the common people insist upon sharing the triumphal entry of their leaders.

<sup>2</sup> *That she's . . . know*, that she is kept in confinement on account of *Aureng-Zebe*, I am well aware.

<sup>3</sup> *Heav'n does . . . hand*, in return for the power placed in your hands by Heaven, it demands that you should pay tribute by succouring the poor and oppressed.

*Mor.* You promis'd friendship in your low estate ;  
And should forget it in your better fate ;<sup>1</sup>  
Such Maxims<sup>2</sup> are more plausible than true ;  
But somewhat must be given to love and you.  
I'll view this Captive Queen ; to let her see,  
Pray'rs and complaints are lost on such as me.

*As she is going off, Enter Indamora.*

In saving me, you would but half be kind.<sup>4</sup>  
An humble Suppliant at your feet I lie ;  
You have condemn'd my better part to die.  
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I cannot live ;  
Revoke his Doom, or else my Sentence give.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *You promis'd . . . fate*, your promise of friendship was made when things were at a low ebb with you, and may well be forgotten now that fortune has raised you to a higher state.

<sup>3</sup> *Since you . . . avow*, since you avow that you have taken my protection upon yourself.

<sup>4</sup> *you would . . . kind, i.e. by leaving Aureng-Zebe to perish.*

<sup>b</sup> *Revoke* . . . give, either revoke the sentence passed upon him, or pass a like sentence upon me.

And all I yet would suffer for your sake ;  
By you your self, the last and dearest tie——

*Mor.* You move in vain ; for *Aureng-Zebe* must die.

*Ind.* Could that Decree from any Brother come ?  
Nature her self is sentenc'd in your doom.<sup>1</sup>

Piety is no more, she sees her place  
Usurp'd by Monsters, and a savage Race.  
From her soft Eastern Climes you drive her forth,  
To the cold Mansions of the utmost North.  
How can our Prophet suffer you to Reign,  
When he looks down, and sees your Brother slain ?  
Avenging Furies will your life pursue :  
Think there's a Heav'n, *Morat*, though not for you.

*Mel.* Her words imprint a terror on my mind.  
What if this death, which is for him design'd,  
Had been your Doom, (far be that Augury !)  
And you, not *Aureng-Zebe*, condemn'd to die ?  
Weigh well the various turns of Humane fate,  
And seek, by mercy, to secure your State.<sup>2</sup>

*Ind.* Had Heav'n the Crown for *Aureng-Zebe* design'd,  
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous mind.  
Pity does with a noble nature suit :  
A Brother's life had suffer'd no dispute.<sup>3</sup>  
All things have right in life, our Prophet's care  
Commands the beings ev'n of Brutes to spare.<sup>4</sup>  
'Though int'rest his restraint has justifi'd,  
Can life, and to a Brother, be deni'd ?

<sup>1</sup> *Nature* . . . *doom*, in sentencing him to death you are condemning yourself who are one with him in nature ; in birth you are part and parcel with him, and in dooming him you are dooming all natural affection.

<sup>2</sup> *to secure your State*, to make your own position impregnable.

<sup>3</sup> *A Brother's* . . . *dispute*, there would have been no question in his mind as to sparing your life.

<sup>4</sup> *Commands* . . . *spare*, cp. *The Conquest of Granada*, Pt. ii. i. 1, "Our holy prophet wills that charity should even to birds and beasts extended be." Dryden has here apparently confused Moslems with Hindoos.

*Mor.* All Reasons for his safety urg'd, are weak :  
And yet, me-thinks, 'tis Heav'n to hear you speak.

*Mel.* 'Tis part of your own being to invade<sup>1</sup>——

*Mor.* Nay, if she fail to move, would you persuade?<sup>2</sup>

[*Turning to Inda.*

My Brother does a glorious fate pursue.

I envy him, that he must fall for you.

He had been base had he releas'd his right :

For such an Empire none but Kings should fight.

If with a Father, he disputes this prize,

My wonder ceases when I see these Eyes.

*Mel.* And can you then deny those Eyes you praise?<sup>3</sup>  
Can beauty wonder, and not pity raise?<sup>4</sup>

*Mor.* Your intercession now is needless grown :  
Retire, and let me speak with her alone.

[*Melesinda retires, weeping, to the side of the Theatre.*

Queen, that you may not fruitless tears employ,

[*Taking Indamora's hand.*

I bring you news to fill your heart with joy :

Your lover King of all the East shall Reign :

For *Aureng-Zebe* to morrow shall be slain.

*Ind.* The hopes you rais'd y'ave blasted with a breath :

[*Starting back.*

With Triumphs you began, but end with Death.

Did you not say, my lover should be King ?

*Mor.* I, in *Morat*, the best of lovers bring ?

For one forsaken both of Earth and Heav'n,

Your kinder Stars a nobler choice have given :

My Father, while I please, a King appears ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis part . . . invade, cp. above, "Nature her self is sentenc'd in your doom."

<sup>2</sup> would you persuade! do you fancy that it is in *your* power to use stronger persuasion ?

<sup>3</sup> And can . . . praise? And can you deny anything to that beauty you praise in such terms?

<sup>4</sup> Can beauty . . . raise? Can beauty which excites your wonder not call up your pity also? in reference to *Morat's* words two lines above.



His pow'r is more declining than his Years.  
 An Emperor and Lover, but in show :  
 But you, in me, have Youth and fortune too.  
 As Heav'n did to your eyes and form Divine,  
 Submit the fate of all th' Imperial line ;  
 So was it order'd by its wise Decree,  
 That you should find 'em all compris'd in me.

*Ind.* If, Sir, I seem not discompos'd with rage,  
 Feed not your fancy with a false presage.  
 Farther to press your Courtship is but vain :  
 A cold refusal carries more disdain,  
 Unsettled Virtue<sup>1</sup> stormy may appear :  
 Honour, like mine, serenely is severe.  
 To scorn your person, and reject your Crown,  
 Disorder not my face into a frown.<sup>2</sup> [*Turns from him.*]

*Mor.* Your fortune you should rev'rently have us'd :<sup>3</sup>  
 Such offers are not twice to be refus'd.  
 I go to *Aureng-Zebe*, and am in haste :  
 For your Commands, they're like to be the last.

*Ind.* Tell him,  
 With my own death I would his life redeem ;  
 But, less than Honour, both our lives esteem.

*Mor.* Have you no more ?

*Ind.* — What shall I do or say ? [*Aside.*]  
 He must not in this fury go away.  
 Tell him, I did in vain his Brother move ;  
 And yet he falsly said, he was in love.  
 Falsly ; for had he truly lov'd, at least,  
 He would have giv'n one day to my request.

*Mor.* A little yielding may my love advance :<sup>4</sup>  
 She darted from her eyes a sidelong glance,

<sup>1</sup> *Unsettled Virtue*, virtue not firmly fixed, virtue that has any doubts as to its own firmness.

<sup>2</sup> *Disorder . . . frown*, sully my beauty by even so much as a frown.

<sup>3</sup> *Your fortune . . . us'd*, you should have accepted with more grateful submission the good fortune offered you by me.

<sup>4</sup> *advance*, promote the success of.

Just as she spoke ; and, like her words, it flew :  
Seem'd not to beg, what yet she bid me do.

A Brother, Madam, cannot give a day ; [To her.

A Servant, and who hopes to merit, may.<sup>1</sup>

*Mel.* If, Sir ——— [coming to him.

*Mor.* No more — set speeches, and a formal tale,  
With none but States-men and grave Fools prevail.

Dry up your tears, and practise every Grace,  
That fits the Pageant of your Royal place.<sup>2</sup> [Exit.

*Mel.* Madam, the strange reverse of Fate you see :  
[To Ind.

I piti'd you, now you may pity me. [Exit after him.

*Ind.* Poor Princess ! thy hard fate I could bemoan,  
Had I not nearer sorrows of my own.

Beauty is seldom fortunate, when great :

A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt.

Like those whom want to baseness does betray :

I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot pay.

O would he be content to seize the Throne :

I beg the life of *Aureng-Zebe* alone.

Whom Heav'n would bless, from pomp it will remove,<sup>3</sup>

And make their wealth in privacy and Love. [Exit.

<sup>1</sup> *A Brother . . . may*, from me on the score of brotherly love you need not hope to obtain a respite of Aureng-Zebe's life, even for a day ; though from me as your lover, and a lover who hopes to meet the reward of his deserts, you may hope for mercy towards him ; *Servant*, a frequent term of gallantry in former days for a devoted lover.

<sup>2</sup> *That fits . . . place*, that it becomes the splendour of your position to display.

<sup>3</sup> *from pomp . . . remove*, it is sure to free from that pomp which would mar the perfect enjoyment of its gifts.

## ACT IV

*Aureng-Zebe solus.*

**D**ISTRUST, and darkness, of a future state,  
 Make poor mankind so fearful of their fate.  
 Death, in it self, is nothing ; but we fear  
 To be we know not what, we know not where.<sup>1</sup> [*Soft Musick.*  
 This is the Ceremony of my fate :<sup>2</sup>  
 A parting Treat ; and I'm to die in State.  
 They lodge me, as were I the *Persian* King :<sup>3</sup>  
 And with luxurious pomp my death they bring.

*To him Nourmahal.*

*Nour.* I thought before you drew your latest breath,  
 To smooth your passage, and to soften death ;  
 For I would have you, when you upward move,  
 Speak kindly of me, to our Friends above :<sup>4</sup>  
 Nor name me there th' occasion of your Fate ;  
 Or what my Interest does, impute to Hate.<sup>5</sup>

*Aur.* I ask not for what end your pomp's<sup>6</sup> design'd ;  
 Whether t'insult, or to compose my mind :

<sup>1</sup> *To be . . . where*, cp. *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 78-80, "the dread of something after death, The undiscover'd country from whose bourn No traveller returns."

<sup>2</sup> *This is . . . fate*, this (*i.e.* the Soft Music he hears) is an accompaniment to my death, a ceremony which marks that death is at hand.

<sup>3</sup> *the Persian King*, the pomp and ceremony of Persian Kings was and is proverbial.

<sup>4</sup> *our Friends above*, the dear ones who have passed to heaven before us.

<sup>5</sup> *Or what . . . Hate*, or impute to hatred to you that which interest in my son's behalf compels me to do.

<sup>6</sup> *your pomp*, the music which he takes as a prelude to his death.

I mark'd it not ;  
 But, knowing Death would soon th'assault begin,  
 Stood firm collected in my Strength within :  
 To guard that breach did all my forces guide,  
 And left unmann'd the quiet Senses side.<sup>1</sup>

*Nour.* Because *Morat* from me his being took,  
 All I can say will much suspected look :  
 'Tis little to confess your fate I grieve ;  
 Yet more than you would easily believe.

*Aur.* Since my inevitable death you know, }  
 You safely unavailing pity show : }  
 'Tis Popular<sup>2</sup> to mourn a dying foe.

*Nour.* You made my Liberty your late request :  
 Is no return due from a grateful breast ?  
 I grow impatient, till I find some way  
 Great Offices,<sup>3</sup> with greater, to repay.

*Aur.* When I consider Life, 'tis all a cheat ;  
 Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Trust on, and think to morrow will repay :  
 To morrow's falser than the former day ;  
 Lies worse ; and while it says, we shall be blest  
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.  
 Strange couzenage ! none would live past years again,  
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;  
 And, from the dregs of Life, think to receive  
 What the first sprightly running could not give.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *To guard . . . site*, to man that breach in my soul by which death would endeavour to enter, to resist that attack which death would make upon my constancy, I directed all my efforts, and paid no heed to the organs of sense, which were undisturbed by this attendant pomp.

<sup>2</sup> *Popular*, a thing that all are wont to do.

<sup>3</sup> *Offices*, kindnesses, favours.

<sup>4</sup> *men . . . deceit*, encourage the deception, are only too willing to be deceived with hopes which they well know to be vain. Cp. *Macbeth*, v. 5. 24-6.

<sup>5</sup> *What . . . give*, what life in its early vigour could not give.

I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,<sup>1</sup>  
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

*Nour.* 'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue ;  
It pays our hopes with something still that's new :  
Each day's a Mistris, unenjoy'd before ;  
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.  
Did you but know what joys your way attend,  
You would not hurry to your journeys end.

*Aur.* I need not haste the end of life to meet ;  
The precipice is just beneath my feet.

*Nour.* Think not my sense of Virtue is so small :  
I'll rather leap down first, and break your fall.  
My *Aureng Zebe*, (may I not call you so ?)

[*Taking him by the hand.*

Behold me now no longer as your foe ;  
I am not, cannot be your Enemy :  
Look, is there any malice in my eye ?

Pray sit -----

[*Both sit.*

That distance shows too much respect, or fear :  
You'll find no danger in approaching near.

*Aur.* Forgive th'amazement of my doubtful state :  
This kindness from the Mother of *Morat* !<sup>2</sup>  
Or is't some Angel, pitying what I bore,  
Who takes that shape, to make my wonder more ?

*Nour.* Think me your better *Genius*<sup>3</sup> in disguise ;  
Or any thing that more may charm your eyes.

<sup>1</sup> *this Chymick Gold*, an allusion to the transmutation of metals and the Grand Elixir of the alchemists, the *aurum potabile*, which they pretended would restore youth and confer immortality ; cp. Dryden's *Rival Ladies*, v. 3, "I'll watch it patiently, as chemists do Their golden birth ; and when 'tis changed, receive it With greater care than they their rich elixir, Just passing from one vial to another."

<sup>2</sup> *This kindness . . . Morat !* To think that I should receive such kindness from one who, as the mother of my rival, necessarily hates me.

<sup>3</sup> *Genius*, the good spirit supposed to accompany a man through life and prompt his better actions, as his evil genius prompted his worse actions ; cp. *Macbeth*, iii. 1. 55-7, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 3. 19-22.

Your Guardian Angel never could excel  
In care,<sup>1</sup> nor could he love his charge so well.

*Aur.* Whence can proceed so wonderful a change?

*Nour.* Can kindness to desert, like yours, be strange?  
Kindness by secret Sympathy is ty'd;  
For Noble Souls in Nature are alli'd.

I saw with what a brow you brav'd your Fate;  
Yet with what mildness bore your Father's hate.

My Virtue, like a string wound up by Art,  
To the same sound, when yours was touch'd, took part,  
At distance shook, and trembled at my heart.<sup>2</sup> }

*Aur.* I'll not complain my Father is unkind,  
Since so much pity from a foe I find.  
Just Heav'n reward this act.

*Nour.* 'Tis well the debt no payment does demand,  
You turn me over to another hand.<sup>3</sup>

But happy, happy she,  
And with the bless'd above to be compar'd,  
Whom you your self would, with your self, reward:  
The greatest, nay, the fairest of her kind,  
Would envy her that Bliss which you design'd.

*Aur.* Great Princes thus, when favourites they raise,  
To justify their Grace, their Creatures praise.<sup>4</sup>

*Nour.* As Love the Noblest passion we account,  
So to the highest Object it should mount.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *care*, solicitude for your welfare.

<sup>2</sup> *like a string . . . heart*, an allusion to the ascertained fact that if two stringed instruments are tuned to the same pitch, and the strings of one are touched, the other instrument, if near it, will give forth a responsive sound. Cp. *The Princess*, iii. 74, "Consonant chords that shiver to one note."

<sup>3</sup> *You turn . . . hand*, you leave it to another to pay your debt; referring to his words, "Since so much pity from a foe I find, Just Heav'n reward this act."

<sup>4</sup> *To justify . . . praise*, seek to justify their extravagant partiality by magnifying the merits of the low-born, base creatures they have raised to eminence.

<sup>5</sup> *So . . . mount*, so it ought to mount to the highest object, as mine does in fixing itself on you.

It shows you brave when mean desires you shun.

An Eagle only can behold the Sun :

And so must you ; if yet, presage Divine

There be in Dreams, or was't a Vision mine ?

*Aur.* Of me ?

*Nour.* ——— And who could else employ my thought ?

I dream'd, your love was by love's Goddess sought ;

Officious Cupids, hov'ring o'r your head,

Held Myrtle wreaths : beneath your feet were spread

What Sweets soe'r *Sabeen*<sup>1</sup> Springs disclose,

Our *Indian* Jasmine,<sup>2</sup> or the *Syrian* Rose :<sup>3</sup>

The wanton Ministers around you strove

For service, and inspir'd their Mother's Love :

Close by your side, and languishing, she lies,

With blushing cheeks, short breath, and wishing eyes ;

Upon your breast supinely lay her head,

While, on your face, her famish'd sight she fed,

Then, with a sigh, into these words she broke,

(And gather'd humid kisses<sup>4</sup> as she spoke.)

Dull, and ingrateful ! must I offer love ?

Desir'd of Gods, and envi'd ev'n by *Jove* :

And dost thou ignorance or fear pretend ?

<sup>1</sup> *Sabean*, the country of the Sabeans, in Arabia Felix, produced all the most precious spices and perfumes of Arabia, and carried on an extensive trade with the East.

<sup>2</sup> *Indian Jasmine*, a most fragrant flower, of which commonly are made the wreaths hung round the necks of guests at a festival ; the *Chameli*, or *Jasminum grandiflorum*.

<sup>3</sup> *Syrian Rose*, the Damask Rose, so famous for its scent. In his description of Damascus, Kinglake, *Easton*, ch. xxvii., writes, "High, high above your head, and on every side all down to the ground, the thicket is hemmed in, and choked up by the interlacing boughs that droop with the weight of roses, and load the slow air with their damask breath. There are no other flowers."

<sup>4</sup> *humid*, moist, fresh ; cp. Dryden's translation of Virgil, *Eclogue*, x. 20, "And hung with *humid* pearls the lowly shrub appears" ; a line imitated by Pope, *Fable of Dryope*, 65, "Thy branches hung with *humid pearls* appear."

Mean Soul ! and dar'st not gloriously offend ?<sup>1</sup>

Then, pressing thus his hand ——

*Aur.* —— I'll hear no more. [*Rising up.*]

'Twas impious to have understood before ;<sup>2</sup>

And I, till now, endeavour'd to mistake

Th'incestuous meaning which too plain you make.

*Nour.* And why this niceness to that pleasure shown,<sup>3</sup>

Where Nature sums up all her joys in one ;

Gives all she can, and labouring still to give,

Makes it so great, we can but taste and live :

So fills the Senses, that the Soul seems fled,

And thought it self does, for the time, lie dead ;

Till like a String scru'd up with eager haste,

It breaks, and is too exquisite to last ?<sup>4</sup>

*Aur.* Heav'ns ! can you this, without just vengeance,  
hear ?

When will you thunder, if it now be clear ?<sup>5</sup>

Yet her alone let not your Thunder seize :

I, too, deserve to die, because I please.<sup>6</sup>

*Nour.* Custom our Native Royalty does awe ;

Promiscuous Love is Nature's general Law :

For whosoever the first Lovers were,

Brother and Sister made the second Pair,

<sup>1</sup> *Mean Soul ! . . . offend*, cp. Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, i. 152, "Great wits may sometimes *gloriously* offend."

<sup>2</sup> *'Twas impious . . . before*, it was an act of impiety in me even to have suspected you of such an atrocious crime.

<sup>3</sup> *And why . . . shown*, and why should you manifest such scruples about indulging in that enjoyment ?

<sup>4</sup> *It breaks . . . last*, and being strained to such a pitch it (the pleasure) gives way from its own excess.

<sup>5</sup> *When will you . . . clear?* If heaven does not now by its thunder declare its wrath, we can never expect it to do so.

<sup>6</sup> *because I please*, merely from finding favour in such a woman's eyes. For this and the two lines above, Scott compares Seneca's *Hippolytus*, which Dryden closely imitates, *Magni regnator deum Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ? Ecquando secreta fulmen emittes manu, Si nunc serenum est ! — Me velox cremet, Transactus ignis. Sum nocens, merqui mori, Placui novercæ.*



And doubled, by their love, their piety.<sup>1</sup>

*Aur.* Hence, hence, and to some barbarous Climate fly,  
Which only Brutes in humane form does yield,  
And Man grows wild in Nature's common Field.  
Who eat their parents, piety pretend;<sup>2</sup>  
Yet there no Sons their Sacred Bed ascend.  
To veil great Sins, a greater Crime you chuse;  
And, in your Incest, your Adult'ry lose.<sup>3</sup>

*Nour.* In vain this haughty fury you have shown,  
How I adore a Soul so like my own!  
You must be mine, that you may learn to live:  
Know joys, which only she who loves can give.  
Nor think that action you upbraid, so ill:  
I am not chang'd; I love my Husband still;  
But love him as he was, when youthful grace,  
And the first down began to shade his face:<sup>4</sup>  
That Image does my Virgin-flames renew,  
And all your Father<sup>5</sup> shines more bright in you.

<sup>1</sup> *piety*, natural affection; Lat. *pietas*. So Æneas from his dutifulness to his father is called *pius*.

<sup>2</sup> *Who eat . . . pretend*, savages who eat the dead bodies of their parents, do so under the pretence that natural affection enjoins the act. Cp. Montaigne, Vol. ii. ch. 12, "Nothing can be imagined so horrible, as for a man to eat his father; yet the people of old, whose custom it was to do so, looked upon it as a testimony of piety, and affection, meaning thereby to give their progenitors the most worthy and honourable sepulture; lodging in themselves, and, as it were, in their own marrow, the bodies and reliques of their fathers; and, in some sort, vivifying and regenerating them, by transmutation, into their living flesh, by means of digestion and nourishment."

<sup>3</sup> *And, . . . lose*, merge your crime to him (adultery) in the still greater crime to yourself and me (incest).

<sup>4</sup> *But love . . . face*, Langbaine traces this speech also to Seneca's *Hippolytus*, *Thesæi vultus amo; Illos priores quos tulit quondam puer, Cum prima puras barba signaret genas*. Taine, vol. ii. p. 12, sarcastically remarks that Dryden in this passage thought he was imitating Racine's *Phedre*, ii. 5. Dryden, in his *Edipus*, i. 1, has the same thought, put as a reflection into Creon's mouth.

<sup>5</sup> *all your Father*, all that was attractive in your father; so, *All for Love*, i. 1, "I have not wept this forty years; but now *My mother*

*Aur.* In me a horror of my self you raise ;  
 Curs'd by your love, and blasted by your praise.  
 You find new ways to prosecute my Fate ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And your least guilty passion was your Hate.

*Nour.* I beg my death, if you can Love deny.

[*Offering him a Dagger.*]

*Aur.* I'll grant you nothing ; no, not ev'n to die.

*Nour.* Know then, you are not half so kind as I.

[*Stamps with her foot.*]

*Enter Mutes, some with Swords drawn, one with a Cup.*

You've chosen, and may now repent too late.  
 Behold th'<sup>e</sup>ffect<sup>2</sup> of what you wish'd, my hate.  
 This Cup, a cure for both our ills has brought :

[*Taking the Cup to present him.*]

You need not fear a philtre in the Draught.<sup>3</sup>

*Aur.* All must be poison which can come from thee ;

[*Receiving it from her.*]

But this the least. T'immortal Liberty

This first I pour — like dying *Socrates* ;<sup>4</sup>

[*Spilling a little of it.*]

Grim though he be, Death pleases when he frees.

*As he is going to drink, Enter Morat attended.*

comes afresh into my eyes," *i.e.* all the tender nature of a woman ;  
 cp. also *Henry the Fifth*, iv. 6. 31, and Beaumont and Fletcher,  
*Philaster*, i. 1. "Shrink not, worthy sir, But add *your father* to you,"  
*i.e.* all the noble qualities of your father.

<sup>1</sup> *You find . . . Fate*, in displaying this passion for me, you find a new way to add to the horrors of my state.

<sup>2</sup> *effect*, issue, result.

<sup>3</sup> *You need . . . Draught*, you need not fear that I have mingled in the draught a charm to provoke your love ; what I now desire is your death ; said with bitter sarcasm.

<sup>4</sup> *like dying Socrates*, Socrates wished to do so, but on asking of the attendant (Plato, *Phædo*, lxvi. 20), "What do you say as to offering a libation, is it allowable or not ?" he was answered, "We only mix so much poison as is necessary for the purpose" ; and therefore abstained from his purpose.

*Mor.* Make not such haste, you must my leisure stay :  
Your Fate's deferr'd, you shall not die to day.

[*Taking the Cup from him.*]

*Nour.* What foolish pity has possess'd your mind,  
To alter what your prudence<sup>1</sup> once design'd ?

*Mor.* What if I please to lengthen out his date  
A day, and take a pride to cozen<sup>2</sup> Fate ?

*Nour.* 'Twill not be safe to let him live an hour.

*Mor.* I'll do't, to show my Arbitrary pow'r.

*Nour.* Fortune may take him from your hands again,  
And you repent th'occasion lost in vain.

*Mor.* I smile at what your Female fear foresees :  
I'm in Fate's place, and dictate her Decrees.

Let *Arimant* be call'd. [*Exit one of his Attendants.*]

*Aur.* Give me the poison, and I'll end your strife :  
I hate to keep a poor precarious life.<sup>3</sup>

Would I my safety on base terms receive,  
Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.

But those I could accuse, I can forgive :

By my disdainful silence, let 'em live.<sup>4</sup>

*Nour.* What am I, that you dare to bind my hand ?

[*To Mor.*]

So low, I've not a Murder at command !<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *prudence*, foresight.

<sup>2</sup> *cozen*, cheat ; from " F. *cousiner*, 'to claime kindred for advantage, or particular ends ; as he, who to save charges in travelling, goes from house to house, as *cosin* to the honour of every one' ; Cotgrave. So in mod. F., *cousiner* is 'to call cousin, to sponge, to live upon other people' ; Hamilton and Legros. The change of meaning from 'sponge' to 'beguile' or 'cheat' was easy" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

<sup>3</sup> *a poor precarious life*, a life the continuance of which depends merely upon the granting of humble entreaties.

<sup>4</sup> *By my . . . live*, let them owe their lives to the fact that I disdain to reveal their guilt ; by "those" and "them" Nourmahal alone is meant.

<sup>5</sup> *So low . . . command* ! Have I fallen so low that I have not even a single murder at my beck and call ? as though murders were ministers ever ready to obey her command. Cp. *Macbeth*, i. 5. 38-48.

Can you not one poor Life to her afford,  
 Her who gave up whole Nations to your Sword?  
 And from th'abundance of whose Soul and Heat,  
 Th' o'rflowing serv'd to make your mind so great.<sup>1</sup>

*Mor.* What did that greatness in a Woman's mind?<sup>2</sup>  
 Ill lodg'd,<sup>3</sup> and weak to act what it design'd.  
 Pleasure's your portion, and your slothful ease:  
 When Man's at leisure, study how to please.  
 Soften his angry hours with servile care,  
 And when he calls, the ready Feast prepare.  
 From Wars, and from affairs of State abstain:  
 Women Emascuate a Monarch's Reign:<sup>4</sup>  
 And murmuring Crouds, who see 'em shine with Gold,  
 That pomp, as their own ravish'd Spoils behold.<sup>5</sup>

*Nour.* Rage choaks my words: 'tis Womanly to weep:

In my swoll'n breast my close<sup>6</sup> revenge I'll keep;  
 I'll watch his tender'st part, and there strike deep. [*Aside.*]

*Aur.* Your strange proceeding does my wonder move;  
 Yet seems not to express a Brother's love.  
 Say to what Cause my rescu'd life I owe.

*Mor.* If what you ask would please, you should not know.  
 But since that knowledge, more than Death, will grieve,  
 Know, *Indamora* gain'd you this Reprieve.

*Aur.* And whence had she the pow'r to work your  
 change?

*Mor.* The pow'r of Beauty is not new or strange.

<sup>1</sup> *And from . . . great*, from the surplus of whose magnanimity you derive such greatness as belongs to you.

<sup>2</sup> *What did . . . mind?* A question of appeal equivalent to "a woman's mind was no fit place for such greatness."

<sup>3</sup> *Ill lodg'd*, cp. *As You Like It*, iii. 3. 10, "O knowledge *ill-inhabited*, worse than Jove in a thatched house!"

<sup>4</sup> *Women . . . Reign*, when women share a monarch's rule, they only enfeeble it.

<sup>5</sup> *as their own . . . behold*, regard that display of wealth as a robbery from themselves.

<sup>6</sup> *close*, secret.

Should she command me more, I could obey ;  
 But her request was bounded with a day.<sup>1</sup>  
 'Take that ;<sup>2</sup> and, if you'll spare my farther crime,  
 Be kind, and grieve to death against your time.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter Arimant.*

Remove this Pris'ner to some safer place :  
 He has, for *Indamora's* sake, found grace :  
 And, from my Mother's rage must guarded be,  
 Till you receive a new Command from me.

*Arim.* Thus love, and fortune, persecute me still,  
 And make me Slave to every Rivals will. [*Aside.*

*Aur.* How I disdain a Life, which I must buy  
 With your contempt, and her inconstancy ;  
 For a few hours, my whole content I pay :<sup>4</sup>  
 You shall not force on me another day.

[*Exit with Arimant.*

*Enter Melesinda.*

*Mel.* I have been seeking you this hour's long space,  
 And fear'd to find you in another place ;  
 But, since you're here, my jealousy grows less :  
 You will be kind to my unworthiness.  
 What shall I say, I love to that degree,  
 Each glance another way is robb'd from me.  
 Absence, and Prisons, I could bear again :  
 But sink, and die, beneath your least disdain.

<sup>1</sup> *But her request . . . day*, her request did not go beyond asking that your death might be deferred for one day.

<sup>2</sup> *Take that, sc.* a reprieve for one day : *if you'll . . . crime*, if you wish to spare me the commission of a further crime (*sc.* his murder).

<sup>3</sup> *grieve . . . time*, wear yourself out to death in due time ; this use of *against* is now colloquial only, but was common in good Elizabethan English in the sense of 'in expectation of,' 'in anticipation of.'

<sup>4</sup> *For a few . . . pay*, the sacrifice of all peace of mind is the exorbitant price I pay for the respite of a single day.

*Mor.* Why do you give your mind this needless care,  
 And, for your self, and me, new pains prepare?  
 I ne'r approved this passion<sup>1</sup> in excess:  
 If you would show your love, distrust me less.  
 I hate to be pursu'd from place to place:  
 Meet, at each turn, a stale domestick face.<sup>2</sup>  
 Th'approach of Jealousie Love cannot bear,  
 He's wild, and soon on wing, if watchful eyes come near.

*Mel.* From your lov'd presence, how can I depart?  
 My eyes pursue the object of my heart.

*Mor.* You talk as if it were our Bridal night;  
 Fondness is still th'effect of new delight;<sup>3</sup>  
 And Marriage but the pleasure of a day:  
 The Metall's base the Gilding worn away.<sup>4</sup>

*Mel.* I fear, I'm guilty of some great offence,  
 And that has bred this cold indifference.

*Mor.* 'The greatest in the world to flesh and blood;  
 You fondly love much longer than you shou'd.

*Mel.* If that be all which makes your discontent,  
 Of such a crime I never can repent.

*Mor.* Would you force Love upon me, which I shun?  
 And bring coarse fare, when appetite is gone?

*Mel.* Why did I not, in Prison, die before  
 My fatal freedom made me suffer more?  
 I had been pleas'd to think I dy'd for you,  
 And doubly pleas'd, because you then were true;  
 Then I had hope; but now, alas, have none.

*Mor.* You say you love me; let that love be shown,  
 'Tis in your power to make my happiness.

<sup>1</sup> *passion*, passionate emotion; the word was formerly used of any strong emotion—love, desire, sorrow, anger.

<sup>2</sup> *a stale domestick face*, the face of one who by being seen at every turn has lost all charm.

<sup>3</sup> *Fondness . . . delight*, fondness is never provoked but by some fresh, untasted, delight.

<sup>4</sup> *The Metall's . . . away*, the gilding being worn away, the baseness of the metal is apparent.

*Mel.* Speak quickly : to command me is to bless.

*Mor.* To *Indamora* you my Suit must move :  
You'll sure speak kindly of the man you love.

*Mel.* Oh ! rather let me perish by your hand,  
'Than break my heart, by this unkind command :  
'Think 'tis the only one I could deny ;  
And that 'tis harder to refuse than die.

Try, if you please, my Rival's heart to win :  
I'll bear the pain, but not promote the sin.  
You own what e'r perfections man can boast,  
And if she view you with my eyes she's lost.<sup>1</sup>

*Mor.* Here I renounce all love, all Nuptial ties :  
Henceforward live a stranger to my eyes :  
When I appear, see you avoid the place,  
And haunt me not with that unlucky face.

*Mel.* Hard, as it is, I this command obey,  
And haste, while I have life, to go away :  
In pity stay some hours, till I am dead,  
That blameless you may court my Rival's Bed.  
My hated face I'll not presume to show ;  
Yet I may watch your steps where e'r you go.  
Unseen, I'll gaze ; and with my latest breath,  
Bless, while I die, the Author of my death. [ *Weeping.*

*Enter Emperor.*

*Emp.* When your 'Triumphant fortune high appears,  
What cause can draw these unbecoming tears ?  
Let cheerfulness on happy Fortune wait,  
And give not thus the Counter-time to Fate.<sup>2</sup>

*Mel.* Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately smil'd :  
I doubt a Foe so newly reconcil'd.

<sup>1</sup> *And if she . . . lost*, and if she look upon you with eyes as partial as mine, she cannot help yielding to your love.

<sup>2</sup> *And give not . . . Fate*, and do not, instead of keeping time with fate, be out of time, out of tune or accord, with it ; *time* and *tune* were formerly often used synonymously.

You saw but sorrow in its waning form,  
A working Sea remaining from a Storm ;<sup>1</sup>  
When the now weary Waves roul o'r the Deep,  
And faintly murmur ere they fall asleep.

*Emp.* Your inward griefs you smother in your mind ;  
But Fame's loud voice proclaims your Lord unkind.

*Mor.* Let Fame be busie where she has to do ;<sup>2</sup>  
Tell of fought fields, and every pompous<sup>3</sup> Show.  
Those Tales are fit to fill the peoples ears ;  
Monarchs, unquestion'd, move in higher Spheres.

*Mel.* Believe not Rumor, but your self ; and see  
The kindness 'twixt my plighted Lord and me.

[*Kissing Morat.*

This is our State ; thus happily we live ;  
These are the quarrels which we take and give.  
(*Aside to Mor.*) I had no other way to force a Kiss.

Forgive my last Farewel to you, and Bliss. [*Exit.*

*Emp.* Your haughty carriage shows too much of scorn,  
And love, like hers, deserves not that return.

*Mor.* You'll please to leave me judge of what I do,<sup>4</sup>  
And not examine by the outward show.<sup>5</sup>  
Your usage of my Mother might be good :  
I judg'd it not.

*Emp.* ——— Nor was it fit you shou'd.

*Mor.* Then, in as equal Ballance weigh my deeds.

*Emp.* My Right, and my Authority, exceeds.  
Suppose (what I'll not grant) Injustice done ;  
Is judging me the duty of a Son ?

<sup>1</sup> *A working* . . . *Storm*, the remains of a storm as seen in the waves still churning themselves though the forces that had first roused their violence had now subsided. Saintsbury compares Tennyson, *Elaine*, l. 1300 ; "Sea was her wrath yet working after storm".

<sup>2</sup> *where* . . . *do*, where she has a right to be busy.

<sup>3</sup> *pompous*, see note 4, p. 51.

<sup>4</sup> *You'll please* . . . *do*, you will be good enough to leave me to judge for myself as to my own actions.

<sup>5</sup> *And not* . . . *show*, and not judge of things by mere appearances.



*Mor.* Not of a Son, but of an Emperor :  
 You cancell'd Duty when you gave me pow'r.  
 If your own actions on your Will you ground,  
 Mine shall hereafter know no other bound.  
 What meant you when you call'd me to a Throne ?  
 Was it to please me with a Name alone ?

*Emp.* 'Twas that I thought your gratitude would know  
 What to my partial kindness<sup>1</sup> you did owe :  
 That what your Birth did to your Claim deny,  
 Your merit of Obedience might supply.<sup>2</sup>

*Mor.* To your own thoughts such hopes you might propose :  
 But I took<sup>3</sup> Empire not on terms like those.  
 Of business you complain'd ; now take your ease :  
 Enjoy what e're decrepit<sup>4</sup> Age can please :  
 Eat, Sleep, and tell long Tales of what you were  
 In flow'r of Youth, if any one will hear.

*Emp.* Pow'r like new Wine, does your weak Brain surprise,  
 And its mad fumes, in hot discourses, rise :  
 But time these giddy vapours will remove ;  
 Mean while I'll taste the sober joys of Love.

*Mor.* You cannot love, nor pleasures take, or give ;  
 But life begin, when 'tis too late to live.  
 On a tir'd Courser you pursue delight,<sup>5</sup>  
 Let slip your morning and set out at night.  
 If you have liv'd, take thankfully the past :  
 Make, as you can, the sweet remembrance last.  
 If you have not enjoy'd what Youth could give,

<sup>1</sup> *my partial kindness*, *sc.* in wishing you to succeed me.

<sup>2</sup> *Your merit . . . supply*, you might make up for by your desert shown in ready obedience to my will.

<sup>3</sup> *took*, accepted, undertook.

<sup>4</sup> *decrepit*, broken down by age ; from " Lat. *decrepitus*, that makes no noise ; hence creeping about noiselessly like an old man, aged, broken down " (*Skeat, Ety. Dict.*).

<sup>5</sup> *On a tir'd Courser . . . delight*, you pursue delight upon a steed too exhausted ever to come up with it.

But life sunk through you like a leaky Sieve,  
 Accuse your self you liv'd not while you might ;  
 But, in the Captive Queen resign your right.  
 I've now resolv'd to fill your useless place ;  
 I'll take that post<sup>1</sup> to cover your disgrace,  
 And love her, for the honour of my Race. }

*Emp.* 'Thou dost but try how far I can forbear,  
 Nor art that Monster which thou wouldst appear :  
 But do not wantonly my passion move ;  
 I pardon nothing that relates to Love.  
 My fury does, like jealous Forts, pursue  
 With death, ev'n Strangers who but come to view.<sup>2</sup>

*Mor.* I did not only view, but will invade :  
 Could you shed venom from your reverend shade,  
 Like Trees, beneath whose arms 'tis death to sleep ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Did rousing Thunder your fenc'd Fortress keep,  
 Thence would I snatch my *Semele*, like *Jove*,<sup>4</sup>  
 And midst the dreadful Rack<sup>5</sup> enjoy my Love.

*Emp.* Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,  
 When Right, when Nature, struggl'd in my heart ;  
 When Heav'n call'd on me for thy Brother's claim,<sup>6</sup>  
 Broke all, and sulli'd my unspott'd fame ?

<sup>1</sup> *that post*, sc. of lover.

<sup>2</sup> *My fury* . . . *view*, my jealousy expends itself upon all who look upon Indamora with a loving eye, even though they have no sinister intentions against her ; just as forts hurl their missiles against strangers that come to view them, though only from curiosity and not with any intention of attacking them.

<sup>3</sup> *beneath* . . . *sleep*, e.g. the upas-tree.

<sup>4</sup> *Semele*, daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, beloved by Zeus, who by her request visited her in thunder and lightning. By the latter she was consumed, but Zeus rescued from the flames his prematurely born son, Dionysus, who later on carried off his mother from the infernal regions to Olympus, where she was made immortal under the name of Thyone. Dryden seems to have somewhat confused his mythology.

<sup>5</sup> *Rack*, moving body of clouds ; cp. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Shepherd's Bush*, iii. 2, "He [the north wind] blows still stubbornly, And on his boisterous rack rides my sad ruin."

<sup>6</sup> *When Heav'n* . . . *claim*, when piety urged me to support your brother's claim to the throne.

Wert thou to Empire, by my baseness, brought,  
 And wouldst thou ravish what so dear I bought ?  
 Dear ! for my Conscience and its peace I gave :<sup>1</sup>  
 Why was my Reason made my passion's slave ?  
 I see Heav'n's Justice ; thus the pow'rs Divine  
 Pay Crimes with Crimes, and punish mine by thine.

*Mor.* Crimes let them pay, and punish as they please :  
 What Pow'r makes mine, by Pow'r I mean to seize.  
 Since 'tis to that they their own greatness owe  
 Above, why should they question mine below ? [*Exit.*

*Emf.* Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art sought,  
 And with Age purchas'd art too dearly bought :  
 We're past the use of Wit, for which we toil ;  
 Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.  
 My Stock of Fame is lavish'd and decay'd ;  
 No profit of the vast profusion made.<sup>2</sup>  
 'Too late my folly I repent ; I know  
 My *Aureng-Zebe* would ne'r have us'd me so.  
 But, by his ruine I prepar'd my own ;  
 And, like a naked Tree, my shelter gone,  
 To Winds and Winter-storms must stand expos'd  
 alone.<sup>3</sup> } [*Exit.*

*Aureng-Zebe, Arimant.*

*Arim.* Give me not thanks, which I will ne'r deserve ;  
 But know, 'tis for a Nobler Price I serve.  
 By *Indamora's* will you're hither brought :  
 All my reward, in her command I sought.<sup>4</sup>  
 The rest your Letter tells you. — See, like Light,  
 She comes ; and I must vanish, like the Night. [*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> *Dear ! . . . gave, I say " dear " (i.e. at a great price), for the price I paid for it was my peace of conscience ; Conscience and its peace, a hendiadys.*

<sup>2</sup> *No profit . . . made, without any return for so vast an outlay.*

<sup>3</sup> *To Winds . . . alone, an Alexandrine.*

<sup>4</sup> *All my reward . . . sought, I ask no other reward than to obey her command ; I need no thanks of yours.*

*Enter Indamora.*

*Ind.* 'Tis now that I begin to live again :  
Heav'ns, I forgive you all my fear and pain :  
Since I behold my *Aureng-Zebe* appear,  
I could not buy him at a Price too dear.  
His name alone afforded me relief,  
Repeated as a charm to cure my grief.  
I that lov'd name did, as some God, invoke,  
And printed kisses on it while I spoke.

*Aur.* Short ease : but long, long pains from you I  
find :

Health, to my eyes ; but poison, to my mind.  
Why are you made so excellently fair ?  
So much above what other Beauties are,  
That, ev'n in cursing, you new form my breath ;<sup>1</sup>  
And make me bless those Eyes which give me death ?

*Ind.* What reason for your curses can you find ?  
My Eyes your conquest, not your death, design'd. }  
If they offend, 'tis that they are too kind. }

*Aur.* The ruins they have wrought, you will not see :  
'Too kind they are, indeed, but not to me.

*Ind.* Think you base Interest Souls, like mine, can  
sway ?

Or that, for Greatness, I can Love betray ?  
No, *Aureng-Zebe*, you merit all my heart,  
And I'm too Noble but to give a part.<sup>2</sup>  
Your Father, and an Empire !<sup>3</sup> am I known  
No more ? or have so weak a judgment shown, }  
In chusing you, to change<sup>4</sup> you for a Throne ? }

<sup>1</sup> *That, ev'n . . . breath*, when I meant to curse, you compel me to bless.

<sup>2</sup> *And I'm too Noble . . . part*, and I am too noble to give a part only ; a transposition of *but*.

<sup>3</sup> *Your . . . Empire !* Do you suppose I would accept your father's love even when accompanied by the gift of an Empire ?

<sup>4</sup> *change*, exchange.

*Aur.* How, with a truth, you would a Falshood blind!<sup>1</sup>  
 'Tis not my Father's love you have design'd ;  
 Your choice is fix'd where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd. }

*Ind.* Where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd ! has he a name ?

*Aur.* You would be told ; you glory in your shame :  
 There's Musick in the Sound ; and, to provoke  
 Your pleasure more, by me it must be spoke.  
 Then, then it ravishes, when your pleas'd ear  
 The sound does from a wretched Rival hear.

*Morat's* the name your heart leaps up to meet,  
 While *Aureng-Zebe* lies dying at your feet.

*Ind.* Who told you this ?

*Aur.* ——— Are you so lost to shame ?

*Morat, Morat, Morat :* You love the name  
 So well, your e'ry question ends in that ;  
 You force me still to answer you, *Morat*.

*Morat*, who best could tell what you reveal'd ;  
*Morat*, too proud to keep his joy conceal'd.

*Ind.* Howe'r unjust your jealousy appear,  
 It shows the loss, of what you love, you fear ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And does my pity, not my anger move :  
 I'll fond it,<sup>3</sup> as the froward Child of Love.  
 To show the truth of my unalter'd breast,  
 Know, that your life was given at my request :  
 At least Repriev'd. When Heav'n deni'd you aid,  
 She brought it ; she, whose falshood you upbraid.

*Aur.* And 'tis by that you would your falshood hide ;  
 Had you not ask'd,<sup>4</sup> how happy had I dy'd !

<sup>1</sup> *How* . . . *blind!* How, in truly saying that you would not accept my father's love, you seek to conceal the falsehood which lies in your having accepted Morat's love !

<sup>2</sup> *It shows* . . . *fear*, it shows that you fear the loss of what you love.

<sup>3</sup> *fond*, fondle, cherish ; used as a verb in *Twelfth Night*, i. 2. 35 though in a slightly different sense.

<sup>4</sup> *ask'd*, *sc.* for my reprieve.

Accurst Reprieve ! not to prolong my breath,  
 It brought a ling'ring, and more painful death.  
 I have not liv'd since first I heard the news ;  
 'The gift the guilty giver does accuse.  
 You knew the price, and the request did move,<sup>1</sup>  
 That you might pay the Ransome with your love.

*Ind.* Your accusation must, I see, take place ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And I am guilty, infamous, and base.

*Aur.* If you are false, those Epithets are small ;  
 You're then the things,<sup>3</sup> the abstract of 'em all.  
 And you are false : you promis'd him your love.  
 No other price a heart so hard could move.  
 Do not I know him ? could his Brutal mind  
 Be wrought upon ? could he be just, or kind ?  
 Insultingly, he made your love his boast ;  
 Gave me my life, and told me what it cost.  
 Speak ; answer. I would fain yet think you true :  
 Lie ; and I'll not believe my self, but you.  
 Tell me you love ; I'll pardon the deceit,  
 And, to be fool'd, my self assist the cheat.

*Ind.* No ; 'tis too late : I have no more to say.  
 If you'll believe I have been false, you may.

*Aur.* I would not ; but your crimes too plain appear :

Nay, even that I should think you true, you fear.  
 Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd ?

*Ind.* I'm not concern'd to have my truth believ'd.  
 You would be cozen'd ! would assist the cheat !  
 But I'm too plain to joyn in the deceit :  
 I'm pleas'd you think me false——

<sup>1</sup> *and the request did move*, prompted him to seek your love.

<sup>2</sup> *take place*, have their way, go to their mark ; cp. *Oedipus*, i. 1, "And then a thousand deaths at once advanced, And every dait *took place*."

<sup>3</sup> *the things*, the things themselves ; *sc.* guilt, infamy, baseness. Cp. Dryden's *Ambosyna*, "now I could swallow down *the thing* ingratitude and *the thing* murder, but the names are odious."

And, whatso'er my Letter did pretend,  
I made this meeting for no other end.<sup>1</sup>

*Aur.* Kill me not quite, with this indifference :  
When you are guiltless, boast not an offence.  
I know you better than your self you know :  
Your heart was true, but did some frailty show :  
You promis'd him your Love, that I might live ;  
But promis'd what you never meant to give. }  
Speak, was't not so ? confess ; I can forgive.

*Ind.* Forgive what dull excuses you prepare !<sup>2</sup>  
As if your thoughts of me were worth my care.

*Aur.* Ah traitress ! Ah ingrate ! Ah faithless mind !  
Ah Sex, invented first to damn mankind !  
Nature took care to dress you up for Sin :<sup>3</sup>  
Adorn'd, without ; unfinish'd left,<sup>4</sup> within.  
Hence, by no judgment you your loves direct ;  
Talk much, ne'r think,<sup>5</sup> and still the wrong effect.  
So much self-love in your composures<sup>6</sup> mix'd,  
'That love to others still remains unfix'd :  
Greatness, and Noise, and Show, are your delight ;  
Yet wise men love you, in their own despite :  
And, finding in their Native Wit no ease,  
Are forc'd to put your folly on to please.

*Ind.* Now you shall know what cause you have to rage ;  
But to increase your fury, not assuage :  
I found the way your Brother's heart to move,  
Yet promis'd not the least return of Love.  
His Pride, and Brutal fierceness I abhor ;  
But scorn your mean suspicions of me more.

<sup>1</sup> *I made . . . end*, it was for this very purpose that I brought about this meeting.

<sup>2</sup> *Forgive . . . prepare !* do not talk of forgiving me, but spare yourself the clumsy pretexts you are endeavouring to fashion !

<sup>3</sup> *for Sin*, as an impersonation of sin.

<sup>4</sup> *unfinish'd left*, i.e. without a soul to beautify the building of your body.

<sup>5</sup> *composures*, compositions ; cp. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 251, *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 4. 22.

I ow'd my Honour and my fame this care :  
Know what your folly lost you, and despair.

[*Turning from him.*

*Aur.* Too cruelly your innocence you tell ;  
Show Heav'n, and damn me to the pit of Hell.<sup>1</sup>  
Now I believe you ; 'tis not yet too late :  
You may forgive, and put a stop to Fate :  
Save me, just sinking, and no more to rise. [*She frowns.*  
How can you look with such relentless eyes ?  
Or let your mind by penitence be mov'd,  
Or I'm resolv'd to think you never lov'd.  
You are not clear'd, unless you mercy speak :  
I'll think you took th'occasion thus to break.<sup>2</sup>

*Ind.* Small jealousies, 'tis true, inflame desire ;  
Too great, not fan, but quite blow out the fire :  
Yet I did love you, till such pains I bore,  
'That I dare trust my self and you no more.  
Let me not love you ; but here end my pain :  
Distrust may make me wretched once again.  
Now, with full Sails, into the Port I move,  
And safely can unlade my breast of love ;<sup>3</sup>  
Quiet, and calm : why should I then go back,  
To tempt the second hazard of a Wrack ?<sup>4</sup>

*Aur.* Behold these dying eyes, see their submissive awe ;  
These tears, which fear of death could never draw :  
Heard you that sigh ? from my heav'd heart it past,  
And said, If you forgive not, 'tis my last,  
Love mounts, and rows about my stormy mind,  
Like fire, that's born by a tempestuous wind.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Show Heav'n* . . . *Hell*, while showing the heavenly nature of your mind, condemn me to the lowest depths of hell.

<sup>2</sup> *th'occasion* . . . *break*, the opportunity of thus breaking with me.

<sup>3</sup> *unlade* . . . *love*, discharge from my heart the burden of love I have so long borne.

<sup>4</sup> *Wrack*, shipwreck ; the older spelling of *wreck*.

<sup>5</sup> *that's born* . . . *wind*, that owes its devastating effect to a fierce wind.



Oh, I could stifle you, with eager haste !  
 Devour your kisses with my hungry taste !  
 Rush on you ! eat you ! wonder o'r each part,  
 Raving with pleasure, snatch you to my heart !  
 Then hold you off, and gaze ! then, with new rage,  
 Invade you, till my conscious Limbs presage  
 Torrents of joy, which all their banks o'rflo !  
 So lost, so blest, as I but then could know !

*Ind.* Be no more jealous. [Giving him her hand.

*Aur.* — Give me cause no more :  
 The danger's greater after, than before,<sup>1</sup>  
 If I relapse ; to cure my jealousy  
 Let me (for that's the easiest parting) die.

*Ind.* My life !

*Aur.* — My Soul !

*Ind.* — My all that Heaven can give !  
 Death's life with you ; without you, death to live.<sup>2</sup>

*To them Arimant hastily.*

*Arim.* Oh, we are lost, beyond all humane aid !  
 The Citadel is to *Morat* betraid.  
 The 'Traitor, and the 'Treason, known too late ;  
 The false *Abas* deliver'd up the Gate. }  
 Ev'n, while I speak, we're compass'd round with Fate. }  
 The Valiant cannot fight, or Coward flie ;  
 But both in undistinguish'd Crouds must die.

*Aur.* 'Then my Prophetick fears are come to pass :  
*Morat* was always bloody ; now, he's base :  
 And has so far in Usurpation gone,  
 He will by Parricide<sup>3</sup> secure the Throne.

<sup>1</sup> *The danger . . . before*, like a relapse, is worse than the original attack.

<sup>2</sup> *death to live*, death in life.

<sup>3</sup> *Parricide*, the murder of a father ; the original sense is a *murderer* of a father.

*To them the Emperor.*

*Emp.* Am I forsaken, and betray'd, by all ?  
 Not one brave man dare, with a Monarch, fall ?  
 Then, welcome death, to cover my disgrace ;  
 I would not live to Reign o'r such a Race.  
*My Aureng-Zebe !* [*Seeing Aureng-Zebe.*  
 But thou no more art mine ; my cruelty  
 Has quite destroy'd the right I had in thee.  
 I have been base,  
 Base ev'n to him from whom I did receive  
 All that a Son could to a parent give :  
 Behold me punish'd in the self-same kind,  
 Th'ungrateful does a more ungrateful find.<sup>1</sup>

*Aur.* Accuse your self no more ; you could not be  
 Ungrateful : could commit no crime to me :  
 I only mourn my yet uncancell'd score :<sup>2</sup>  
 You put me past the pow'r of paying more :  
 That, that's my grief, that I can only grieve,  
 And bring but pity, where I would relieve ;  
 For had I yet ten thousand lives to pay,  
 The mighty summ should go no other way.

*Emp.* Can you forgive me, 'tis not fit you shou'd.  
 Why will you be so excellently good ?  
 'Twill stick too black a brand upon my name :  
 The Sword is needless ; I shall die with shame.  
 What had my age to do with Love's delight,  
 Shut out from all enjoyments but the sight ?

*Arim.* Sir, you forget the danger's imminent :  
 This minute is not for excuses lent.

*Emp.* Disturb me not —————  
 How can my latest hour be better spent ?  
 To reconcile my self to him is more,  
 Than to regain all I possess'd before.

<sup>1</sup> *Th'ungrateful . . . find*, great as has been my ingratitude,  
 Morat's is greater still.

<sup>2</sup> *my yet uncancell'd score*, the debt of love which I still owe you.

Empire, and Life are now not worth a pray'r :  
His love, alone, deserves my dying care.

*Aur.* Fighting for you, my death will glorious be.

*Ind.* Seek to preserve your self, and live for me.

*Arim.* Lose then no farther time.

Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sudden thought,  
Whence your unhop'd for safety may be wrought,  
Though with the hazard of my blood 'tis bought. }  
But, since my life can ne'r be fortunate,  
'Tis so much sorrow well redeem'd from Fate.<sup>1</sup>

You, Madam, must retire ;

Your beauty is its own security.

And leave the conduct of the rest to me.

Glory will crown my life, if I succeed ;

If not, she may afford to love me dead.<sup>2</sup> [*Aside.*]

*Aur.* My Father's kind, and Madam, you forgive :

Were Heav'n so pleas'd, I now could wish to live.

And, I shall live.

With Glory, and with Love, at once I burn :

I feel th'inspiring heat, and absent God's return. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis so much . . . Fate, by dying I shall escape so much sorrow that fate had in store for me.

<sup>2</sup> dead, when dead, in death.

<sup>3</sup> absent God, the noble enthusiasm which for a time had left me ; an allusion to the *presens Deus*, the present, aiding, propitious god of classical literature.

## ACT V

Indamora *alone*.

THE night seems doubled with the fear she brings,  
 And, o'r the Cittadel, new spreads her wings.  
 The Morning, as mistaken, turns about,  
 And all her early fires again go out.<sup>1</sup>  
 Shouts, cries, and groans, first pierce my ears, and then }  
 A flash of Lightning draws the guilty Scene, }  
 And shows me Arms, and Wounds, and Dying men. }  
 Ah, should my *Aureng-Zebe* be fighting there, }  
 And envious Winds distinguish'd to my ear, }  
 His dying groans, and his last accents bear !<sup>2</sup> }

*To her Morat, attended.*

*Morat.* The bloody bus'ness of the Night is done,  
 And, in the Cittadel, an Empire wonn.  
 Our Swords, so wholly did the fates employ,<sup>3</sup>  
 That they, at length, grew weary to destroy :  
 Refus'd the work we brought ; and, out of breath,  
 Made Sorrow and Despair attend for Death.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And all . . . go out*, the rays of light which had begun to shine in the east ; cp. *Macbeth*, ii. 2. 6-10.

<sup>2</sup> *draws the guilty Scene*, reveals, depicts, the scene of bloodshed.

<sup>3</sup> *And envious Winds . . . bear !* And winds, jealous of my happiness in being loved by him, bear to my ears, by which any utterance of his is so clearly distinguished, his dying groans and last words.

<sup>4</sup> *Our Swords . . . employ*, the fates employed our swords so incessantly in the work of destruction.

<sup>5</sup> *attend for Death*, wait for death to put an end to them ; *Sorrow and Despair*, the abstract for the concrete.

But what of all my Conquest can I boast ?  
 My haughty pride, before your eyes, is lost :  
 And Victory but gains me to present  
 That Homage, which our Eastern world has sent.<sup>1</sup>

*Ind.* Your Victory, alas, begets my fears :  
 Can you not then triumph without my tears ?  
 Resolve me ; (for you know my Destiny  
 In *Aureng-Zebe's*) say, do I live, or die ?

*Mor.* Urg'd by my love, by hope of Empire fir'd ;  
 'Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd :  
 What Fate decreed ; for when great Souls are giv'n,  
 They bear the marks of Sov'reignty from Heav'n.  
 My Elder Brothers my fore-runners came ;  
 Rough-draughts of Nature,<sup>2</sup> ill design'd, and lame :  
 Blown off, like Blossoms, never made to bear ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Till I came, finish'd ; her last labour'd care.<sup>4</sup>

*Ind.* This Prologue leads to your succeeding sin :  
 Bloud ended what Ambition did begin.

*Mor.* 'Twas rumor'd, but by whom I cannot tell,  
 My Father scap'd from out the Cittadel :  
 My Brother too may live.

*Ind.* ——— He may.

*Mor.* ——— He must :  
 I kill'd him not : and a less Fate's unjust.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And Victory . . . sent*, and victory brings me no other gain than that of presenting to you the homage which the whole Eastern world offers.

<sup>2</sup> *Rough-draughts of Nature*, the mere blocks roughly-hewn and not elaborated to perfection ; cp. *The Conquest of Granada*, Pt. i., ii. i, "His victories we scarce could keep in view, Or polish them so fast as he rough-drew."

<sup>3</sup> *to bear*, sc. fruit.

<sup>4</sup> *Till I . . . care*, cp. Burns, *Green grow the Rashes, O*, "Her 'prentice han' she tried on man, An'tl then she made the lasses, O."

<sup>5</sup> *and a less Fate's unjust*, and that he should perish by any other hand would be a fate inadequate to his crimes.

Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his room ;  
 A Phoenix-Lover,<sup>1</sup> rising from his Tomb.  
 In whom you'll lose your sorrows for the dead ;  
 More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your Bed.

*Ind.* Should I from *Aureng-Zebe* my heart divide, }  
 To love a Monster, and a Parricide ? }  
 These names your swelling Titles cannot hide.  
 Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe ;  
 But to our thoughts, what Edict can give Law ?  
 Ev'n you your self, to your own breast, shall tell  
 Your crimes ; and your own Conscience be your Hell.

*Mor.* What bus'ness has my Conscience with a  
 Crown ?

She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.<sup>2</sup>  
 If mirth should fail, I'll busie her with cares ;  
 Silence her clamorous voice with louder Wars :  
 Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,  
 As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.<sup>3</sup>

*Ind.* Repell'd by these, more eager she will grow ;  
 Spring back more strongly than a *Scythian* bow :<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A Phoenix-Lover*, a lover rising from his tomb as the phoenix rises from its own ashes ; cp. *Samson Agonistes*, 1703-5, "Like that self-begotten bird In the Arabian woods embost, That no second knows nor third."

<sup>2</sup> *What bus'ness . . . drown.* Conscience and a crown have nothing to do with each other ; my conscience, when I am king, will be lulled to sleep in pleasures and drowned in the flowing bowl.

<sup>3</sup> *As sounding . . . Moon*, an allusion to the belief, still prevalent in India, that the beating of cymbals, &c., helps to free the moon when in eclipse from the presence of the evil spirit by which she is possessed. Cp. Dryden's *Edipus*, ii. 1, "A vast eclipse darkens the labouring planet : Sound these, sound all our instruments of war ; Clarions and trumpets, silver, brass, and iron, And beat a thousand drums to save her labour." Bernier, *Travels*, pp. 300-4, gives an account of an eclipse of the sun witnessed by him at Delhi with the ceremonies performed by the natives, and an account of the origin of eclipses as given in the Vedas.

<sup>4</sup> *a Scythian bow*, the Scythians were of old famous for their skill in archery.

Amidst your Train, this unseen Judge will wait ;  
 Examine how you came by all your State ;  
 Upbraid your impious pomp ; and, in your ear,  
 Will hallow,<sup>1</sup> *Rebel, Tyrant, Murderer*.  
 Your ill-got pow'r wan looks and care shall bring :  
 Known but by discontent to be a King.  
 Of Clouds afraid, yet anxious when alone ;  
 You'l sit and brood your sorrows<sup>2</sup> on a Throne.

*Mor.* Birthright's a vulgar road to Kingly sway ;  
 'Tis ev'ry dull-got<sup>3</sup> Elder Brother's way.

Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne ;  
 Grows of a piece with that he sits upon,  
 Heav'n's choice, a low, inglorious, rightful Drone. }  
 But who by force a Scepter does obtain,  
 Shows he can govern that which he could gain.  
 Right comes of course,<sup>4</sup> what e'r he was before ;  
 Murder and Usurpation are no more.<sup>5</sup>

*Ind.* By your own Laws you such Dominion make,  
 As ev'ry stronger Pow'r has right to take :  
 And Parricide will so deform your name,  
 That dispossessing you<sup>6</sup> will give a claim.  
 Who next Usurps, will a just Prince appear ;  
 So much your ruine will his Reign endear.<sup>7</sup>

*Mor.* I without guilt, would mount the Royal Seat ;  
 But yet 'tis necessary to be great.

<sup>1</sup> *hallow*, halloo, shout out ; the form in the text is not uncommon in earlier writers. Cotgrave gives "*Haller*. To *hallow*, or encourage dogs by *hallowing*."

<sup>2</sup> *brood your sorrows*, brood upon, or over, your sorrows.

<sup>3</sup> *dull-got*, cp. *Lear*, i. 2. 11-15.

<sup>4</sup> *Right comes of course*, legitimacy follows as a matter of course ; the *de facto* king is acknowledged as king *de jure*.

<sup>5</sup> *Murder . . . no more*, no one remembers the means by which the crown was gained.

<sup>6</sup> *dispossessing you*, the mere act of dethroning one so criminal as you will be.

<sup>7</sup> *So much . . . endear*, so greatly will he be endeared as a king merely from having crushed you. \*

*Ind.* All Greatness is in Virtue understood :  
 'Tis only necessary<sup>1</sup> to be good.  
 Tell me, what is't at which great Spirits aim,  
 What most your self desire ?

*Mor.* — Renown, and Fame,  
 And Pow'r, as uncontrol'd as is my will.

*Ind.* How you confound desires of good and ill !  
 For true renown is still with Virtue joyn'd ;  
 But lust of Pow'r lets loose th' unbridl'd mind.  
 Yours is a Soul irregularly great,  
 Which wanting temper,<sup>2</sup> yet abounds with heat :  
 So strong, yet so unequal pulses beat. }  
 A Sun which does, through vapours dimly shine.<sup>3</sup>  
 What pity 'tis you are not all Divine !  
 New molded, thorow lighten'd,<sup>4</sup> and a breast  
 So pure, to bear<sup>5</sup> the last severest test ;  
 Fit to command an Empire you should gain  
 By Virtue, and without a blush to Reign.<sup>6</sup>

*Mor.* You show me somewhat I ne'r learnt before ;  
 But 'tis the distant prospect of a Shore,  
 Doubtful in mists,<sup>7</sup> which, like enchanted ground,  
 Flies from my sight, before 'tis fully found.

*Ind.* Dare to be great, without a guilty Crown ;  
 View it, and lay the bright temptation down :  
 'Tis base to seize on all, because you may ;  
 That's Empire, that which I can give away :<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis only necessary, the only thing of vital importance is, &c.

<sup>2</sup> wanting temper, lacking self-restraint.

<sup>3</sup> So strong . . . shine, strong but irregular emotions, such as yours, are like the sun when, overcast by vapour, its powerful beams only fitfully shine forth.

<sup>4</sup> thorow lighten'd, illuminated throughout.

<sup>5</sup> to bear, as to endure.

<sup>6</sup> Fit to command . . . Reign, a breast (*i.e.* soul) fit to command an empire, honourably gained, as it should be by you, and to reign without any act to blush for.

<sup>7</sup> Doubtful in mists, obscured by mists.

<sup>8</sup> That's Empire . . . away, that is true empire, not what I can seize upon at will but what I can resign with equanimity.



There's joy when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,  
 When you bid fortune carry back her bribe ;  
 A joy, which none but greatest minds can taste ;  
 A Fame, which will to endless ages last.

*Mor.* Renown, and fame, in vain, I courted long ;  
 And still pursu'd 'em, though directed wrong.  
 In hazard, and in toils, I heard they lay ;  
 Sail'd farther than the Coast, but miss'd my way :  
 Now you have given me Virtue for my guide ;  
 And, with true Honour, ballasted<sup>1</sup> my Pride.  
 Unjust Dominion I no more pursue ;  
 I quit all other claims but those to you.

*Ind.* Oh be not just to halves :<sup>2</sup> pay all you owe :  
 Think there's a debt to *Melesinda* too.  
 'To leave no blemish on your after life ;  
 Reward the virtue of a suffring Wife :

*Mor.* 'To love once past, I cannot backward move ;  
 Call yesterday again, and I may love.<sup>3</sup>  
 'Twas not for nothing I the Crown resign'd ;  
 I still must own a Mercenary mind :  
 I, in this venture, double gains pursue,  
 And laid out all my Stock to purchase you.<sup>4</sup>

*To them Asaph Chan.*

Now, what success ? does *Aureng-Zebe* yet live ?

*Asaph.* Fortune has giv'n you all that she can give,  
 Your Brother —————

*Mor.* ————— Hold ; thou show'st an impious joy,  
 And think'st I still take pleasure to destroy :  
 Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him slain.

<sup>1</sup> *ballasted*, steadied.

<sup>2</sup> *Oh be not . . . halves*, be not just to the extent of doing only half of what you should do ; *to* expresses the *terminus ad quod*.

<sup>3</sup> *Call yesterday . . . love*, it is as impossible for me again to love *Melesinda*, or any one else but you, as for you to recall the time that has fled.

<sup>4</sup> *And laid . . . you*, and invested my all in the winning of you.

*Asaph.* 'Tis past ; and you desire his life in vain.  
 He prodigal of Soul, rush'd on the stroke :  
 Of lifted weapons, and did wounds provoke :  
 In scorn of Night, he would not be conceal'd ;  
 His Souldiers, where he fought, his name reveal'd :  
 In thickest crouds, still *Aureng-Zebe* did sound,  
 The vaulted Roofs did *Aureng-Zebe* rebound,<sup>1</sup>  
 'Till late, and in his fall, the name was drown'd.

*Ind.* Wither that hand which brought him to his  
 fate,  
 And blasted be the tongue which did relate.

*Asaph.* His Body —————

*Mor.* ————— Cease to inhance<sup>2</sup> her misery :  
 Pity the Queen, and show respect to me.  
 'Tis ev'ry Painters Art to hide from sight,  
 And cast in shades, what seen would not delight.  
 Your grief, in me such sympathy has bred, [To her.  
 I mourn ; and wish I could recal the dead.  
 Love softens me ; and blows up fires, which pass  
 'Through my tough heart, and melt the stubborn Mass.

*Ind.* Break, heart ; or choak, with sobs, my hated  
 breath ;  
 Do thy own work : admit no foreign death.<sup>3</sup>  
 Alas ; why do I make this useless moan ?  
 I'm dead already, for my Soul is gone.

*To them Mir Baba.*

*Mir.* What tongue the terror of this night can tell,  
 Within, without, and round the Citadel !

<sup>1</sup> rebound, re-echo ; cp. Pope, *Pastorals, Autumn*, "Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds, Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds."

<sup>2</sup> inhance, enhance, increase ; from "O. Prov. *enansar*, to further, advance . . . —O. Prov. *enans*, before, rather ; formed from Lat. *in ante*" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

<sup>3</sup> admit no foreign death, do not allow yourself to perish by any hands but your own.

A new form'd Faction does your pow'r oppose ;  
 The fight's confus'd,<sup>1</sup> and all who meet are foes :  
 A second clamour, from the Town, we hear ;  
 And the far noise so loud, it drowns the near.  
*Abas*, who seem'd our friend, is either fled ;  
 Or, what we fear, our Enemies does head :  
 Your frighted Souldiers scarce their ground maintain.

*Mor.* I thank their fury ; we shall fight again :  
 They rouse my rage ; I'm eager to subdue :  
 'Tis fatal to with-hold my eyes from you.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exit with the two Omrahs.*]

*Enter Melesinda.*

*Mel.* Can misery no place of safety know ?  
 The noise pursues me wheresoe'r I go,  
 As Fate sought only me,<sup>3</sup> and where I fled,  
 Aim'd all its Darts at my devoted head.  
 And let it ; I am now past care of life ;  
 The last of Women ; an abandon'd Wife.

*Ind.* Whether Design or Chance has brought you here, }  
 I stand oblig'd to Fortune, or to Fear :<sup>4</sup>  
 Weak Women should, in danger, herd like Deer. }  
 But say, from whence this new combustion springs ?  
 Are there yet more *Morals* ? more fighting Kings ?

*Mel.* Him from his Mother's love your eyes divide,  
 And now her Arms the cruel strife decide,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The fight's confus'd*, the fighting is indiscriminate ; there is no knowing who are friends and who are foes, and so friends fight with friends.

<sup>2</sup> *'Tis fatal . . . you*, they will find that to bear me from you is fatal for them ; the fact that I have to leave you will make me fight with double fury ; cp. what Antony says (*Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13. 178-182) when obliged to leave Cleopatra to contend with Cæsar.

<sup>3</sup> *As Fate . . . me*, as though fate sought me only as a victim.

<sup>4</sup> *I stand . . . fear*, I owe a debt of gratitude either to the chance, or to the fear, which has made you seek me out.

<sup>5</sup> *And now . . . decide*, and now the cruel strife between mother and son is to be decided by the army which she has set in motion.

*Ind.* What strange misfortunes my vext life attend?  
 Death will be kind, and all my sorrows end.  
 If *Nourmahal* prevail, I know my fate.

*Mel.* I pity, as my own, your hard estate;  
 But what can my weak Charity afford?  
 I have no longer int'rest in my Lord:  
 Nor in his Mother, He:<sup>1</sup> she owns her hate  
 Aloud, and would her self Usurp the State.

*Ind.* I'm stupifi'd with sorrow, past relief  
 Of tears: parch'd up, and wither'd with my grief.

*Mel.* Dry mourning will decays more deadly bring,<sup>2</sup>  
 As a North Wind burns a too forward Spring.  
 Give sorrow vent,<sup>3</sup> and let the sluices go.

*Ind.* My tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow.

*Mel.* Have comfort; yield not to the blows of  
 Fate.

*Ind.* Comfort, like Cordials after death, comes late.  
 Name not so vain a word; my hopes are fled:  
 Think your *Morat* were kind, and think him dead.

*Mel.* I can no more —  
 Can no more arguments, for comfort, find:  
 Yet boding words have quite o'rwhelm'd my mind.  
 [*Clattering of weapons within.*]

*Ind.* The noise increases, as the Billows rore,  
 When rowling from afar they threat the Shore.  
 She comes; and feeble Nature now I find  
 Shrinks back in danger, and forsakes my mind.  
 I wish to die, yet dare not Death endure;  
 Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure.

<sup>1</sup> *I have . . . He*, he cares nothing further for me, nor his mother for him.

<sup>2</sup> *Dry mourning . . . bring*, cp. *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 59, "Dry sorrow drinks our blood"; and the Song at the end of Canto v. of *The Princess*.

<sup>3</sup> *Give sorrow vent*, cp. *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 209-10, "Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

I would have Death ; but mild, and at command :<sup>1</sup>

I dare not trust him in another's hand.<sup>2</sup>

In *Nourmahal's*, he would not mine appear ;

But arm'd with terror, and disguis'd with fear.<sup>3</sup>

*Mel.* Beyond this place you can have no retreat :

Stay here, and I the danger will repeat.<sup>4</sup>

I fear not Death, because my life I hate :

And envious Death will shun th'unfortunate.

*Ind.* You must not venture.

*Mel.* Let me : I may do

My self a kindness, in obliging you.

In your lov'd name, I'll seek my angry Lord ;

And beg your safety from his conqu'ring Sword :

So his protection all your fears will ease,

And I shall see him once, and not displease. [Exit.

*Ind.* O wretched Queen ! what pow'r thy life can save ?

A stranger, and unfriended, and a slave !

*Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, and Abas, with Souldiers.*

Alas, she's here !

[*Indamora withdraws to the inner part of the Scene.*

*Nour.* Heartless<sup>5</sup> they fought, and quitted soon their ground,

While ours with easie Victory were crown'd.

To you, *Abas*, my Life and Empire too,

And, what's yet dearer, my Revenge, I owe.

*Abas.* The vain *Morat*, by his own rashness wrought,  
Too soon discover'd<sup>6</sup> his ambitious thought ;

<sup>1</sup> *at command*, for me to make use of when and as I please.

<sup>2</sup> *I dare not . . . hand*, I dare not allow the remedy to be administered by any hand but my own.

<sup>3</sup> *But arm'd . . . fear*, but hideously masked with terror and fear.

<sup>4</sup> *the danger will repeat*, will again face the risk of going out to discover how things are.

<sup>5</sup> *Heartless*, without any spirit.

<sup>6</sup> *discover'd*, revealed.

Believ'd me his, because I spoke him fair,  
 And pitch'd his head into the ready snare :  
 Hence 'twas I did his troops at first admit ;  
 But such, whose<sup>1</sup> numbers could no fears beget ;  
 By them th' Emperor's Party first I slew,  
 Then turn'd my Arms the Victors to subdue.

*Nour.* Now let the head-strong Boy my will controul.  
 Virtue's no Slave of Man ; no Sex confines the Soul :<sup>2</sup>  
 I, for my self, th'Imperial Seat will gain,  
 And he shall wait my leisure for his Reign.<sup>3</sup>  
 But *Aureng-Zebe* is no where to be found.  
 And now perhaps in Death's cold arms he lies :  
 I fought, and conquer'd, yet have lost the prize.

*Zayd.* The chance of War determin'd well the strife,  
 That rack'd you, 'twixt the Lover and the Wife.<sup>4</sup>  
 He's dead, whose love had sulli'd all your Reign,  
 And made you Empress of the World in vain.

*Nour.* No ; I my pow'r and pleasure would divide :<sup>5</sup>  
 The Drudge had quench'd my flames, and then had di'd.<sup>6</sup>  
 I rage, to think without that Bliss I live ;  
 That I could wish what fortune would not give ;  
 But, what love cannot, Vengeance must supply ;  
 She, who bereav'd me of his heart, shall die.

<sup>1</sup> *such, whose, such* was by derivation the natural antecedent to *which*, the former meaning *so-like, so in-kind*, the latter, *what-like, what-in-kind*, and this co-relation was the ordinary one in Elizabethan English.

<sup>2</sup> *no Sex . . . Soul*, courage belongs as much to one as to the other sex ; a sentiment which Dryden frequently repeats, *e.g.* *Ambryna*, v. I, "there is no sex in souls."

<sup>3</sup> *And he . . . Reign*, he shall wait to reign till I let him ; when I find it good to abdicate, then he shall reign, but not before.

<sup>4</sup> *The chance . . . Wife*, the cruel strife in your heart between your love for Aureng-Zebe and your duty to your husband has been fitly ended by the death of the former.

<sup>5</sup> *I my power . . . divide*, I would enjoy both my power and my pleasure, each at its proper season.

<sup>6</sup> *The Drudge . . . di'd*, I should have used him as a drudge to satisfy my lust, and then should have put him to death.

*Zayd.* I'll search : far distant hence she cannot be.

[*Goes in.*]

*Nour.* This wondrous Master-piece I fain would see ;  
This fatal *Helen*,<sup>1</sup> who can Wars inspire,  
Make Kings her slaves, and set the World on fire.  
My Husband lock'd his Jewel from my view ;  
Or durst not set the false one by the true.<sup>2</sup>

*Re-enter Zayda, leading Indamora.*

*Zay.* Your frightened Captive, ere she dies, receive ;  
Her Soul's just going else, without your leave.

*Nour.* A fairer Creature did my eyes ne'r see !  
Sure she was form'd by Heav'n in spite to me !  
Some Angel copi'd, while I slept, each grace,  
And molded ev'ry feature from my face.  
Such Majesty does from her forehead rise,  
Her cheeks such blushes cast, such rays her eyes,  
Nor I, nor Envy, can a blemish find ;  
The Palace is, without, too well design'd :  
Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind.<sup>3</sup> }  
Speak, if thou hast a Soul, that I may see, [To her.  
If Heav'n can make throughout another Me.<sup>4</sup>

*Ind.* My tears and miseries must plead my cause ;

[*Kneeling.*]

My words, the terror of your preference awes :  
Mortals, in sight of Angels, mute become ;  
The Nobler nature strikes th' Inferiour dumb.

<sup>1</sup> *This fatal Helen*, this *Indamora*, as fatal to us as *Helen* was to the Trojans. *Aeschylus*, *Agamemnon*, 689, punning on *Helen's* name, calls her *ελένας, ελανδρος, ελέπτολις*, i.e. destroyer of ships, men, cities, or, adopting *Paley's* suggestion for keeping up the play on words, "Hell to ships, hell to men, hell to cities."

<sup>2</sup> *the false . . . true*, her and myself together.

<sup>3</sup> *The Palace . . . mind*, cp. *The Tempest*, i. 2. 457-9, "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple : If the ill spirit have so fair a house, Good things will strive to dwell with't," said by *Miranda* of *Ferdinand*.

<sup>4</sup> *another Me*, another as perfect as myself in every respect.

*Nour.* The Palm is, by the foes confession, mine;<sup>1</sup>  
 But I disdain what basely you resign.  
 Heav'n did, by me, the outward model build :  
 Its inward work, the Soul, with rubbish fill'd.<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet, Oh ! th'imperfect piece moves more delight ;  
 'Tis gilded o'r with Youth, to catch the sight.  
 The Gods have poorly robb'd my Virgin bloom,  
 And what I am by what I was o'rcome.<sup>3</sup>  
 Traitor, restore my Beauty and my Charms,  
 Nor steal my Conquests with my proper<sup>4</sup> Arms.

*Ind.* What have I done, thus to inflame your hate ?  
 I am not guilty, but unfortunate.

*Nour.* Not guilty, when thy looks my pow'r betray, }  
 Seduce Mankind, my Subject, from my Sway,  
 Take all my Hearts, and all my Eyes away ?<sup>5</sup> }  
 My Husband first ; but that I could forgive :  
 He only mov'd, and talk'd, but did not live.  
 My *Aureng-Zebe*, for I dare own the name,  
 The glorious Sin, and the more glorious flame ;  
 Him, from my beauty, have thy eyes misled,  
 And starv'd the joys of my expected Bed.<sup>6</sup> }

*Ind.* His love, so sought,<sup>7</sup> he's happy that he's dead. }  
 O had I courage but to meet my Fate ;  
 That short dark passage to a future state ;

<sup>1</sup> *The Palm . . . mine*, even she, my rival, confesses my superior charms.

<sup>2</sup> *Heav'n . . . fill'd*, Heaven formed her outwardly on the pattern of myself, but in place of my noble soul gave her one of utter worthlessness ; *model* was and is still used both of the pattern after which something was formed and of the thing itself so formed.

<sup>3</sup> *And what . . . o'rcome*, undone by the very charms that once were mine and now have passed into your possession.

<sup>4</sup> *proper*, own.

<sup>5</sup> *all my Hearts . . . Eyes*, all those who were once my devoted slaves, and whose happiness was in beholding me.

<sup>6</sup> *And starv'd . . . Bed*, and robbed me of the feast of love which I looked for from him.

<sup>7</sup> *His love, so sought*, his love being sought in so vile a manner.



That melancholy Riddle of a breath.<sup>1</sup>

*Nour.* That some thing, or that nothing, after Death :<sup>2</sup>  
Take this, and teach thy self. [Giving a Dagger.

*Ind.* Alas !

*Nour.* ——— Why dost thou shake ?  
Dishonour not the vengeance I design'd :  
A Queen, and own a base Plebeian mind !<sup>3</sup>  
Let it drink deep in thy most vital part :  
Strike home, and do me reason in thy heart.<sup>4</sup>

*Ind.* I dare not.

*Nour.* ——— Do't, while I stand by and see,  
At my full gust, without the drudgery.<sup>5</sup>  
I love a Foe, who dares my stroke prevent,<sup>6</sup>  
Who gives me the full Scene of my content,  
Shows me the flying Soul's convulsive strife,  
And all the anguish of departing life :  
Disdain my mercy, and my rage despise ;  
Curse me with thy last breath ; and make me see }  
A Spirit worthy to have Rival'd me.

*Ind.* Oh, I desire to die ; but dare not yet :  
Give me some respite, I'll discharge the debt.  
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I would not live.

*Nour.* Thine, 'Traïtress ! thine ! that word has wing'd thy  
fate,

<sup>1</sup> *That melancholy . . . breath*, that painful riddle as to the significance of life.

<sup>2</sup> *That some thing . . . Death*, cp. *Hamlet*, iii. i. 78, "the dread of something after death."

<sup>3</sup> *a base . . . mind*, sc. in fearing to die.

<sup>4</sup> *do me . . . heart*, justify my feelings towards you by making the stroke mortal ; perhaps with an allusion to the phrase "do me reason" in the sense of "pledge me," a phrase often used by Dryden, e.g. *The Wild Gallant*, i. 3, and more frequently found in the form "do me right."

<sup>5</sup> *At my . . . drudgery*, while I with full zest enjoy the sight without having the drudgery of doing the deed, cp. *Cleomenes*, v. 2, "Fortune, thou hast reduced me very low, *To do the drudgery of fate myself*," i.e. to kill myself.

<sup>6</sup> *prevent*, anticipate, forestall.

And put me past the tedious forms of hate.<sup>1</sup>  
 I'll kill thee with such eagerness and haste,  
 As Fiends, let loose, would lay all Nature waste.<sup>2</sup>

[Indamora runs back : as Nourmahal is running to her. Clashing of Swords is heard within.

*Sold.* Yield, y'are o'rpow'r'd : resistance is in vain.

[Within.

*Mor.* Then death's my choice : submission I disdain.

[Within.

*Nour.* Retire, you Slaves : Ah whither does he run

[At the door.

On pointed Swords ? Disarm, but save my Son.

*Enter Morat staggering, and upheld by Souldiers.*

*Mor.* She lives ! and I shall see her once again !  
 I have not thrown away my life in vain.

[Catches hold of Indamora's Gown, and falls by her : she sits.

I can no more ; yet, ev'n in Death, I find  
 My fainting body byass'd by my mind :<sup>3</sup>  
 I fall toward you ; still my contending Soul  
 Points to your breast, and trembles to its Pole.<sup>4</sup>

*To them Melesinda, hastily, casting her self on the other side of Morat.*

*Mel.* Ah wo, wo, wo ! the worst of woes I find !  
 Live still : Oh live ; live ev'n to be unkind.

<sup>1</sup> *And put me . . . hate*, and goaded me to sudden vengeance, all such wearisome expression of hatred as reproaches and recriminations being now laid aside.

<sup>2</sup> *As Fiends . . . waste*, as that with which fiends, let loose from hell, would, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *byass'd by my Mind*, made to turn towards you ; the *bias* of a bowl was either a weight placed within it, or a particular shape given to it, to enable it to take a circuitous path.

<sup>4</sup> *Points . . . Pole*, cp. Pope, *Temple of Fame*, 431, "And the touched needle trembles to the pole."



I have too just a Title in the strife :  
 By me, unhappy me, he lost his life :  
 I call'd him hither ; 'twas my fatal breath ;  
 And I the Screech-Owl that proclaim'd his Death.<sup>1</sup>

[*Shout within.*

*Abas.* What new Alarms<sup>2</sup> are these ? I'll haste and see.

[*Exit.*

*Nour.* Look up, and live : an Empire shall be thine.

*Mor.* That I contemn'd, ev'n when I thought it  
 mine.

Oh, I must yield to my hard Destinies, [To Indamora.  
 And must for ever cease to see your eyes.

*Mel.* Ah turn your sight to me, my dearest Lord !

Can you not one, one parting look afford ?

Ev'n so unkind in Death ? but 'tis in vain ;

I lose my breath, and to the Winds complain :

Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel scorn ;<sup>3</sup>

Still I can love, without this last return.

Nor Fate, nor you, can my vow'd faith controul ?

Dying, I'll follow your disdainful Soul :

A Ghost, I'll haunt your Ghost ; and, where you go,

With mournful murmurs fill the Plains below.<sup>4</sup>

*Mor.* Be happy, *Melesinda*, cease to grieve,

And for a more deserving Husband, live :

Can you forgive me ?

*Mel.* ————— Can I ! Oh my heart !

Have I heard one kind word before I part ?

<sup>1</sup> *And I . . . Death*, cp. *Macbeth*, ii. 2. 3, iii. *Henry VI.*, ii. 6. 56.

<sup>2</sup> *Alarms*, outcries, shouts.

<sup>3</sup> *Yet 'tis . . . scorn*, vain as it is for me to hope for a parting look of affection from you, it is equally vain for you to expect by your scorn to quench my love. There seems to be a confusion of constructions between "your cruel scorn is as much in vain," and "it is as much in vain to show your cruel scorn."

<sup>4</sup> *fill the Plains below*, Dryden gives to *Melesinda* language which would have been appropriate in a dying Greek or Roman, *the Plains below* being an allusion to the Elysian fields.

I can, I can forgive : is that a task  
 'To love, like mine? Are you so good to ask?  
 One kiss —— Oh 'tis too great a blessing this ; [*Kisses him.*  
 I would not live to violate the bliss.<sup>1</sup>

*Re-enter Abas.*

*Abas.* Some envious Devil has ruin'd us yet more :  
 The Fort's revolted to the Emperor ;  
 The Gates are open'd, the Portcullis drawn ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And deluges of Armies,<sup>3</sup> from the Town,  
 Come pow'ring in : I heard the mighty flaw,<sup>4</sup>  
 When first it broke ; the crowding Ensigns saw,  
 Which choak'd the passage ; and, (what last I fear'd,)  
 The waving Arms of *Aureng-Zebe* appear'd,  
 Display'd with your *Morals* :  
 In either's Flag the golden Serpents bear, }  
 Erected Crests alike, like Volumes rear, }  
 And mingle friendly hissings in the Air. }  
 Their Troops are joyn'd, and our destruction nigh.

*Nour.* 'Tis vain to fight, and I disdain to flie.  
 I'll mock the Triumphs which our Foes intend ;  
 And, spite of Fortune, make a glorious end.  
 In pois'nous draughts my liberty I'll find :  
 And from the nauseous World set free my mind. [*Exit.*

*At the other end of the Stage, Enter Aureng-Zebe and Attendants. Aureng-Zebe turns back, and speaks, entring.*

*Aur.* The lives of all, who cease from combat, spare ;  
 My Brother's be your most peculiar care :

<sup>1</sup> *I would not . . . bliss*, to prolong my life would be to violate the bliss given me by this parting kiss. Melesinda shortly afterwards performs the rite of *Sati*.

<sup>2</sup> *the Portcullis drawn*, i.e., drawn up to allow of entrance.

<sup>3</sup> *deluges of Armies*, floods of troops.

<sup>4</sup> *flaw*, a sudden and violent blast of wind. Dyce (*Glossary to Shakspeare*) quotes Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, "A *flaw* of wind is a gust, which is very violent upon a sudden, but quickly endeth."

Our impious use no longer shall obtain ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Brothers no more, by Brothers, shall be slain.

[*Seeing Indamora and Morat.*

Ha ! do I dream ? is this my hop'd success ?  
 I grow a Statue, stiff, and motionless,  
 Look, *Dianet* ;<sup>2</sup> for I dare not trust these eyes ;  
 'They dance in mists, and dazle with surprise.

*Dia.* Sir, 'tis *Morat* : dying he seems, or dead :  
 And *Indamora's* hand —————

*Aur.* ————— Supports his head. [ *Sighing.*  
 'Thou shalt not break yet heart, nor shall she know  
 My inward torments, by my outward show ;  
 To let her see my weakness were too base ;  
 Dissembled Quiet sit upon my face :  
 My sorrow to my eyes no passage find,  
 But let it inward sink, and drown my mind.  
 Falshood shall want its 'Triumph :'<sup>3</sup> I begin  
 'To stagger ; but I'll prop my self within.  
 'The specious Tow'r no ruine shall disclose ;  
 'Till down, at once, the mighty Fabrick goes.

*Mor.* Is sign that I die yours, reward my love, [ *To Ind.*  
 And seal my Pasport to the Bless'd above. [ *Kissing her hand.*

*Ind.* Oh stay ; or take me with you when you go :  
 There's nothing now worth living for below.<sup>4</sup>

*Mor.* I leave you not ; for my expanded mind<sup>5</sup>  
 Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is joyn'd :  
 Not quitting, but enlarg'd ! A blazing Fire,  
 Fed from the Brand.<sup>6</sup> [ *Dies.*

<sup>1</sup> *Our impious use* . . . *obtain*, the impious custom by which, on the death of the father, the sons destroyed one another in their rivalry for the crown, shall no longer prevail : see note 3, p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> *Dianet*, pronounced here as a dissyllable, *Djan.t.*

<sup>3</sup> *Falshood* . . . *Triumph*, this false woman (*Indamora*) shall not, as she expects, have the glory of gloating over any weakness shown by me.

<sup>4</sup> *There's nothing* . . . *below*, cp. *King John*, iii. 4. 106-11.

<sup>5</sup> *expanded*, *u.* by its union with hers.

<sup>6</sup> *Fed from the Brand*, lighted up from the torch of your love.

*Mel.* Ah me ! he's gone ! I die ! [*Swoons.*]

*Ind.* ——— Oh dismal day !

Fate, thou hast ravish'd my last hope away.

O Heav'n ! my *Aureng-Zebe* ——

[*She turns, and sees Aureng-Zebe standing by her, and starts.*

——What strange surprise !

Or does my willing mind delude my eyes,

And shows the Figure always present there ?

Or liv'st thou ? am I bless'd, and see thee here ?

*Aur.* My Brother's body see convey'd with care,

[*Turning from her, to his Attendants.*

Where we may Royal Sepulture prepare.

With speed to *Melesinda* bring relief ;

Recal her spirits,<sup>1</sup> and moderate her grief——

[*Half turning to Ind.*

I go, to take for ever from your view

Both the lov'd Object, and the hated too.<sup>2</sup>

[*Going away after the Bodies, which are carried off.*

*Ind.* Hear me ; yet think not that I beg your stay :

[*Laying hold of him.*

I will be heard, and after take your way.<sup>3</sup>

Go ; but your late repentance shall be vain :

[*He struggles still : She lets him go.*

I'll never, never see your face again. [*Turning away.*]

*Aur.* Madam, I know what ever you can say :<sup>4</sup>

You might be pleas'd not to command my stay.

All things are yet disorder'd in the Fort ;

I must crave leave your audience may be short.

*Ind.* You need not fear I shall detain you long ;

Yet you may tell me your pretended wrong.

*Aur.* Is that the bus'ness ? then my stay is vain.

*Ind.* How are you injur'd ?

*Aur.* ——— When did I complain ?

<sup>1</sup> *Recal her spirits*, revive her, bring her to her senses again.

<sup>2</sup> *and . . . too*, sc. himself.

<sup>3</sup> *take your way*, be free to leave me.

<sup>4</sup> *I know . . . say*, I anticipate every excuse you can intend to make.

*Ind.* Leave off your forc'd respect——

And show your rage in its most furious form :  
I'm arm'd with innocence to brave the Storm.  
You heard, perhaps, your Brother's last desire ;  
And after saw him in my Arms expire :  
Saw me, with tears, so great a loss bemoan :  
Heard me complaining my last hopes were gone.

*Aur.* Oh stay, and take me with you when you go.  
There's nothing now worth living for below.<sup>1</sup>  
Unhappy Sex ! whose beauty is your snare ;  
Expos'd to trials ; made too frail to bear.  
I grow a fool, and show my rage again :  
'Tis Nature's fault ; and why should I complain ?

*Ind.* Will you yet hear me ?

*Aur.* —— Yes, till you relate  
What pow'rful Motives did your change create.  
You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh,<sup>2</sup>  
Tears were but vain, and brought but Youths decay.  
Then, in *Morat*, your hopes a Crown design'd ;<sup>3</sup>  
And all the Woman<sup>4</sup> work'd within your mind.  
I rave again, and to my rage return,  
To be again subjected to your scorn.

*Ind.* I wait till this long storm be over-blown.

*Aur.* I'm conscious of my folly : I have done.  
I cannot rail ; but silently I'll grieve.  
How did I trust ! and how did you deceive !  
Oh, *Arimant*, would I had di'd for thee !  
I dearly buy thy generositie. }

*Ind.* Alas, is he then dead ? }

*Aur.* —— Unknown to me, }

<sup>1</sup> *There's nothing; . . . below*, quoting with sarcasm her words to *Morat*.

<sup>2</sup> *weigh*, consider, reflect.

<sup>3</sup> *your hopes . . . design'd*, your scheme was to marry *Morat* and so gain a crown.

<sup>4</sup> *all the Woman*, all the subtlety and fickleness of woman's nature ; see note 5, p. 126.



He took my Arms : and while I forc'd my way,  
 Through Troops of Foes, which did our passage stay,  
 My Buckler o'r my aged Father cast,  
 Still fighting, still defending as I past,  
 The noble *Arimant* usurp'd my name ;  
 Fought, and took from me, while he gave me fame,  
 To *Aureng-Zebe*, he made his Souldiers cry,<sup>1</sup>  
 And seeing not, where he heard danger nigh,<sup>2</sup>  
 Shot, like a Star, through the benighted Sky. }  
 A short, but mighty aid : at length he fell.  
 My own adventures 'twere lost time to tell ;  
 Or how my Army, entering in the night,  
 Surpris'd our Foes : the dark disorder'd fight :  
 How my appearance, and my Father shown,<sup>3</sup>  
 Made peace ; and all the rightful Monarch own.  
 I've summ'd it briefly, since it did relate  
 Th'unwelcome safety of the man you hate.

*Ind.* As briefly will I clear my innocence :  
 Your alter'd Brother di'd in my defence.  
 Those tears you saw, that tenderness I show'd,  
 Were just effects of grief and gratitude.  
 He di'd my Convert.<sup>4</sup>

*Aur.* ——— But your Lover too :  
 I heard his words, and did your actions view ;  
 You seem'd to mourn another Lover dead :  
 My sighs you gave him, and my tears you shed.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *To Aureng-Zebe* . . . *cry*, pretending to be me, he called out to his soldiers "To Aureng-Zebe !" and this rallying-cry was taken up by them.

<sup>2</sup> *And seeing* . . . *nigh*, the night being too dark for him to see where the battle raged most hotly, where the danger was greatest, he guessed by the fierceness of the noise, and rushed to that point.

<sup>3</sup> *How my appearance* . . . *shown*, how by appearing myself and showing my father with me ; *my Father shown*, a Latin idiom.

<sup>4</sup> *my Convert*, a convert to my views of what made the nobleness of life.

<sup>5</sup> *My sighs* . . . *shed*, the sighs that you breathed and the tears that you shed, were due to me, should have been breathed and shed for me only.

But worst of all,  
Your gratitude for his defence was shown :  
It prov'd you valu'd life when I was gone.

*Ind.* Not that I valu'd life ; but fear'd to die :  
'Think that my weakness, not inconstancy.

*Aur.* Fear show'd you doubted of your own intent :  
And she who doubts becomes less innocent.  
'Tell me not you could fear ;  
Fear's a large promiser, who subject live  
To that base passion, know not what they give.  
No circumstance of grief<sup>1</sup> you did deny ;  
And what could she give more who durst not die ?

*Ind.* My love, my faith.

*Aur.* ——— Both so adult'rate grown,  
When mix'd with fear, they never could be known.<sup>2</sup>  
I wish no ill might her I love befall ;  
But she ne'r lov'd who durst not venture all.  
Her life and fame should my concernment be ;<sup>3</sup>  
But she should only be afraid for me.

*Ind.* My heart was yours ; but, Oh ! you left it here,  
Abandon'd to those Tyrants, Hope and Fear :  
In they forc'd from me one kind look or word,  
Could you not that, not that small part afford ?

*Aur.* If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could  
call :<sup>4</sup>  
Giving the least of mine, you gave him all.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *circumstance of grief*, outward manifestation, accompaniment, of grief ; cp. *Othello*, iii. 3. 354, "Pride, pomp and *circumstance* of glorious war."

<sup>2</sup> *never could be known*, never could be recognized as what they profess to be.

<sup>3</sup> *should my concernment be*, are matters with which I should concern myself.

<sup>4</sup> *you nothing . . . call*, you could call nothing your own, everything belonging to you would be merged in me.

<sup>5</sup> *Giving . . . all*, in giving to him the least thing that was due to me, in showing the smallest interest in him, you gave everything.

'True love's a Miser, so tenacious grown :  
 He weighs to the least grain of what's his own.<sup>1</sup>  
 More delicate than Honour's nicest sense :  
 Neither to give nor take the least offence.  
 With, or without you, I can have no rest :  
 What shall I do ? y'are lodg'd within my breast :  
 Your Image never will be thence displac'd ;  
 But there it lies, stabb'd, mangled, and defac'd.

*Ind.* Yet, to restore the quiet of your heart,  
 There's one way left.

*Aur.* ——— Oh name it.

*Ind.* ——— 'Tis to part.

Since perfect bliss with me you cannot prove,  
 I scorn to bless by halves the man I love.

*Aur.* Now you distract me more : shall then the day,  
 Which views my 'Triumph, see our loves decay ?  
 Must I new bars to my own joy create ?  
 Refuse, my self, what I had forc'd from Fate ?<sup>2</sup>  
 What though I am not lov'd ?

Reason's nice<sup>3</sup> taste does our delights destroy :  
 Brutes are more bless'd, who grosly feed on joy.

*Ind.* Such endless jealousies your love pursue,  
 I can no more be fully bless'd than you.  
 I therefore go, to free us both from pain :  
 I pris'd your Person, but your Crown disdain.  
 Nay, ev'n my own———

I give it you ; for since I cannot call  
 Your heart my Subject, I'll not Reign at all. [*Exit.*]

*Aur.* Go : though thou leav'st me tortur'd on the  
 Rack,

"Twixt Shame and Pride, I cannot call thee back,

<sup>1</sup> *He weighs* . . . *own*, a confusion of constructions between  
 "He weighs even to the least grain what is his own," and, "He  
 weighs most carefully even the least grain of what is his own."

<sup>2</sup> *what* . . . *fate*, what by my courage I had compelled fate to  
 yield to me, *sc.* possession of Indamora.

<sup>3</sup> *nice*, scrupulous, fastidious, over-dainty.

She's guiltless, and I should submit ; but Oh !  
 When she exacts it, can I stoop so low ?  
 Yes ; for she's guiltless ;——but she's haughty too ;  
 Great Souls long strugglè ere they own a crime :  
 She's gone ; and leaves me no repenting time.  
 I'll call her now ; sure, if she loves, she'll stay ;  
 Linger at least, or not go far away.

[*Looks to the door, and returns.*

For ever lost, and I repent too late.  
 My foolish pride would set my whole Estate,<sup>1</sup>  
 Till, at one throw, I lost all back to Fate.<sup>2</sup>

*To him the Emperor, drawing in Indamora : Attendants.*

*Emp.* It must not be, that he, by whom we live,  
 Should no advantage of his gift receive.  
 Should he be wholly wretched ? he alone,  
 In this bless'd day, a day so much his own ?

[*To Indamora.*

I have not quitted yet a Victor's right :  
 I'll make you happy in your own despight.  
 I love you still : and if I struggle hard  
 To give, it shows the worth of the reward.

*Ind.* Suppose he has o'come ; must I find place  
 Among his conquer'd Foes, and sue for grace ?  
 Be pardon'd, and confess I lov'd not well ?  
 What though none live my innocence to tell ?  
 I know it : Truth may own a gen'rous pride :  
 I clear my self, and care for none beside.

*Aur.* Oh, *Indamora*, you would break my heart !  
 Could you resolve, on any terms, to part ?  
 I thought your love eternal : was it ti'd  
 So loosly, that a quarrel could divide ?  
 I grant that my suspicions were unjust ;  
 But would you leave me for a small distrust ?  
 Forgive those foolish words——— [Kneeling to her.

<sup>1</sup> *set* . . . *Estate*, stake my all.

<sup>2</sup> *lost* . . . *Fate*, lost again to fate what I had won from it.

They were the froth my raging folly mov'd,  
When it boil'd up : I knew not then I lov'd ;  
Yet then lov'd most.

*Ind. (to Aur.)* You would but half be blest !

[ *Giving her hand, smiling.*

*Aur. ———* Oh do but try

My eager love : I'll give my self the lie.  
The very hope is a full happiness ;  
Yet scantily measures what I shall possess.

\* Fancy it self, ev'n in enjoyment, is  
But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its bliss.<sup>1</sup>

*Emp.* Her eyes a secret yielding do confess,  
And promise to partake your happiness.  
May all the joys I did my self pursue,  
Be rais'd by her, and multipl'd on you.<sup>2</sup>

*A Procession of Priests, Slaves following, and last  
Melesinda in white.*

*Ind.* Alas ! what means this pomp ?

*Aur.* 'Tis the Procession of a Funeral Vow,  
Which cruel Laws to *Indian Wives* allow,<sup>3</sup>  
When fatally their Virtue they approve ;<sup>4</sup>  
Chearful in flames, and Martyrs of their Love.

*Ind.* Oh my foreboding heart ! th'event I fear :  
And see ! sad *Melesinda* does appear.

*Mel.* You wrong my love ; what grief do I betray ?  
This is the Triumph of my Nuptial day.

<sup>1</sup> *Fancy* . . . *bliss*, fancy, even when enjoying the object of its desire, is but a dumb judge, and cannot put into words the extent of its delight ; possibly Dryden is here using *Fancy* in the sense of *love*, a sense so frequent in Elizabethan writers.

<sup>2</sup> *Be rais'd* . . . *you*, be called up by her and descend upon you in fullest measure.

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis the *Procession* . . . *allow*, the ceremony of *Sati*, according to which widows were burnt with the corpses of their husbands. *Sati* was abolished by Lord W. Bentinck in 1829.

<sup>4</sup> *approve*, give proof of ; as frequently in Elizabethan English.

My better Nuptials ; which, in spite of Fate,  
For ever joyn me to my dear *Morat*.

Now I am pleas'd ; my jealousies are o'r :

He's mine ; and I can lose him now no more.

*Emp.* Let no false show of Fame your reason blind.

*Ind.* You have no right to die ; he was not kind.<sup>1</sup>

*Mel.* Had he been kind, I could no love have shown.<sup>2</sup>

Each vulgar Virtue would as much have done.<sup>3</sup>

My love was such, it needed no return ;

But could, though he suppli'd no fuel, burn.

Rich in it self, like Elemental fire,<sup>4</sup>

Whose pureness does no Aliment require.

In vain you would bereave me of my Lord ;

For I will die : die is too base a word ;

I'll seek his breast, and kindling by his side,

Adorn'd with flames, I'll mount a glorious Bride. [*Exit.*

*Enter Nourmahal distracted, with Zayda.*

*Zay.* She's lost, she's lost ! but, why do I complain  
For her, who generously did life disdain !

Poison'd,\* she raves-----

Th'invenom'd Body does the Soul attack ;

Th'invenom'd Soul works its own poison back.<sup>5</sup>

*Nour.* I burn, I more than burn ; I am all fire :  
See how my mouth and nostrils flame expire.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *he was not kind, sc.* and therefore you owe him no such sacrifice as might justly be paid to a loving husband.

<sup>2</sup> *I could . . . shown,* my performing *Sati* for him would have been no manifestation of love, but a mere act of ordinary duty.

<sup>3</sup> *Each vulgar . . . done,* the most ordinary feelings of a wife would have prompted as much.

<sup>4</sup> *Elemental fire,* the fire of the elements, which is ever bright without needing any fuel to sustain it.

<sup>5</sup> *works . . . back,* throws back upon the body the poison received from it, and so adds to the body's agony.

<sup>6</sup> *expire,* used transitively ; cp. *The Indian Queen*, by Dryden and Lee, v. 1, "She has *expired* her latest breath" ; Pope, *Temple of Fame*, 414, "long flaky flames *expire*."

I'll not come near my self ———  
 Now I'm a burning Lake, it rowls and flows ;  
 I'll rush, and pour it all upon my Foes.  
 Pull, pull that reverend piece of Timber<sup>1</sup> near :  
 Throw't on — 'tis dry — 'twill burn —  
 Ha, ha ! how my old Husband crackles there !  
 Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about :  
 I know him ; he'll but whiz, and strait go out.  
 Fan me, you Winds : what, not one breath of Air ?  
 I burn 'em all, and yet have flames to spare.  
 Quench me : pour on whole Rivers.<sup>2</sup> 'Tis in vain :  
*Morat* stands there to drive 'em back again :  
 With those huge Bellows in his hands, he blows  
 New fire into my head : my Brain pan glows.  
 See, see ! there's *Aureng-Zebe* too takes his part ;  
 But he blows all his fire into my heart.

*Aur.* Alas, what fury's this ?

*Your.* — That's he, that's he !

[*Staring upon him, and catching at him.*

I know the dear man's voice :  
 And this my Rival, this the cursed she.  
 They kiss ; into each others arms they run :  
 Close, close, close ! must I see, and must have none ?  
 Thou art not hers : give me that eager kiss.  
 Ingrateful ! have I lost *Morat* for this ?  
 Will you ? — before my face ? — poor helpless I  
 See all ; and have my Hell before I die ! [*Sinks down.*

*Emp.* With thy last breath thou hast thy crimes confest :  
 Farewel ; and take, what thou ne'r gav'st me, rest.  
 But you, my Son, receive it better here :

[*Giving him Indamora's hand.*

The just rewards of Love and Honour wear.

<sup>1</sup> that reverend . . . Timber, *sc.* her husband, Chah Jehan.

<sup>2</sup> pour . . . Rivers, *cp.* *King John*, v. 7. 38, "And none of you will bid the winter come To thrust his icy fingers in my maw, Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course Through my burn'd bosom."

Receive the Mistris you so long have serv'd ;  
Receive the Crown your Loyalty preserv'd.  
'Take you the Reins, while I from cares remove,  
And sleep within the Chariot which I drove.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And sleep . . . drove*, and enjoy peace and rest in the land I once ruled.





## Epilogue

**A** *Pretty task ! and so I told the Fool,  
Who needs would undertake to please by Rule :<sup>1</sup>  
He thought that, if his Characters were good,  
The Scenes entire,<sup>2</sup> and freed from noise and bloud ;  
The Action great, yet circumscrib'd by Time,<sup>3</sup>  
The Words not forc'd, but sliding into Rhime,  
The Passions rais'd and calm'd by just Degrees,  
As Tides are swell'd, and then retire to Seas ;  
He thought, in hitting these, his bus'ness done,  
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one :  
But, after all, a Poet must confess,  
His Art's like Physick, but a happy gless.<sup>4</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *by Rule*, by following out the set rules of dramatic composition.

<sup>2</sup> *entire*, complete in themselves.

<sup>3</sup> *circumscrib'd by Time*, due attention being paid to the Unity of Time. Dryden's Prologue to *Secret Love ; or, The Maiden Queen*, begins with the lines,

“ He who writ this, not without pains and thought,  
From French and English Theatres has brought  
Th'exactest Rules by which a Play is wrought.  
The Unities of Action, Place, and Time ;  
The Scenes unbroken ” :

and this is ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*, Act i

<sup>4</sup> *gless*, guess ; the insertion of the *h* seems to be due to the same reason that later on caused the *u* to be introduced into the original word *gest*, viz. the desire to indicate that the *g* is hard ; cp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iv. 10. 23. •

*Your Pleasure on your Fancy must depend :*  
*The Lady's pleas'd just as she likes her Friend.<sup>1</sup>*  
*No Song ! no Dance ! no Show ! he fears you'll say,*  
*You love all naked Beauties, but a Play.*  
*He much mistakes your methods to delight ;<sup>2</sup>*  
*And, like the French, abhors our Target-fight.<sup>3</sup>*  
*But those damn'd Dogs can never be i'th' right. }*  
*True English hate your<sup>4</sup> Monsieur's paltry Arts ;*  
*For you are all Silk-weavers,<sup>5</sup> in your hearts.*  
*Bold Britons, at a brave Bear-garden<sup>6</sup> Fray,*  
*Are rous'd : and, clatt'ring Sticks, cry, Play, Play, Play.*  
*Mean time, your filthy Foreigner will stare,*  
*And mutter to himself, Ha gens Barbare !<sup>7</sup>*  
*And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters ; well for him :*  
*Our Butchers else would tear him limb from limb.*  
*'Tis true, the time may come, your Sons may be*  
*Infected with this French civility.<sup>8</sup>*  
*But this in After-ages will be done :*  
*Our Poet writes a hundred years too soon.*  
*This Age comes on too slow, or he too fast.<sup>9</sup>*  
*And early Springs are subject to a blast !*

<sup>1</sup> *The Lady's . . . Friend*, i.e. it is not the actual desert of her lover that causes the lady's fondness for him, but her own estimate of those deserts ; another version of the doctrine that beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

<sup>2</sup> *He much . . . delight*, you will say, the poet fears, that he greatly mistakes the proper way to delight you.

<sup>3</sup> *our Target-fight*, boisterous displays of combats on the stage.

<sup>4</sup> *your*, used colloquially, the Monsieur every one knows so well.

<sup>5</sup> *Silk-weavers*, "Enemies, namely, like the English silk-weavers, to the manufactures of France" (Saintsbury).

<sup>6</sup> *Bear-garden*, or *Paris-garden*, the famous bear-garden in Southwark.

<sup>7</sup> *Ha gens Barbare !* what a barbarous race ! Saintsbury prints *gent* to avoid the false concord.

<sup>8</sup> *civility*, affected civilization.

<sup>9</sup> *This Age . . . fast*, the age which will appreciate such dramas lingers too long, or your poet is in too great haste to bring it on.

*Who would excel, when few can make a Test<sup>1</sup>  
Betwixt indiff'rent Writing and the best?  
For Favours cheap and common, who wou'd strive,  
Which, like abandon'd Prostitutes, you give?  
Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold,  
Who can discern the Tinsel from the Gold:  
To these he writes: and if by them allow'd,  
'Tis their Prerogative to rule the Crowd.  
For he more fears (like a presuming Man)  
Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.*

<sup>1</sup> *can make a Test*, are capable of judging correctly.

FINIS



# THE CHACE

## BOOK II

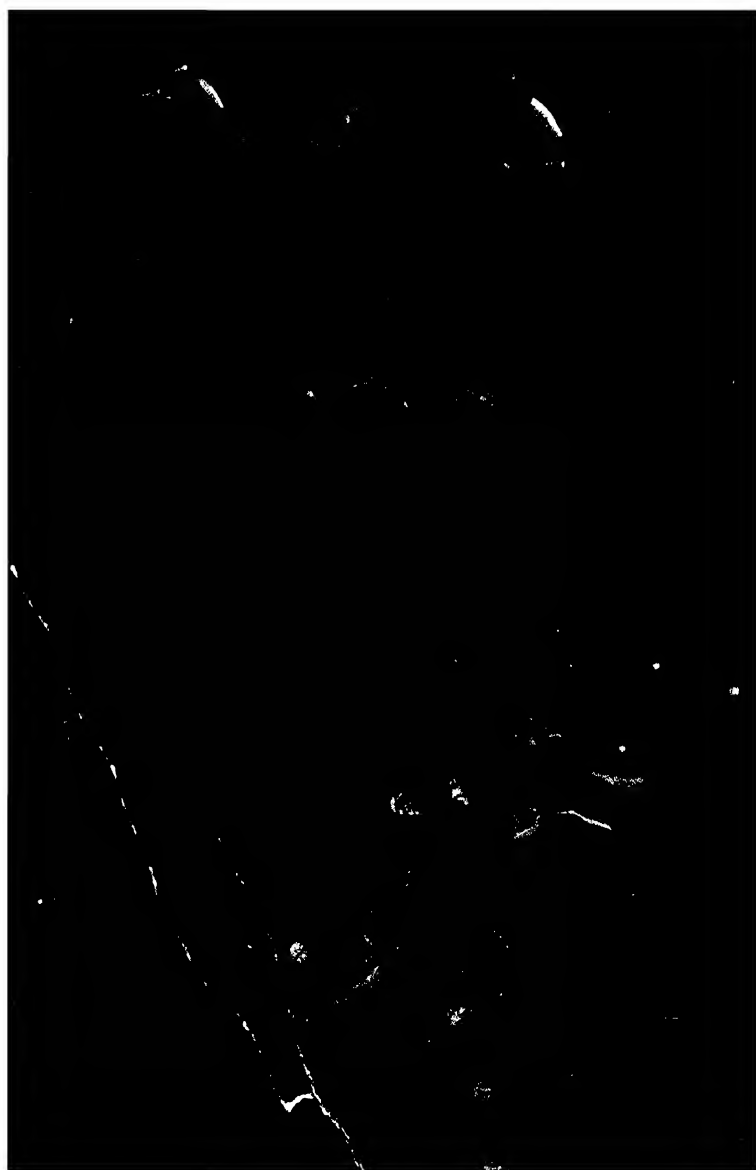












## THE EMPEROR AKBAR DEER-STALKING



## THE EMPEROR AKBAR DEER-STALKING BY NIGHT

THIS picture is a representation of the youthful Emperor Akbar (born 1542 A.D., succeeded to the throne in 1556) indulging in the mode of chasing which is described in the *Ain-i-Akbari* (the mode of governing of Akbar), as follows : —

'*Ghantahera*<sup>1</sup> is the name given to the following mode of hunting. The hunter takes a shield or a basket, the concave side being turned from him. He then lights a lamp, which being put in the concavity of the shield, will conceal him, and commences to ring bells. Other hunters lie at the same time in wait. The light of the lamp, and the sound of the bells, will attract the animals towards the place, when they are shot by the hunters in ambush. The sound of musical instruments will so enchant deer, that they are easily caught ; or sometimes hunters will charm them with a song, and when the deer approach will rise up and cruelly slay them. From a long time His Majesty has disapproved of these two methods. (*Blochmann's translation*, p. 292.)

This picture, for the original of which I am again indebted to Colonel Hanna, contains, like many others executed by Indian artists, unmistakable evidence of Western art-training and influence (*see* Preface to *Bernier*, p. xvi) in many of the details, such as the halo of glory round the Emperor's head, the hunting-lodge (?) to the

<sup>1</sup> More correctly transliterated *G'hantahera*, from the Hindee word *g'hanta*, a bell, and *herā*, the past participle of *hernā*, "to seek, look after, search for, hunt, chase," so that the word means "bell-chased."  
—A. C.

left, and the rustic bridge or grotto at the end of the lake or river in the middle distance.

In the background is the army, drawn up at a distance, clear of the tract reserved for hunting (*Bernier*, p. 375), with the Emperor's "travelling throne" (*Takht-i-rawán*) in the centre. Above the Emperor's head is inscribed, in the Persic character, in somewhat faint lettering, his name, and title given in the Moghul fashion, AKBAR KHAN. Behind the female who is carrying the decoy-lamp, and tinkling a hand-bell, is seen the celebrated Mír Shikár (Superintendent of the Chase) Amal-i-Mír Kalan Khán. The Moghul type of features of the three attendants close to the Emperor is well defined.—A. C.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

WILLIAM SOMERVILE





## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF William Somervile, author of the *Chace*, but little is known. Johnson, *Life*, tells us that he was born at Edston in Warwickshire, in 1692, and educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. His family was ancient, and he himself held a high place in the county. Among his poems were *Odes to Marlborough*, *Fables*, *Field Sports*, *Hobbinol*, or the *Rural Games*, *Epistles*, &c. Of his principal poem, *The Chace*, Johnson remarks, "To this poem praise cannot be totally denied. He is allowed by sportsmen to write with great intelligence of his subject, which is the first requisite to excellence; and though it is impossible to interest the common readers of verse in the dangerous pleasures of the chace, he has done all that transition and variety could easily effect; and has with great propriety enlarged his plan by the modes of hunting used in other countries."

The poem is in four books. The first of these treats of the origin of hunting; the manner of hunting introduced into England by the Normans; the advantage of this exercise; the situation of the kennel, the diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel; the different sorts of hounds for the different kinds of chace; their sizing and sorting; and a physical account of scents. The second gives a detailed account of hare-hunting in England, with the rules to be observed in it; and thence passes to the hunting of larger game in India during the Moghul rule, especially in the reign of Aurangzib. The third is mainly engaged with

fox-hunting, though the hunting of the lion, the elephant, the tiger, and the wild boar by the Arabs, is also described at some length and in some detail. In the fourth we have directions as to the breeding of hounds, and entering of whelps to the chace; an account of the diseases to which hounds are liable, and especially of madness among them, with the remedies to be employed; and lastly a description of otter-hunting.

Dr. John Aikin, in a critical essay prefaced to an edition of *The Chace*, published in London by T. Cadell in 1796, says of Somervile's description of the "Asiatick way of hunting," see pp. 207-215 of this text:—

This humble though animated English hunting-piece [*i.e.*, the description of Hare-hunting] is succeeded by a contrast, representing the Chace in its utmost pomp and magnificence, with respect both to the persons engaged in it and the objects. It is an eastern picture, copied from the relations of travellers; and to which, therefore, the writer has brought nothing but his acquired skill in poetical painting, with the enthusiasm inspired by a favourite subject. It is truly a grand and noble piece, abounding in rich images and striking incidents, and wrought with great force and distinctness of colouring. Its character being, as it were, historical, there is little scope for strokes of the fancy; yet the effect of the martial music and shouts of the surrounding hunters upon the enclosed wild beasts, is conceived with true poetic imagination.

. . . . . Tygers fell  
Shrink at the Noise, deep in his gloomy Den  
The Lion starts, and Morsels yet unchew'd  
Drop from his trembling Jaws.

And the mutual rage of the encircled savages against each other, with their sudden tameness at the approach of their human foe, are striking ideas. If any objection lies against this splendid picture, it is, that being introduced thus early, it has a tendency to flatten and diminish the subsequent scenes.

Somervile died on the 19th July, 1742, and was buried at Wotton, near Henley-upon-Arden. He had been married to Mary, daughter of Hugh Bethel of Yorkshire, who died before him without leaving any issue. By his

will, proved the 3rd September, 1742, he remembered New College, the place of his education, by leaving to the Master and Fellows 15 vols. of Montfaucon's *Antiquities* and Addison's *Works* for their library; and, apparently to encourage provincial literature, he bequeathed twenty pounds to purchase books for the parish library of the place of his residence.

The first edition of *The Chace* was published in 1725 by George Hawkins, and sold by T. Cooper at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. It is a handsome well printed quarto, embellished with a frontispiece, engraved by G. Scotin, after a design by Gravelot, representing the poet offering his lyre to Diana, who is attended by her nymphs. Such was the popularity of the poem that it reached a sixth edition in 1773; and since then it has been reprinted and issued in many forms.

In 1796 William Bulmer issued, from the Shakespeare Printing-office, Cleveland-Row, a very sumptuous edition in quarto, illustrated by wood engravings by John Bewick, who died before the book was published, although "he had prepared and indeed finished on wood, the whole of the designs except one." This edition is dedicated to "The Patrons of Fine Printing," and a choice copy printed on vellum is in the King's Library, British Museum. In 1802 Bulmer re-issued this edition, but the wood blocks had then begun to show signs of wear. The Bewick illustrations have been copied in some of the later reprints.

The edition of 1796 issued by T. Cadell, mentioned above, contains engravings by J. Neagle after drawings by T. Stothard, R.A., and a reprint of this edition appeared in 1802.

In 1804 another illustrated edition, with plates by Scott, after original paintings by Sartorius, was published by Messrs. Hurst and Chapple, and within the last few years the plates of this edition have been used to illustrate popular reprints of *The Chace* on several occasions.

In June last (1892) that portion of Book the Third of

*The Chace*, which treats of fox-hunting, was issued in a handsome oblong folio volume by Messrs. Day and Son, and Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., "Ltd.," of London, with numerous spirited full-page and smaller illustrations by Miss G. M. Scarlett.

# THE CHACE

## The ARGUMENT of the second Book

**O**F the Power of Instinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Instances in the Hunting of the Roebuck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Season, Weather or Wind. Description of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interspersed with Rules to be observ'd, by those who follow that Chace. Transition to the Asiatick Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian Princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the History of Gengiskan<sup>1</sup> the Great. Concludes with a short Reproof of Tyrants and Oppressors of Mankind.

<sup>1</sup> *The History of Genghizcan the Great, first Emperour of the Antient Moguls and Tartars. . . . By the late M. Petis de la Croix . . . and now faithfully translated into English. London. 1722. Svo. Chapter vii. of Book iii. "The Moguls Hunting."*—A. C.

## Book the Second

NOR will it less delight th' attentive Sage  
To observe that Instinct, which unerring guides  
The brutal<sup>1</sup> race, which mimics Reason's Lore<sup>2</sup>  
And oft transcends : Heav'n-taught<sup>3</sup> the Roe-buck swift  
Loiters at Ease before the driving Pack,  
And mocks their vain Pursuit, nor far he flies  
But checks his Ardour, till the steaming Scent  
That freshens on the Blade, provokes their Rage.  
Urg'd to their Speed, his weak deluded Foes  
Soon flag fatigued ; strain'd to Excess each Nerve,  
Each slacken'd Sinew fails ; they pant, they foam ;  
Then o'er the Lawn he bounds, o'er the high Hills  
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd Crowd  
To puzzle in the distant Vale below.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *brutal*, literally nothing more than *dumb*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lore*, acquired learning.

<sup>3</sup> *Heav'n-taught*, guided by the instinct with which he is gifted by heaven.

<sup>4</sup> *Loiters . . . below*, at first, the air being too fresh to hold the scent, the roe-buck can afford to loiter about at no great distance in front of the hounds hurrying hither and thither in pursuit, and spending their energies in the vain endeavour to track him ; but when, as the day becomes warmer, the scent lies well upon the grass and the hounds are better able to wind him, then with a few light bounds the roe-buck clears the meads, in security urges his flight over the hills, and leaves his pursuers baffled by the strong scent clinging to the valley in which he had loitered so long.



'TIS Instinct that directs the jealous<sup>1</sup> Hare  
 To choose her soft Abode ; with Step revers'd  
 She forms the doubling Maze ;<sup>2</sup> then, e'er the Morn  
 Peeps thro' the Clouds, leaps to her close Recess.

AS wand'ring Shepherds<sup>3</sup> on th' *Arabian* Plains  
 No settled Residence observe, but shift  
 Their moving Camp, now, on some cooler Hill  
 With Cedars crown'd,<sup>4</sup> court the refreshing Breeze  
 And then, below where trickling Streams distill  
 From some penurious Source,<sup>5</sup> their Thirst allay,  
 And feed their fainting Flocks. So the wise Hares  
 Oft quit their Seats, lest some more curious<sup>6</sup> Eye  
 Should mark their Haunts, and by dark treach'rous Wiles  
 Plot their Destruction ; or perchance in hopes  
 Of plenteous Forage,<sup>7</sup> near the ranker Mead<sup>8</sup>  
 Or matted<sup>9</sup> Blade, wary, and close they sit.  
 When Spring shines forth, Season of Love and Joy,  
 In the moist Marsh, 'mong Beds of Rushes hid,  
 They cool their boiling Blood : When Summer Suns  
 Bake the cleft Earth,<sup>10</sup> to thick wide-waving Fields  
 Of Corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young :  
 But when Autumnal Torrents, and fierce Rains

<sup>1</sup> *jealous*, crafty, subtle

<sup>2</sup> *with Step . . . Maze*, walking backwards and going over the ground again and again with many windings and turnings so as to puzzle pursuit. This manœuvre of the hare is a fable of some antiquity, and only a fable.

<sup>3</sup> *wand'ring Shepherds*, the Bedouin Arabs who lead a nomad life in the Desert.

<sup>4</sup> *With Cedars crown'd*, the cedars are chiefly confined to the Lebanon.

<sup>5</sup> *penurious Source*, the streams being almost dried up by the heat.

<sup>6</sup> *curious*, inquisitive, prying.

<sup>7</sup> *forage*, food ; Old French *fourage*, forage, pillage.

<sup>8</sup> *the ranker Mead*, the meadow land with its more luxuriant growth of grass.

<sup>9</sup> *matted*, tangled.

<sup>10</sup> *the cleft Earth*, the soil parched and chapt.

Deluge the Vale, in the dry crumbling Bank  
 Their Forms<sup>1</sup> they delve,<sup>2</sup> and cautiously avoid  
 'The dripping Covert ;<sup>3</sup> yet when Winter's Cold  
 Their Limbs benumbs, thither with Speed return'd  
 In the long Grass they skulk, or shrinking creep  
 Among the wither'd Leaves : 'Thus changing still,  
 As Fancy prompts them, or as Food invites.  
 But ev'ry Season carefully observ'd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Th' inconstant Winds, the fickle Element,  
 'The wise experienc'd Huntsman soon may find  
 His subtle, various<sup>5</sup> Game, nor waste in vain  
 His tedious Hours, 'till his impatient Hounds  
 With Disappointment vex'd, each springing Lark  
 Babbling<sup>6</sup> pursue, far scatter'd o'er the Fields.

NOW golden Autumn from her open Lap  
 Her fragrant Bounties show'rs ; the Fields are shorn,  
 Inwardly smiling,<sup>7</sup> the proud Farmer views  
 The rising Pyramids<sup>8</sup> that grace his Yard,  
 And counts his large Increase ; his Barns are stor'd,  
 And groaning Staddles<sup>9</sup> bend beneath their Load.  
 All now is free as Air, and the gay Pack  
 In the rough bristly Stubbles range unblam'd ;<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Forms*, the technical term for the bed of the hare.

<sup>2</sup> *delve*, hollow out.

<sup>3</sup> *The dripping Covert*, the sheltered copse dripping with rain : the *Covert* is mute.

<sup>4</sup> *carefully observ'd*, being observed ; if he observes ; a Latin idiom.

<sup>5</sup> *various*, constantly changing its abode.

<sup>6</sup> *Babbling*, the sportsman's term for the vain whimper of hounds unsuccessful in picking up the scent.

<sup>7</sup> *Inwardly smiling*, with secret satisfaction.

<sup>8</sup> *The rising Pyramids*, the stacks of hay and corn sloping at the top.

<sup>9</sup> *Staddles*, a word still in use in some parts of the country for the stone supports on which the stacks are raised, or for the beams of wood laid upon such supports ; here, from the word *groaning*, the latter are probably intended.

<sup>10</sup> *All now . . . unblam'd*, there are now no crops to hinder hunting, and the hounds are at liberty to range freely amidst the stubble without the farmer objecting.

No Widow's Tears o'erflow,<sup>1</sup> no secret Curse  
 Swells in the Farmer's Breast, while his pale Lips  
 Trembling conceal, by his fierce Landlord aw'd :  
 But courteous now he levels ev'ry Fence,  
 Joins in the common Cry,<sup>2</sup> and hollows loud,  
 Charm'd with the rattling Thunder of the Field.  
 Oh bear me, some kind Pow'r invisible !  
 To that extended Lawn, where the gay Court  
 View the swift Racers, stretching to the Goal ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Games more renown'd, and a far nobler Train,  
 Than proud *Elean* Fields<sup>4</sup> could boast of old.  
 Oh ! were a *Theban* lyre<sup>5</sup> not wanting here,  
 And *Pindar's* voice, to do their Merit right !  
 Or to those spacious Plains,<sup>6</sup> where the strain'd Eye  
 In the wide Prospect lost, beholds at last  
*Sarum's*<sup>7</sup> proud Spire, that o'er the Hills ascends,  
 And pierces thro' the Clouds. Or to thy Downs,  
 Fair *Cotswold*,<sup>8</sup> where the well-breath'd Beagle climbs,  
 With matchless Speed, thy green aspiring Brow,<sup>9</sup>  
 And leaves the lagging Multitude behind.

<sup>1</sup> *No Widow's Tears o'erflow*, no widow has to lament the damage done to her crops by the hounds.

<sup>2</sup> *the common cry*, the shouts of the huntsman and the cries of the hounds, *the rattling Thunder* of the next line.

<sup>3</sup> *To the . . . Goal*, the race-course ; probably here that of Newmarket, a favourite resort of the Court in former days.

<sup>4</sup> *Elean Fields*, at Elis, on the west coast of the Peloponnesus, the festival of the Olympian games was held every four years ; among these games were horse-races, foot-races, chariot-races.

<sup>5</sup> *Theban lyre*, Pindar, who in his Olympian Odes celebrated the Olympic games, was a native of Thebes.

<sup>6</sup> *those spacious Plains*, Salisbury plains, near to which stands Salisbury cathedral, famous among other things for the height of its spire.

<sup>7</sup> *Sarum*, the Roman name for Salisbury.

<sup>8</sup> *Cotswold*, an open down in Gloucestershire, formerly much used for coursing ; cp. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1. 92.

<sup>9</sup> *Brow*, summit of the slope.

HAIL, gentle Dawn ! Mild blushing Goddess hail !  
 Rejoyc'd I see thy purple Mantle spread  
 O'er half the Skies, gems pave thy radiant Way,  
 And orient Pearls<sup>1</sup> from ev'ry Shrub depend.  
 Farewel, *Cleora*;<sup>2</sup> here, deep sunk in Down<sup>3</sup>  
 Slumber secure, with happy Dreams amus'd,  
 'Till grateful Steams<sup>4</sup> shall tempt thee to receive  
 Thy early Meal, or thy officious Maids,  
 The Toilet plac'd,<sup>5</sup> shall urge thee to perform  
 Th' important Work. Me other Joys invite,  
 The Horn sonorous calls, the Pack awak'd  
 Their Mattins chant,<sup>6</sup> nor brook my long Delay :<sup>7</sup>  
 My Courser hears their Voice ; see there with Ears  
 And Tail erect, neighing he paws the Ground !  
 Fierce Rapture kindles in his red'ning Eyes,  
 And boils in ev'ry Vein. As captive Boys  
 Cow'd by the ruling Rod, and haughty Frowns  
 Of Pedagogues severe, from their hard Tasks,  
 If once dismiss'd, no Limits can contain  
 The Tumult rais'd, within their little Breasts,<sup>8</sup>  
 But give a Loose to all their frolic Play.<sup>9</sup>  
 So from their Kennel rush the joyous Pack ;

<sup>1</sup> *orient Pearls*, glistening dew-drops.

<sup>2</sup> *Cleora*, a fanciful name for some fair lady.

<sup>3</sup> *Down*, feather bed.

<sup>4</sup> *grateful Steams*, the pleasant smell of breakfast ready for your enjoyment.

<sup>5</sup> *The Toilet plac'd*, having prepared everything for you to make your toilet, to array yourself for the day.

<sup>6</sup> *Their Mattins chant*, send forth their cries joyfully at the break of day ; *F. matins*, morning prayer, *Lat. matutinus*, belonging to the morning.

<sup>7</sup> *nor brook* . . . *Delay*, impatiently await my coming to let them loose for the chace.

<sup>8</sup> *no Limits* . . . *Breasts*, nothing can check their outburst of joy at their release from school.

<sup>9</sup> *give a Loose*, give free vent to ; *frolic*, formerly often used as an adjective.

A thousand wanton Gayeties<sup>1</sup> express  
 Their inward Extasy, their pleasing Sport  
 Once more indulg'd,<sup>2</sup> and Liberty restor'd.  
 The rising Sun that o'er th' Horizon peeps,  
 As many Colours from their glossy Skins  
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various Bow<sup>3</sup>  
 When *April* show'rs descend. Delightful Scene !  
 Where all around is gay, Men, Horses, Dogs,  
 And in each smiling Countenance appears  
 Fresh-blooming Health, and universal Joy.

HUNTSMAN, lead on ! behind the clust'ring Pack  
 Submiss attend, hear with respect thy Whip  
 Loud-clanging,<sup>4</sup> and thy harsher Voice obey :  
 Spare not the straggling Cur, that wildly roves ;  
 But let thy brisk Assistant<sup>5</sup> on his Back  
 Imprint thy just Resentments ; let each Lash  
 Bite to the Quick, 'till howling he return,  
 And whining creep amid the trembling Crowd.

HERE on this verdant Spot, where Nature kind,  
 With double Blessings crowns the Farmer's Hopes ;  
 Where Flow'rs autumnal spring, and the rank Mead  
 Affords the wand'ring Hares a rich Repast ;  
 Throw off<sup>6</sup> thy ready Pack. See, where they spread  
 And range around, and dash the glitt'ring Dew.  
 If some stanch Hound, with his authentick Voice,  
 Avow the recent Trail,<sup>7</sup> the justling Tribe

<sup>1</sup> *wanton Gayeties*, frolicsome gambols.

<sup>2</sup> *indulg'd*, being indulged.

<sup>3</sup> *the various Bow*, the many-coloured rainbow.

<sup>4</sup> *Loud-clanging*, sharply cracking.

<sup>5</sup> *thy brisk Assistant*, your hunting-whip.

<sup>6</sup> *Throw off*, the technical term for sending the hounds into covert to find the game.

<sup>7</sup> *If some . . . Trail*, if some well-tried, steady, hound shows by his whimper, which may be thoroughly trusted, that he has picked up the fresh scent.

Attend his Call,<sup>1</sup> then with one mutual Cry,  
 'The welcome News confirm,<sup>2</sup> and echoing Hills  
 Repeat the pleasing 'Tale. See how they thread  
 'The Brakes,<sup>3</sup> and up yon Furrow drive along !  
 But quick they back recoil, and wisely check  
 Their eager Haste ; then o'er the fallow'd Ground<sup>4</sup>  
 How leisurely they work,<sup>5</sup> and many a Pause  
 Th' harmonious Concert<sup>6</sup> breaks ; 'till more assur'd<sup>7</sup>  
 With Joy redoubled the low Vallies ring.  
 What artful Labyrinths<sup>8</sup> perplex their Way !  
 Ah ! there she lies ; how close ! she pants, she doubts  
 If now she lives ; she trembles as she sits,  
 With Horror seiz'd. The wither'd Grass that clings  
 Around her Head, of the same russet Hue,<sup>9</sup>  
 Almost deceiv'd my Sight, had not her Eyes  
 With Life full-beaming her vain Wiles betray'd.  
 At Distance draw thy Pack, let all be hush'd,  
 No Clamour loud, no frantick Joy be heard,  
 Lest the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain  
 Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.  
 Now gently put her off ;<sup>10</sup> see how direct  
 To her known *Muse*<sup>11</sup> she flies ! Here Huntsman bring

<sup>1</sup> *the justling Tribe* . . . *Call*, the whole pack eagerly obey his summons and join with him in verifying his discovery.

<sup>2</sup> *The welcome News confirm*, throw up their heads with a loud cry confirming his sagacity.

<sup>3</sup> *Brakes*, bushes, thicket.

<sup>4</sup> *fallow'd Ground*, soil now lying fallow.

<sup>5</sup> *work*, a technical term when the hounds, laying their muzzles close to the ground, endeavour to track the game.

<sup>6</sup> *Th' harmonious Concert*, the giving tongue in unison ; the first edition has *consort*.

<sup>7</sup> *more assur'd*, they being more confident of having hit off the scent.

<sup>8</sup> *Labyrinths*, mazes made by the hare as she turns and winds.

<sup>9</sup> *the same russet Hue*, almost of the same colour as the fur of the hare.

<sup>10</sup> *put her off*, start her.

<sup>11</sup> *Muse*, *musct*, or *musit*. "the opening in a fence or thicket through which a hare, or other beast of sport, is accustomed to pass" (*Nares, Gloss.*) : O.F. *musette*, a little hole, or corner to hide things in.

(But without hurry) all thy jolly Hounds,  
 And calmly lay them in.<sup>1</sup> How low they stoop,  
 And seem to plough the Ground !<sup>2</sup> then all at once  
 With greedy Nostrils snuff the fuming Stream<sup>3</sup>  
 That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As Winds let loose  
 From the dark Caverns of the blust'ring God,<sup>4</sup>  
 They burst away, and sweep the dewy Lawn.  
 Hope gives them Wings, while she's spur'd on by Fear.  
 The Welkin<sup>5</sup> rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and Woods  
 In the full Consort join. Now, my brave Youths,  
 Stript for the Chace,<sup>6</sup> give all your Souls to Joy !  
 See how their Coursers, than the Mountain Roe  
 More fleet, the verdant Carpet skim, thick Clouds  
 Snorting they breathe, their shining Hoofs scarce print  
 The Grass unbruised ; with Emulation fir'd  
 They strain to lead the Field, top the barr'd Gate,<sup>7</sup>  
 O'er the deep Ditch exulting Bound, and brush  
 The thorny-twining Hedge :<sup>8</sup> the Riders bend  
 O'er their arch'd Necks ; with steady Hands, by turns  
 Indulge their Speed, or moderate their Rage.<sup>9</sup>  
 Where are their Sorrows, Disappointments, Wrongs,  
 Vexations, Sickness, Cares ? All, all are gone,  
 And with the panting Winds<sup>10</sup> lag far behind.

<sup>1</sup> *lay them in*, send them in pursuit ; a technical term, more commonly 'lay them on.'

<sup>2</sup> *to plough the Ground*, their noses being kept so close to it.

<sup>3</sup> *the fuming Stream*, the strong scent left by the hare.

<sup>4</sup> *the blust'ring God*, Æolus, who kept the winds shut up in a bag.

<sup>5</sup> *Welkin*, sky ; A.S. *wolcnu*, clouds, plural of *wolcen*, a cloud.

<sup>6</sup> *Stript for the Chace*, who have stripped off your coats in order the more easily to follow the chace.

<sup>7</sup> *top . . . Gate*, leap the locked gate between the fields.

<sup>8</sup> *brush . . . Hedge*, clear the hedge, just touching its topmost boughs : *thorny-twining*, with close-set thorns.

<sup>9</sup> *Indulge . . . Rage*, give free rein to their horses, or check their impetuosity.

<sup>10</sup> *the panting Winds*, the winds that seem to be labouring to keep pace with them.

HUNTSMAN ! her Gate<sup>1</sup> observe, if in wide Rings<sup>2</sup>  
 She wheel her mazy Way, in the same Round  
 Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten 'Track.'<sup>3</sup>  
 But if she fly, and with the fav'ring Wind<sup>4</sup>  
 Urge her bold Course ; less intricate thy 'Task :  
 Push on thy Pack. Like some poor exil'd Wretch  
 The frighted Chace leaves her late dear Abodes,  
 O'er Plains remote she stretches far away,  
 Ah ! never to return ! for greedy Death  
 Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his Prey.

HARK ! from yon Covert, where those tow'ring Oaks  
 Above the humble Copse aspiring rise,  
 What glorious Triumphs<sup>5</sup> burst in ev'ry Gale  
 Upon our ravish'd Ears ! The Hunters shout,  
 The clanging Horns swell their sweet-winding Notes,  
 The Pack wide-op'ning load the trembling Air  
 With various Melody ; from 'Tree to Tree  
 'The propagated Cry, redoubling Bounds,<sup>6</sup>  
 And winged Zephirs waft the floating Joy  
 'Thro' all the Regions near : Afflictive Birch<sup>7</sup>  
 No more the School-boy dreads ; his Prison broke,

<sup>1</sup> *Gate*, manner of going ; in the modern spelling, gait.

<sup>2</sup> *wide Rings*, windings and doublings.

<sup>3</sup> *she'll foil . . . Track*, she will puzzle the hounds by going over and over the same route: Cotgrave gives "*Fouler*. The Slot of a Stag, the Fuse of a Buck upon hard ground, grass, leaves, or dust ; we call it (most properly) his *foyling*"; and Halliwell, *Arch. and Prov. Dict.*, s.v. *foil*, "*To run the foil*, a phrase in hunting, used when game runs over the same track a second time in order to puzzle or elude the hounds. The foil is the track of the deer"

<sup>4</sup> *with the fav'ring Wind*, running with the wind, and so leaving a stronger scent.

<sup>5</sup> *glorious Triumphs*, bursts of triumphant sound from the sportsmen, from the huntsman's horn, and from the pack itself.

<sup>6</sup> *The propagated Cry . . . Bounds*, the clamour is echoed from tree to tree with redoubled force.

<sup>7</sup> *Afflictive Birch*, the birch-rod with which school-boys were commonly flogged.



Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his Master's Call.  
 The weary Traveller forgets his Road,  
 And climbs th' adjacent Hill ; the Ploughman leaves  
 Th' unfinish'd Furrow ; nor his bleating Flocks  
 Are now the Shepherd's Joy ; Men, Boys, and Girls  
 Desert th' unpeopled Village ;<sup>1</sup> and wild Crowds  
 Spread o'er the Plain, by the sweet Frenzy seiz'd.  
 Look, how she pants ! and o'er yon op'ning Glade  
 Slips glancing by ;<sup>2</sup> while, at the further End,  
 'The puzzling Pack unravel Wile by Wile,<sup>3</sup>  
 Maze within Maze. The Covert's utmost Bound  
 Slyly she skirts ; behind them cautious creeps,  
 And in that very Track, so lately stain'd  
 By all the steaming Crowd,<sup>4</sup> seems to pursue  
 'The Foe she flies. Let Cavillers deny  
 That Brutes have Reason ; sure 'tis something more :  
 'Tis Heav'n directs, and Stratagems inspires,  
 Beyond the short Extent of humane Thought.  
 But hold — — I see her from the Covert break ;  
 Sad on yon little Eminence she sits ;  
 Intent she listens with one Ear erect,  
 Pond'ring, and doubtful what new Course to take,  
 And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty Crew,  
 That still urge on,<sup>5</sup> and still in Vollies loud,<sup>6</sup>  
 Insult her Woes, and mock her sore Distress.  
 As now in louder Peals, the loaded Winds  
 Bring on the gath'ring Storm, her Fears prevail :

<sup>1</sup> *Desert* . . . *Village*, desert the village, which is thereby made empty.

<sup>2</sup> *Slips glancing by*, glides with the motion of a swiftly glancing ray.

<sup>3</sup> *unravel* . . . *Wile*, puzzle out the various wiles by which she endeavours to elude them.

<sup>4</sup> *so lately* . . . *Crowd*, which the sweating pack has but a moment ago streamed through in full cry and befouled by its passage—thus blinding the scent.

<sup>5</sup> *urge on*, press forward.

<sup>6</sup> *Volles loud*, eager outbursts of sound.

And o'er the Plain, and o'er the Mountain's Ridg ,  
 Away she flies ; nor Ships with Wind and Tide,  
 And all their Canvass Wings skud half so fast.  
 Once more, ye jovial Train, your Courage try,  
 And each clean<sup>1</sup> Courser's Speed. We scour along,  
 In pleasing Hurry and Confusion tost ;  
 Oblivion to be wish'd.<sup>2</sup> The patient Pack  
 Hang on the Scent unwear'd ; up they climb,  
 And ardent we pursue ; our lab'ring Steeds  
 We press, we gore ;<sup>3</sup> till once the Summit gain'd,  
 Painfully panting, there we breathe<sup>4</sup> awhile ;  
 Then like a foaming Torrent, pouring down  
 Precipitant,<sup>5</sup> we smoke along the Vale.  
 Happy the Man, who with unrival'd Speed  
 Can pass his Fellows, and with Pleasure view  
 The struggling Pack ; how in the rapid Course  
 Alternate they preside,<sup>6</sup> and justling push  
 To guide the dubious Scent ;<sup>7</sup> how giddy Youth<sup>8</sup>  
 Oft babbling errs, by wiser Age reprov'd ;  
 How, niggard of his Strength, the wise old Hound  
 Hangs in the Rear, 'till some important Point<sup>9</sup>  
 Rouse all his Diligence, or 'till the chace  
 Sinking<sup>10</sup> he finds ; then to the head he springs,  
 With Thirst of Glory fir'd, and wins the Prize.

<sup>1</sup> *clean*, clean-limbed ; free from spavins, splints, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Oblivion to be wish'd*, with an enviable forgetfulness of all troubles.

<sup>3</sup> *gore*, pierce with our spurs ; *gore*, from Anglo-Saxon, *gār*, a spear, and unconnected with either *gore*, clotted blood, or *gore*, a triangular piece let into a garment.

<sup>4</sup> *breathe*, pause to take breath.

<sup>5</sup> *Precipitant*, headlong ; a word now rarely used, *precipitate* having taken its place.

<sup>6</sup> *Alternate they preside*, each in his turn takes the lead.

<sup>7</sup> *To guide* . . . *Scent*, to pick up the doubtful scent and guide the rest in following it up.

<sup>8</sup> *giddy Youth*, the younger hounds, so easily diverted from the track.

<sup>9</sup> *some important Point*, some difficulty greater than usual.

<sup>10</sup> *Sinking*, losing heart.

Huntsman, take heed ; they stop in full career.  
 Yon crowding l'locks, that at a Distance gaze,  
 Have haply foil'd the Turf.<sup>1</sup> See ! that old Hound  
 How busily he works, but dares not trust  
 His doubtful Sense ; draw yet a wider Ring,<sup>2</sup>  
 Hark ! now again the Chorus fills.<sup>3</sup> As Bells,  
 Sally'd a while,<sup>4</sup> at once their Peal renew,  
 And high in Air the tuneful Thunder rolls.  
 See, how they toss,<sup>5</sup> with animated Rage  
 Recov'ring all they lost !—That eager Haste  
 Some doubling Wile foreshews.<sup>6</sup>—Ah ! yet once more  
 They're check'd—hold back with Speed<sup>7</sup>—on either Hand  
 They flourish round<sup>8</sup>—ev'n yet persist—"Tis Right :  
 Away they Spring ; the rustling Stubbles bend

<sup>1</sup> *foil'd the Turf*, see note 3, p. 201.

<sup>2</sup> *draw . . . Ring*, made a wider cast ; spread out the pack so as to take in a wider area, and thus give more chance of recovering the scent.

<sup>3</sup> *the Chorus fills*, the whole pack takes up the cry.

<sup>4</sup> *Sally'd a while*, in some editions of the poem, the reading here is "*Silen'd awhile*," and the meaning is much the same. Before bells can be rung, they have to be "raised," *i.e.* turned mouth upwards. When the rope is pulled, the bell swings completely round until it stands upright again, and the clapper falls against the lip of the bell, causing it to sound, the bell remaining in its upright position until the rope is pulled again. At some distance from the end of the rope there is a tufting of wool which is called the "sally" or "sallee," and Somerville refers to the position of the ringers when the "sallies" are in their hands, and the bells are "set" ready to be pulled off again. The verb to "sally" is sometimes used by ringers when teaching a beginner to handle a bell. Thus, "You take the rope's end and I will *sally* for you," *i.e.* the instructor will manage the sally—the most difficult part—while the learner has only to pull at the rope's end at the proper time.

<sup>5</sup> *toss*, throw up their heads.

<sup>6</sup> *That eager Haste . . . foreshews*, their hasty taking up of the chase forebodes that they have been misled by the crafty doubling of the hare.

<sup>7</sup> *hold . . . Speed*, addressed to the huntsman.

<sup>8</sup> *flourish round*, circle about with their tails flourished in the air.

Beneath the driving Storm.<sup>1</sup> Now the poor Chace  
 Begins to flag, to her last Shifts reduc'd.  
 From Brake to Brake she flies, and visits all  
 Her well-known Haunts, where once she rang'd secure,  
 With Love and Plenty blest. See ! there she goes,  
 She reels along, and by her Gate betrays  
 Her inward Weakness. See, how black<sup>2</sup> she looks !  
 The Sweat that clogs th' obstructed Pores, scarce leaves  
 A languid Scent.<sup>3</sup> And now in open View  
 See, see, she flies ! each eager Hound exerts  
 His utmost Speed, and stretches ev'ry Nerve.  
 How quick she turns ! their gaping Jaws cludes,  
 And yet a Moment lives ; 'till round inclos'd  
 By all the greedy Pack, with infant Screams<sup>4</sup>  
 She yields her Breath, and there reluctant<sup>5</sup> dies.  
 So when the furious *Bacchanals*<sup>6</sup> assail'd  
 THREICIAN ORPHEUS, poor ill-fated Bard !

<sup>1</sup> *the driving Storm*, the eager rush of the pack.

<sup>2</sup> *black*, *sc.* with stains of mud.

<sup>3</sup> *The Sweat . . . Scent*, in the First Book of this poem, ll. 347-579 the following explanation is given of the manner in which Scent is carried :—

“ As fuming vapours rise,  
 And hang upon the gently purling brook,  
 There by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd,  
 The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,  
 And thro' the net-work of the skin perspires :  
 Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by  
 The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless  
 By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarefied  
 By the meridian sun's intenser heat.  
 To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,  
 Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.”

<sup>4</sup> *infant Screams*, cries like those of an infant.

<sup>5</sup> *reluctant*, struggling against her fate.

<sup>6</sup> *Bacchanals*, Orpheus, on his return to Thrace after the loss of his wife, Eurydice, in the bitterness of his grief, shunned the society of the Thracian women, and was by them torn in pieces under the excitement of their Bacchanalian orgies, his head being thrown into the river Hebrus.

Loud was the Cry, Hills, Woods, and *Hebrus'* Banks,  
 Return'd<sup>1</sup> their clam'rous Rage ; distress'd he flies,  
 Shifting from Place to Place, but flies in vain ;  
 For eager they pursue, 'till panting, faint,  
 By noisy Multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,  
 To the relentless Crowd a bleeding Prey.

'THE huntsman now, a deep Incision made,  
 Shakes out with hands impure<sup>2</sup> and dashes down  
 Her recking Entrails, and yet quiv'ring Heart.  
 These claim the Pack, the bloody Perquisite<sup>3</sup>  
 For all their Toils. Stretch'd on the Ground she lies,  
 A mangled Coarse ; in her dim glaring Eyes  
 Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry Limb.  
 Awed by the threat'ning Whip, the furious Hounds  
 Around her bay ; or at their Master's Foot,  
 Each happy fav'rite courts his kind Applause,  
 With humble Adulation cowering low.  
 All now is Joy. With Cheeks full-blown<sup>4</sup> they wind  
 Her solemn Dirge, while the loud op'ning<sup>5</sup> Pack  
 The Concert swell, and hills and dales return  
 The sadly-pleasing<sup>6</sup> Sounds. Thus the poor Hare,  
 A puny, dastard Animal, but vers'd  
 In subtle Wiles, diverts the youthful Train.<sup>7</sup>  
 But if thy proud, aspiring Soul disdains  
 So mean a Prey, delighted with the Pomp,  
 Magnificence and Grandeur of the Chace ;  
 Hear what the Muse from faithful Record sings.

<sup>1</sup> *Return'd*, re-echoed.

<sup>2</sup> *impure*, soiled by the operation.

<sup>3</sup> *the bloody Perquisite*, in hare-hunting the heart and entrails are thrown to the hounds ; in fox-hunting the mask (*i.e.* head), the pads (*i.e.* the feet) and the brush (*i.e.* the tail) are cut off, and the rest of the body becomes the "perquisite."

<sup>4</sup> *full-blown*, inflated with breath in sounding the horn.

<sup>5</sup> *loud-op'ning*, giving tongue together.

<sup>6</sup> *sadly-pleasing*, pleasing, as indicating the triumph of the sportsman, sad, as being the death-note of the quarry.

<sup>7</sup> *Train*, band, company.

Why on the Banks of *Gemna*,<sup>1</sup> *Indian* Stream,  
 Line within Line, rise the Pavilions proud,  
 'Their silken Streamers waving in the Wind ?  
 Why neighs the warrior Horse ? From Tent to Tent,  
 Why press in Crowds the buzzing Multitude ?  
 Why shines the polish'd Helm, and pointed Lance,  
 'This Way and that far-beaming o'er the Plain ?  
 Nor *Visapour*<sup>2</sup> nor *Golconda* rebel ;  
 Nor the great *Sophy*,<sup>3</sup> with his num'rous Host  
 Lays waste the Provinces ; nor Glory fires  
 To rob and to destroy, beneath the Name  
 And specious Guise of War. A nobler Cause  
 Calls *Aurengzebe*<sup>4</sup> to Arms. No Cities sack'd,  
 No Mother's Tears, no helpless Orphan's Cries,  
 No violated Leagues, with sharp Remorse  
 Shall sting the conscious Victor : But Mankind  
 Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on Beasts  
 He draws his vengeful Sword ; on Beasts of Prey  
 Full-fed with human Gore. See, see, he comes !  
 Imperial *Delhi* op'ning wide her Gates,  
 Pours out her thronging Legions, bright in Arms,  
 And all the Pomp of War. Before them sound  
 Clarions and Trumpets, breathing Martial Airs  
 And bold Defiance. High upon his Throne,  
 Borne on the Back of his proud Elephant,  
 Sits the great Chief of *Tamur*'s<sup>5</sup> glorious Race :

<sup>1</sup> *Gemna*, the Jumna, or Jamuna, a river rising in the peak Jannotri, in the Himalayas, and flowing south-east till it empties itself into the Ganges at Allahabad.

<sup>2</sup> *Visapour*, now called Bijápúr. Like Golconda, it was often in rebellion against the great Moghul, each state assisting the other if driven to extremity. (See Bernier's *Travels*, pp. 193, 4.)

<sup>3</sup> *the great Sophy*, or Sufi, a title borne by the Shahs of Persia, literally meaning 'a wise man.' The first monarch of the name was Ismail Sophi, the founder of the Suffavian dynasty, at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

<sup>4</sup> *Aurengzebe*, or Aurangzib, the third son of Sháhjahán, who succeeded to the throne, under the title of 'Alangir, in 1658.

<sup>5</sup> *Tamur*, more properly *Timúr*, the founder of the Moghul dynasty.

Sublime<sup>1</sup> he sits, amid the radiant Blaze  
 Of Gems and Gold. *Omrahs*<sup>2</sup> about him crowd,  
 And rein th' *Arabian* steed, and watch his Nod :  
 And potent *Rajahs*,<sup>3</sup> who themselves preside  
 O'er Realms of wide Extent ; but here submit  
 Their Homage pay, alternate Kings and Slaves.<sup>4</sup>  
 Next these with prying Eunuchs girt around,  
 The fair Sultanas of his Court ; a Troop  
 Of chosen Beauties, but with Care conceal'd  
 From each intrusive Eye ; one Look is Death.<sup>5</sup>  
 Ah, cruel *Eastern* law ! (had Kings a Pow'r  
 But equal to their wild tyrannick Will)  
 To rob us of the Sun's all-cheering Ray,  
 Were less severe. The Vulgar close the March,<sup>6</sup>  
 Slaves and Artificers ; and *Delhi* mourns  
 Her empty and depopulated Streets.<sup>7</sup>  
 Now at the Camp arriv'd, with stern Review,  
 Thro' Groves of Spears, from File to File, he darts  
 His sharp experienc'd eye ; their Order marks,  
 Each in his Station rang'd, exact and firm,

<sup>1</sup> *Sublime*, on high.

<sup>2</sup> *Omrahs*, see note 2, p. 73, on *Aureng-Zebe*.

<sup>3</sup> *Rajahs*, Hindoo princes subordinate to the Emperor.

<sup>4</sup> *alternate* . . . *Slaves*, kings in their own dominions, slaves when at the Emperor's Court.

<sup>5</sup> *one Look is Death*, Bernier, *Travels*, p. 373, describing the march to Kashmir, writes, "Truly, it is with difficulty that these ladies can be approached, and they are almost inaccessible to the sight of man. Woe to any unlucky cavalier, however exalted in rank, who, meeting the procession, is found too near. Nothing can exceed the insolence of the tribes of eunuchs and footmen which he has to encounter, and they eagerly avail themselves of any such opportunity to beat a man in the most unmerciful manner."

<sup>6</sup> *close the March*, bring up the rear.

<sup>7</sup> *Delhi* . . . *Streets*, speaking of Aurangzib's progress, Bernier, *Travels*, p. 381, writes, "The whole population of *Delhi*, the capital city, is in fact collected in the camp, because deriving its employment and maintenance from the court and army, it has no alternative but to follow them in their march or to perish from want during their absence."

"Till in the boundless Line his Sight is lost.  
 Not greater Multitudes in Arms appear'd,  
 On these extended Plains, when *Ammon's* Son<sup>1</sup>  
 With mighty *Porus*<sup>2</sup> in dread Battle join'd,  
 The Vassal World the Prize. Nor was that Host  
 More numerous of old, which the great King<sup>3</sup>  
 Pour'd out on *Greece* from all th' unpeopled East ;  
 That bridged the *Hellespont* from Shore to shore,  
 And drank the Rivers dry. Mean while in 'Troops  
 The busy Hunter-train mark out the Ground,<sup>4</sup>  
 A wide Circumference ; full many a League  
 In Compass round ; Woods, Rivers, Hills, and Plains,  
 Large Provinces ; enough to gratify  
 Ambition's highest Aim, could Reason bound  
 Man's erring Will. Now sit in close Divan<sup>5</sup>  
 The mighty Chiefs of this prodigious Host.  
 He from the Throne high-eminent presides,  
 Gives out his Mandates proud, Laws of the Chace,  
 From ancient Records drawn. With rev'rence low,  
 And prostrate at his Feet, the Chiefs receive  
 His irreversible Decrees, from which  
 To vary, is to die. Then his brave Bands  
 Each to his Station leads ; encamping round,  
 "Till the wide Circle is completely form'd,  
 Where decent Order reigns, what these command  
 Those execute with Speed, and punctual Care ;

<sup>1</sup> *Ammon's Son*, Alexander the Great, who pretended to trace his descent from Zeus Ammon, originally an Aethiopian, or Libyan, afterwards an Egyptian divinity.

<sup>2</sup> *Porus*, King of the Indian provinces east of the Hydaspes, who, in B.C. 327, vigorously opposed the passage of Alexander over that river.

<sup>3</sup> *the great King*; Xerxes, who, in B.C. 480, crossed the Hellespont by a bridge of boats when on his way to the conquest of Greece.

<sup>4</sup> *mark out the Ground*, according to Bernier, extending "sometimes four or five leagues."

<sup>5</sup> *in close Divan*, in secret conclave ; *divan*, properly a council-chamber, Arabic and Persian *divân*.



In all the strictest Discipline of War :  
 As if some watchful Foe, with bold Insult  
 Hung low'ring o'er their Camp. The high Resolve,  
 'That flies on Wings,<sup>1</sup> thro' all th' encircling Line,  
 Each Motion steers, and animates the whole.  
 So by the Sun's attractive Pow'r controll'd,  
 'The Planets in their Spheres roll round his Orb.  
 On all he shines, and rules the great Machine.<sup>2</sup>

E'er yet the Morn dispels the fleeting Mists,  
 'The Signal giv'n by the loud 'Trumpet's Voice,  
 Now high in Air th' Imperial Standard waves,  
 Emblazon'd rich with Gold, and glitt'ring Gems ;  
 And like a Sheet of Fire, thro' the dun Gloom  
 Streaming Meteorous. The Soldier's Shouts,  
 And all the brazen Instruments of War,  
 With mutual Clamour, and united Din,  
 Fill the Large Concave.<sup>3</sup> While from Camp to Camp,  
 'They catch the varied Sounds, floating in Air.  
 Round all the wide Circumference, Tygers fell<sup>4</sup>  
 Shrink at the Noise, deep in his gloomy Den  
 The Lion starts, and Morsels yet unchew'd  
 Drop from his trembling Jaws. Now all at once  
 Onward they march embattl'd, to the Sound  
 Of martial Harmony ; Fifes, Cornets, Drums,  
 'That rouse the sleepy Soul to Arms, and bold  
 Heroick Deeds.<sup>5</sup> In Parties here and there

<sup>1</sup> *The high Resolve* . . . *Wings*, the imperial orders conveyed with winged speed.

<sup>2</sup> *the great Machine*, sc. of the universe.

<sup>3</sup> *E'er yet* . . . *Concave*, the whole of this passage is imitated from *Paradise Lost*, i. 536-41, "which" [the mighty standard], "full high advanced, Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind, With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd, Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds : At which the universal host up-sent A shout that tore Hell's concave."

<sup>4</sup> *fell*, cruel, fierce.

<sup>5</sup> *Now all at once* . . . *Deeds*, here again Somerville is imitating Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 549-53, "Anon they move In perfect phalanx

Detach'd o'er Hill and Dale, the Hunters range  
 Inquisitive ;<sup>1</sup> strong Dogs that match in Fight  
 The boldest Brute, around their Masters wait,  
 A faithful Guard. No Haunt unsearch'd, they drive  
 From ev'ry Covert, and from ev'ry Den,  
 The lurking Savages. Incessant Shouts  
 Re-eccho thro' the Woods, and kindling Fires  
 Gleam from the Mountain Tops ; the Forest seems  
 One mingling Blaze : like Flocks of Sheep they fly  
 Before the flaming Brand : fierce Lions, Pards,<sup>2</sup>  
 Boars, Tigers, Bears, and Wolves ; a dreadful Crew  
 Of grim blood-thirsty foes : growling along,  
 'They stalk indignant ; but fierce Vengeance still  
 Hangs pealing on their Rear,<sup>3</sup> and pointed Spears  
 Present immediate Death.<sup>4</sup> Soon as the Night  
 Wrapt in her sable Veil forbids the Chace,  
 'They pitch their Tents, in even Ranks, around  
 The circling Camp. The Guards are plac'd, and Fires  
 At proper Distances ascending rise,<sup>5</sup>  
 And paint th' Horizon with their ruddy Light.  
 So round some Island's Shore of large Extent,  
 Amid the gloomy Horrors of the Night,  
 'The Billows breaking on the pointed Rocks,  
 Seem all one Flame,<sup>6</sup> and the bright Circuit wide

to the Dorian mood Of flutes and soft recorders —such as raised To  
 highth of noblest temper heroes old Arming to battle.”

<sup>1</sup> *Inquisitive*, eagerly searching every nook and corner.

<sup>2</sup> *Pard*, a leopard, from the Sanskrit Pardaku a tiger, through the  
 Latin *Pardus*.

<sup>3</sup> *Hangs . . . Rear*, follows them up with loud shouts.

<sup>4</sup> *Present immediate Death*, threaten them with immediate death if  
 they attempt to break through the line that is hemming them in.

<sup>5</sup> *and fires . . . rise*, “To prevent robberies every *Omrak*  
 provides watchmen, who continually perambulate his particular quarters  
 during the night . . . and there are guards posted round the  
 whole army at every five hundred paces, who kindle fires.” (Bernier,  
*Travels*, p. 369.)

<sup>6</sup> *all one Flame*, one mass of flame.

Appears a Bulwark of surrounding Fire.  
 What dreadful Howlings, and what hideous Roar,  
 Disturb those peaceful Shades ! where erst the Bird  
 That glads the Night, had chear'd the list'ning Groves  
 With sweet Complainings.<sup>1</sup> Thro' the silent Gloom  
 Oft they the Guards assail ; as oft repell'd  
 They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling Rage  
 Stung to the Quick, and mad with wild Despair.  
 Thus Day by Day, they still the chace renew ;  
 At Night encamp ; 'till now in streighter Bounds<sup>2</sup>  
 The Circle lessens, and the Beasts perceive  
 The Wall that hems them in on ev'ry Side.  
 And now their Fury bursts, and knows no mean ;<sup>3</sup>  
 From Man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd Rage  
 Against their fellow Brutes. With Teeth and Claws  
 The Civil War begins ; grappling they tear,  
 Lions on Tygers prey, and Bears on Wolves :  
 Horrible Discord ! 'till the Crowd behind  
 Shouting pursue, and part the bloody Fray.  
 At once their Wrath subsides ; tame as the Lamb  
 The Lion hangs his Head, the furious Pard,  
 Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the Face of Man,  
 Nor bears one Glance of his commanding Eye.  
 So abject is a Tyrant in Distress.

AT last within the narrow Plain<sup>4</sup> confin'd,  
 A listed Field,<sup>5</sup> mark'd out for bloody Deeds,

<sup>1</sup> *where erst . . . Complainings*, Philomela, who was changed into a nightingale, and whose song is supposed to be a lament for Itys ; cp. *Horace*, Odes, iv. 12. 5, 6, "*Nidum ponit, Ilyn flebiliter gemens, Infelix avis.*"

<sup>2</sup> *streighter Bounds*, limits that day by day have been drawn closer.

<sup>3</sup> *mean*, moderation, restraint.

<sup>4</sup> *the narrow Plain*, the plain now contracted by the game being each day driven in closer and closer.

<sup>5</sup> *A listed Field*, a space enclosed like the scenes of ancient tournaments with fixed boundaries, lists.

An Amphitheatre<sup>1</sup> more glorious far  
 Than ancient *Rome* cou'd boast, they crowd in heaps,  
 Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet Array<sup>2</sup>  
 Sheath'd<sup>3</sup> in refulgent Arms, a noble Band  
 Advance ; great Lords of High Imperial Blood,  
 Early<sup>4</sup> resolv'd t' assert their Royal Race,  
 And prove by glorious Deeds their Valour's Growth  
 Mature, e'er yet the callow Down has spread  
 It's curling shade.<sup>5</sup> On bold *Arabian* Steeds  
 With decent<sup>6</sup> Pride they sit, that fearless hear  
 The Lion's dreadful Roar ; and down the Rock  
 Swift-shooting plunge, or o'r the Mountain's Ridge  
 Stretching along, the greedy Tyger leave  
 Panting behind. On Foot their faithful Slaves  
 With Javelins arm'd attend ; each watchful Eye  
 Fix'd on his youthful Care,<sup>7</sup> for him alone  
 He fears, and to redeem his Life, unmov'd  
 Wou'd lose his own. The mighty *Aurengzebe*,  
 From his high-elevated Throne, beholds  
 His blooming Race ;<sup>8</sup> revolving in his Mind  
 What once he was, in his gay Spring of Life,  
 When Vigour strung his Nerves. Parental joy  
 Melts in his Eyes, and flushes in his Cheeks.  
 Now the loud Trumpet sounds a Charge. The Shouts  
 Of eager Hosts, thro' all the circling Line,

<sup>1</sup> *An Amphitheatre*, the amphitheatre at Rome was a place for the exhibition of public shows of combatants, wild beasts, and naval engagements, and was entirely surrounded with seats for the spectators ; whereas in those for dramatic performances, the seats were arranged in a semicircle facing the stage.

<sup>2</sup> *meet Array*, proper order.

<sup>3</sup> *Sheath'd*, enveloped and protected.

<sup>4</sup> *Early*, while yet in their first youth.

<sup>5</sup> *e'er yet . . . shade*, before the first signs of the beard's manly growth have shown themselves.

<sup>6</sup> *decent*, becoming.

<sup>7</sup> *his youthful Care*, the youth whom he is bound to watch over.

<sup>8</sup> *His blooming Race*, his sons in the bloom of vigorous youth.

And the wild Howlings of the Beasts within  
 Rend wide the Welkin, Flights of Arrows, wing'd  
 With Death, and Javelins lanc'd<sup>1</sup> from ev'ry Arm,  
 Gall sore the brutal Bands, with many a wound  
 Gor'd<sup>2</sup> thro' and thro.' Despair at last prevails,  
 When fainting Nature shrinks, and rouses all  
 Their drooping Courage. Swell'd with furious Rage,  
 Their Eyes dart Fire ; and on the youthful Band  
 They rush implacable. They their broad Shields  
 Quick interpose ; on each devoted Head  
 Their Flaming Falchions,<sup>3</sup> as the Bolts of *Jove*,  
 Descend unerring. Prostrate on the Ground  
 The grinning Monsters lie, and their foul Gore  
 Defiles the verdant Plain. Nor Idle stand  
 The trusty Slaves ; with pointed Spears they pierce  
 Thro' their tough Hides ; or at their gaping Mouths  
 An easier Passage find. The King of Brutes  
 In broken Roarings<sup>4</sup> breathes his last ; the Bear  
 Grumbles in Death ;<sup>5</sup> nor can his spotted Skin,  
 Tho' slick<sup>6</sup> it shine, with varied Beauties gay,  
 Save the proud Pard from unrelenting Fate.  
 The Battle bleeds,<sup>7</sup> grim Slaughter strides along,  
 Glutting her greedy Jaws, grins o'er her Prey.  
 Men, Horses, Dogs, fierce Beasts of ev'ry kind,  
 A strange promiscuous Carnage, drench'd in Blood,  
 And Heaps on Heaps amass'd : What yet remains  
 Alive, with vain Assault contend to break  
 Th' impenetrable Line. Others, whom Fear  
 Inspires with self-preserving Wiles, beneath

<sup>1</sup> *lanc'd*, the older form of *launch'd*, from *F. lancer*, to hurl, dart.

<sup>2</sup> *Gor'd*, see note 3, p. 203.

<sup>3</sup> *flaming Falchions*, curved swords flashing as they descend upon the heads of the wild beasts ; *fulchion*, from Low Lat. *falx*, a sickle-shaped sword.

<sup>4</sup> *broken Roarings*, roars gasped out in death.

<sup>5</sup> *Grumbles in Death*, dies uttering a loud grunt.

<sup>6</sup> *slick*, smooth, glossy ; the older form of "sleek."

<sup>7</sup> *The Battle bleeds*, the combat is one scene of bloodshed.

The Bodies of the Slain for Shelter creep.  
 Aghast<sup>1</sup> they fly, or hide their Heads dispers'd.  
 And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the Work  
 Of Death had been compleat ; and *Aurengzebe*  
 By one dread Frown extinguish'd half their Race.  
 When lo ! the bright Sultanas of his Court  
 Appear, and to his ravish'd Eyes display  
 Those Charms, but rarely to the Day reveal'd.

LOWLY they bend, and humbly sue, to save  
 'The vanquish'd Host. What Mortal can deny  
 When suppliant Beauty begs ? At his Command  
 Op'ning to Right and Left, the well-train'd Troops  
 Leave a large Void<sup>2</sup> for their retreating Foes.  
 Away they fly, on Wings of Fear upborn,  
 To seek on distant Hills their late Abodes.

YE proud Oppressors, whose vain Hearts exult  
 In Wantonness of Pow'r, 'gainst the brute Race,  
 Fierce Robbers like your selves, a guiltless War  
 Wage, uncontroll'd : here quench your Thirst of Blood ;  
 But learn from *Aurengzebe* to spare Mankind.

<sup>1</sup> *Aghast*, the *h* has properly no place in this word, it being from *a*, the A.S. intensive prefix and A.S. *gestan*, to terrify.

<sup>2</sup> *a large Void*, a wide clear space.



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